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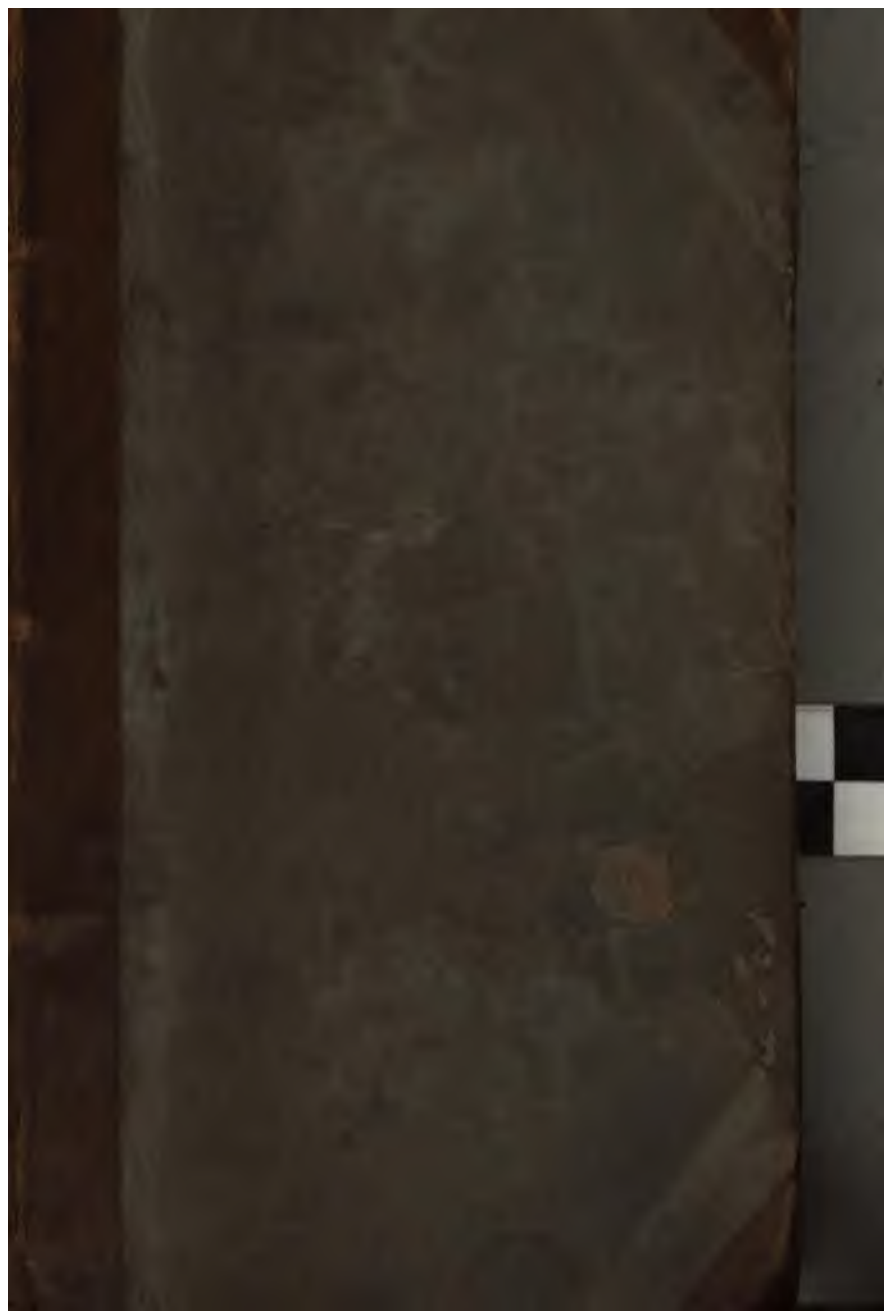
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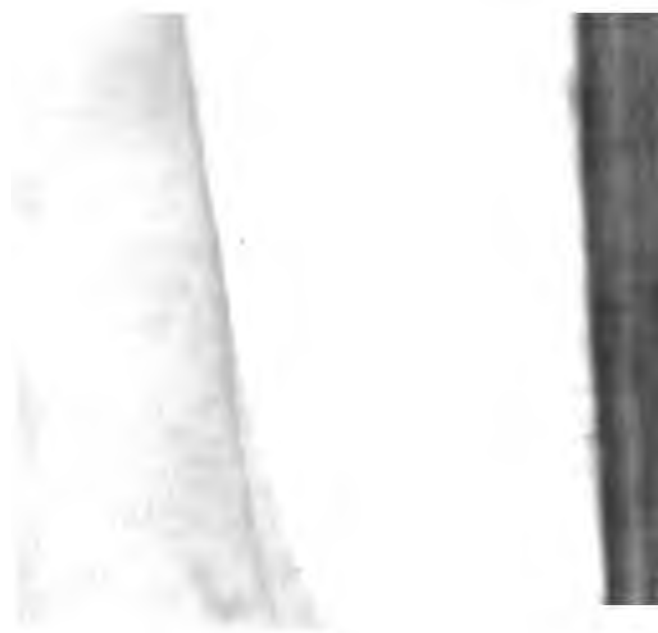
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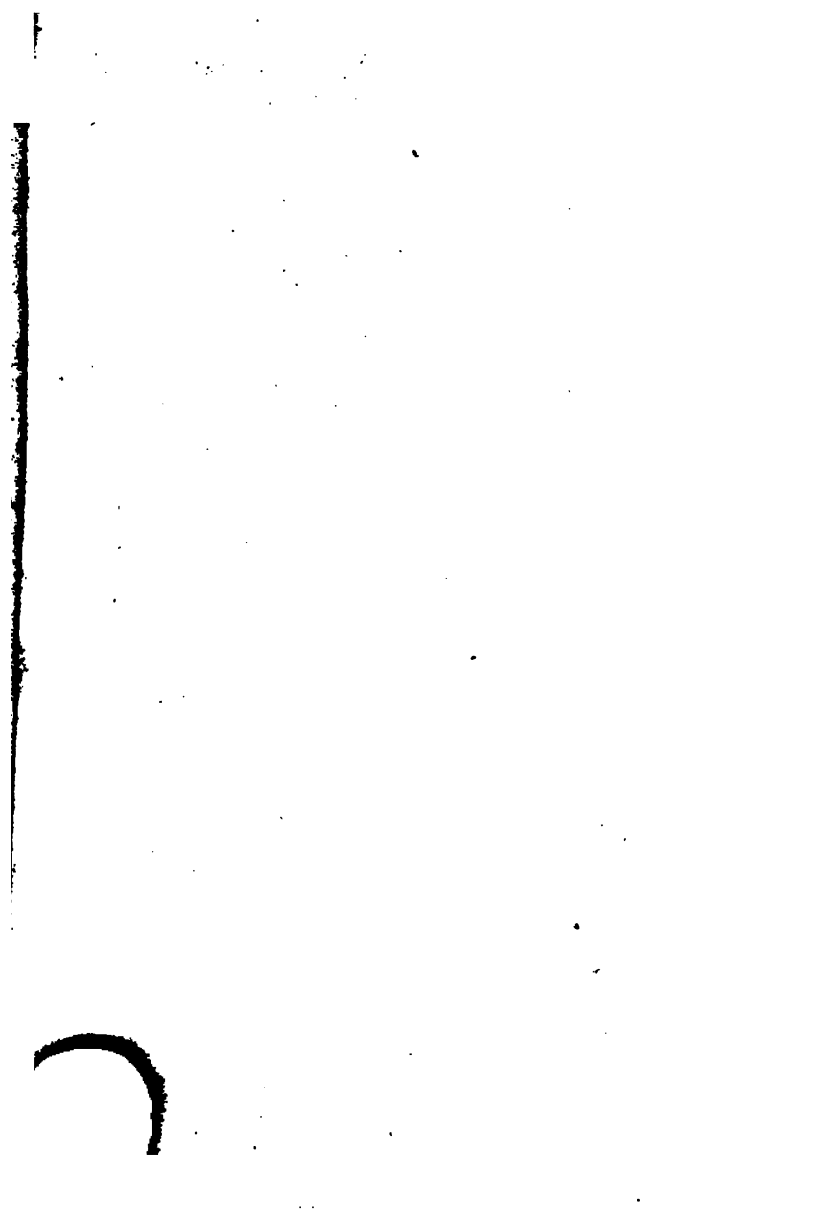




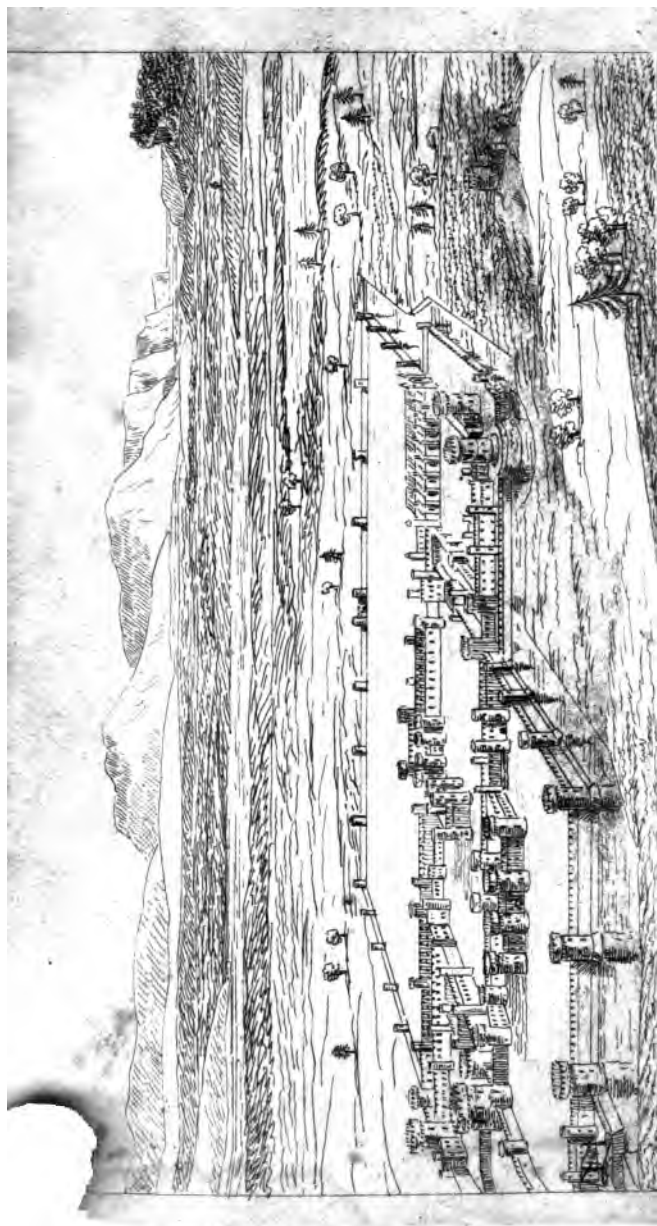
















THE  
CASTLES

---

OF

Wolfnorth and Mont Eagle

---

"A TALE OF THE TIMES OF OLD,  
"THE DEEDS OF DAYS OF OTHER YEARS."

---

By St. Ann.

---

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Etching of the Knights, . . . Title to vol. i.  
Wolfnorth, . . . to face chap. iv, vol. i.  
Mont Eagle, . . . Frontispiece to vol. ii.  
Redwald and Ravensthorpe, . . Frontispiece to vol. iii.  
The Chapel of Mont Eagle, . . Frontispiece to vol. iv.  
Postscript, to be placed at the end of vol. iv.



# The Castles of Wolfnorth and Mont Eagle.

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## Chap. I.

---

"Return'st thou safe from the war? where are thy friends, my love? I heard of thy death on the hill; I heard, and mourn'd thee, Shilric!"

"Yes, my fair, I return; ----- but why art thou on the desert hill? Why on the heath alone?"

----- "Alone I am, oh Shilric! alone in the winter house. With grief for thee I fell.—Shilric, I am pale in the tomb." She fleets, she sails away—as mist before the wind!—

----- "And wilt thou not stay, Vinvila? stay, and behold my tears! Fair thou appearest, Vinvila, fair wert thou when alive!"

*Ossian.*

---

'SCENES of my early youth! dear paths  
'well known, and ne'er forgotten!—wel-  
'come to these eyes!—Yon tower now  
'faintly illumined by the rays of the de-  
'parting sun; yon green hill topped by the  
'forest's pride; how the renewal of thy  
'views recall the pleasant days of my  
'youth!—'

Fitz Alwy arrested his steed; he gazed  
for an instant on those interesting objects,

but tender recollections beamed upon his soul, and his heart, which had involuntarily heaved with transport at the sight of his paternal domain, long absent from his eyes, now sunk within his breast. A keen pang shot through his bosom, and the hardy chieftain, dropping his silken reins, burst into a deluge of unsummoned tears; the flow of sorrow was unrestrained, till the near approach of his Esquires and Vassals aroused the warrior in his soul, and, unwilling that they should be the witnesses of his grief, he called one of his Esquires, Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey, aside—

‘ Bear (he said) this packet to Lord Falconberg; tell him I am arrived, and beg him to give room in his vast castle to my troops, who shall await me there.’

He spurred his gallant courser, and darted into the gloom. Now, as he pursued his way unnoticed, he indulged in all the tender feelings of his heart; his eager desire to reach his own domain, and  
to

to embrace his only child, was checked by feelings the most acute: there, no more would he be welcomed by the tender partner of his choice, for the darling of his devoted and faithful heart lay now cold and silent in the narrow tomb.

Six years ago, had he pressed her to his bosom, and kissed away the trickling tears that fell for his departure: yes, Fitz Alwy had strained every nerve to ameliorate her grief, while the noble hero's heart, big with emotion, could scarcely contain his own. A sacred vow obliged him to support the holy cross—and when he returned, crowned with glory, his welcome was sorrow, sorrow and regret.

The fading sun now disappeared beyond the wooded hill, its glorious rays yet gild a tower at which he arrived; he then entered the gloomy forest which bordered his castle, and from an eminence which he now ascended, caught the view of the well-known tops of his high turrets: for a mo-

ment he stopped admiring their dusky grandeur ; till the fast declining day reminded him of his solitary situation, and he slowly proceeded. Evening quickly gained upon him, but the melancholy chieftain scarce perceived its fast decline : the breeze sighed mournfully by, and, murmuring in the branches of the tall pines over his head, seemed to repeat his name : at this moment his horse started and refused to proceed ; Fitz Alwy, striving in vain to urge him on, dismounted to discover the cause of his fear : the dark foliage in which the wind moaned dolefully alone met his view, till suddenly in the shade a figure flitted by, and in a faint murmur he heard his name pronounced. He rushed amongst the trees ; each object was uncertain, darkness had flung her mantle o'er the internal recesses of the forest. Fitz Alwy's heart was sad, he leaned against an oak.

Softly approached, as mingled with the mist, a shadowy form ; it seemed enveloped  
by

by a thousand vapours, but the heart of Fitz Alwy recognized his Editha—he outspread his arms in vain, the figure filled them not.

‘ Why fliest thou, my Editha, joy of my youthful heart ? ’ exclaimed the chieftain.

‘ Weep not for me, Osmond ! ’ (sighed a mournful voice,) ‘ I am cold in the tomb—  
‘ weep not for me, Osmond ; for thee, I died.  
‘ They told me that thou hadst fallen, green  
‘ in thy laurels, fallen into the narrow  
‘ house. I loved thee, my hero ! I followed  
‘ thee to thy grave.—There seek for me,  
‘ my love ; there thou wilt find me, but  
‘ thou wilt see me no more.—’

Grief mingled with awe filled the bosom of the brave Baron.—‘ Can I not join thee, my love ? ’ (whispered a tongue o’ercome with emotion,) ‘ wilt thou not receive me into thy narrow house ? ’

A sigh, mournful as the wind on the heath, answered Fitz Alwy ;

‘ Go not to Mont Eagle, save to pre-  
‘ serve



‘serve our child!’—and it departed into the mist from whence it came.

Horror filled his bosom; strange and terrible suspicions arose in his mind; his eyes wandered vainly in search of the heavenly shade, it was gone—gone in the blasts of the storm: the wind howled loudly around him, his plumed crest was bent by the tempest, and approaching thunders roared in the blackening sky.—Thrice the Baron struck his polished breast-plate, thrice he clasped his faithful sword;

‘I will revenge thee, my Editha!’ (he cried,) ‘I will appease thy troubled shade.’

He rushed from the dark recesses of the forest, long he sought his snorting steed; and once more urged his way to the towers of his fathers; high beat the chieftain’s heart, his dark brow was clouded and portended great and vigorous revenge. Sighs sometimes burst from his swelling bosom; the storm, unheeded, raged in his courser’s flowing mane, while he more eager onward pressed:

pressed : now the flashes of blue lightning disclosed to him the turrets of his castle ; high in air were seen their mossy tops, and from the inward keep appeared waving the banner which was rent in twain by the boisterous wind. Again he was immersed in the forest, he saw the castle's towers no more : great was the rage of storm, lightnings vivid and frequent flashed athwart his way ; the Baron's stout heart was as outrageous as the elements around him ; he looked towards Mont Eagle, but the pine tops hid its mossy towers.—*He saw them no more - - - - - !*

## Chap. 2.

---

"The clouds of night came rolling down.

The ghost of Erragan appeared to some.

His face was cloudy and dark ; an half-formed sigh was in his breast."

"Blest be thy soul ! - - - - - Thine arm was terrible in war !"

*Ossian.*

---

THE youth to whom the Baron Fitz Alwy had delivered the packet, was a brave Lancastrian, of noble family, who served the office of his esquire ; in which service he was joined by Sir Bevis de Wilton, a Northumbrian, and Sir Aymer de Valance, a youth who had been placed about his person in the Holy Land. To Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey, who was his favourite, he delivered the charge of his troops ; and at the same time confided to his bosom, the troubles which agitated his mind, and the measures.

sures he feared it might be necessary to adopt.

Sir Guy de Montgomerie had proceeded some hours before, with a troop of the vassals of Mont Eagle; and the remainder, being too numerous to be lodged within its walls, he had sent to Lord Falconberg's immense castle, to remain till he arrived to disband them. He was now hastening to Mont Eagle, where he expected to embrace his brother and his little son; but on the following day he purposed going to Wolfnorth, the domain of Lord Falconberg, his earliest and dearest friend.

Fitz Aubrey sighed, as he turned from the Baron, and proceeded to join his troop, which he no sooner did, than Sir Bevis de Wilton reined his steed to his side, and thus addressed him.

'The Baron has proceeded in mournful mood, (said he), it is strange that the death of his Lady should, even at this period, afflict him so sensibly.'

B b

Sir

Sir Philip, who appeared cast into profound thought, lifted his eyes to the Knight—

‘ You know not the keen sensibility of  
 ‘ Fitz Alwy’s soul, you know not the tender affection that united their hearts, or  
 ‘ you would not be surprised at his renewed affliction.’

‘ Is there no further cause, no more potent  
 ‘ uneasiness, dwelling on his mind ?’

‘ What cause can be more potent to  
 ‘ the sensible mind, than the loss of those  
 ‘ you dearly love ?’

‘ Nay, Sir Philip, you are his confident,’  
 (returned Sir Bevis with a smile): ‘ but,  
 ‘ prithee why so close? —(Fitz Aubrey knit his brows), ‘ Nay, nay! I ask thee  
 ‘ not. But he looked sadly when we  
 ‘ parted; pale were his quivering lips,  
 ‘ the tear still wet his cheek, which  
 ‘ I observed him a moment before to  
 ‘ dash from his eye; ‘ alas, poor Baron!’  
 (Sir Bevis was affected, he turned away),  
 I scarcely

‘ I scarcely like to trust him in this melancholy mood ; no harm surely will befall him !—’

‘ Heaven preserve our noble chieftain !’ fervently ejaculated Sir Philip.—At this moment a vivid flash of lightning blazoned the glittering serpent which Sir Bevis bore upon his buckler, his horse started from the path.

‘ By St. Dominick ! the clouds are gathering blackly over the forests of Mont Eagle, the Baron’s soul will surely be appalled ; now if my good Lord Fitz Arnulf were placed in the midst of thundering heaven itself, his soul would never shrink ; in truth my friend the Baron, though he is a noble fellow, must yield the palm to Leofwin, who is in every act so great ! to us needy squires his hand so liberal ! and his heart so open—poor fellow ! he has not been without his cares : were he possessed of yonder noble forest, however we might regret

‘regret his brother—I have my doubts  
‘whether it would not suit us better.’

‘Heaven forbid!—’ replied Sir Philip.

‘Why so?—’

‘Why!’—(returned Sir Philip while he  
raised his eyes upon Sir Bevis, with a  
glance of stern inquiry,)—‘methinks that  
‘question ill befits thee, sir.’

‘So hot, Sir Philip!—but, however, no  
‘wonder; I forgot, in thus praising *my*  
‘patron, that I was detracting from the  
‘merit of *yours*,’ returned he with some-  
what of a sneer.

‘My friend, my patron, anything you  
‘please, Sir Bevis; to be countenanced  
‘by Baron Fitz Alwy, is an honour to  
‘a warrior, and a man.—Honour, un-  
‘blemished honour, guides his actions;  
‘base must be that man who would repay  
‘his favours with ingratitude; may hea-  
‘ven destroy his enemies!’ - - -

The storm o’erpowered the sound of his  
voice, and Sir Aymer now joined them.

‘By

‘ By St. Rule (said he) we have a rare  
 ‘ storm gathering, let us hasten on: how  
 ‘ far, Sir Philip, is it to the castle?’

‘ Scarcely a league, (replied the Knight)  
 ‘ mark you tower’s signal light—turning  
 ‘ on the left we cross the wold, at the  
 ‘ extremity on the north is Wolfnorth.—  
 ‘ How tremendous is the storm!’

‘ The Baron will be hardly pressed, I  
 ‘ fear; ’tis pity he would proceed without  
 ‘ us.’

‘ I was just thinking so, (exclaimed  
 ‘ Sir Philip); and by my troth I think I  
 ‘ will gallop across the moor, and join him  
 ‘ yet.’

‘ Surely, (said Sir Bevis) you will not  
 ‘ defeat his desire to proceed alone? his  
 ‘ brother, no doubt, will be forward to  
 ‘ receive him; at any rate he had scarcely  
 ‘ two miles to go, we are already that  
 ‘ distance from the forest, and ere we could  
 ‘ join him he would be at Mont Eagle.’  
 Sir Bevis spoke eagerly.

‘ True,



‘ True, (replied Fitz Aubrey) ’tis now  
‘ useless, and so near his home there can  
‘ be no danger—besides Sir Guy—’ he  
hesitated, and, casting a glance askant at  
Sir Bevis, mended his pace.

They now crossed the dreary wold,  
which encompassed two sides of Wolf-  
north; soon its immense towers of Saxon  
structure, frowning on the surrounding  
scene and haughty in eternity bidding  
defiance to either time or force, appeared  
in sight; on the opposite side a steep  
acclivity arose, on the summit of which  
in towering pride was seen ever and  
anon, through the dark forest, the  
Castle of Mont Eagle. The light-  
nings flashed around its towers in awful  
terrors; while, as they approached, it  
illuminated the white standard of Falcon-  
berg, and almost displayed its blood-  
coloured Lions. The wind howled  
mournfully around the Knights, and un-  
furled the broad banners of the troops;

Fitz

Fitz Alwy's silver lion blazed across the moor. Now the trumpet of alarm from Wolsnorth's watch-tower informed them that they were noticed by the Castellians. Sir Philip, setting spurs to his courser, hastened forward, accompanied by two heralds and a troop of twenty archers; he bore himself the banner of Mont Eagle; high in air he waved it at the first outward gate, his heralds sent forth a loud blast which the rebellious wind however scarce deigned to bear to the ears of the Castellians.

'Who art thou? (cried the guardian  
'of the towers) set forth thy name and  
'errand to Lord Falcouberg; say why thus  
'by night thou seek'st his castle walls.'

'Bear to thy Lord this packet from the  
'Baron of Mont Eagle; uncloseth thy  
'gates, give entrance to myself his Squire,  
'two heralds, and these twenty archers;  
'the rest, whose pennons you vivid flash  
'displays, shall wait without——.'

Further

Further Sir Philip need not say, for now within is heard the baron's squire.

'Give entrance to the Silver Lion,  
'which Mont Eagle bears; my Lord, from  
'his high tower, well knows the friendly  
'standard.—And I, tho' six long years have  
'parted us, well know thy voice, my  
'Philip,'—cried the eager squire as he  
rushed into the arms of his brother Fitz  
Aubrey.

The gates opened wide, up rose the  
massy portcullis, and Sir Philip sprung  
from his horse at the entrance-hall of  
Wolfnorth.

Noble and generous was the soul of  
the Baron of Falconberg; his heart  
o'erflowed with those virtues which ex-  
alt and immortalize the mind of man.  
Brave, without ferocity; tender, without  
weakness; his virtues were not so gaudy  
as those of Fitz Alwy, but they were as  
great and as solid. The friendship of  
these noble chieftains commenced with  
the

the first dawnings of reason ; congenial worth attuned their souls in youth, which matured and ripened into firmer bonds with age. Great was the affliction which proceeded from their first and last separation ; ever before had they been partners in martial glory, and in domestic peace : but the Baron of Mont Eagle, having made a solemn vow, that he would serve six years before Jerusalem, should his Editha be restored to health, exiled himself from home, and his friend ; who, loaded with domestic cares, could not forsake his domain to accompany him. Irksome had been this separation to each, constant had been their intercourse ; but alas ! the chieftain of Wolfnorth, whose health had ever been precarious, now felt the hand of death hang o'er him ; and he dreaded lest it should consign him to the tomb ere he had bade a last farewell to his beloved friend, and to his care bequeathed the darling of his heart, his only child, the little

little Ethelburga. How then did his heart beat with honest joy, when he was assured of the safe return of his friend ! how sincerely did he welcome the harbingers of this news, and press Sir Philip's hand with grateful transport as he received his friend's long-wished-for packet.

Other circumstances there were which created in his bosom the most eager desire for Fitz Alwy's return ; circumstances of a most important nature, and which had awakened in his mind horrid suspicions of villainy and treachery. Fitz Alwy, on his departure for the Holy Land, had left his lady and his infant son under the care of his only brother, Fitz Arnulf.—To Lord Falconberg, this brother was but little known : he had been brought up in the south, about the person of King Henry, but on Stephen's succession had retired to his paternal domain from the bustle of the senseless court. When he returned, a gloomy reserve, which never for a moment deserted

deserted him, confined him almost solely to his private apartments; and when he did quit them, his manner was haughty and forbidding: his person was remarkable for its majestic beauty, he was tall, and well formed, tho' daily wasting away from the corroding care upon his mind; his features were regularly beautiful, and at the same time the expression of deep-rooted woe, which had contracted his manly brow, caused those who could not love, at least to pity him. His honour was unimpeached, his valour proved in the service of his monarch; and to him Fitz Alwy resigned the safeguard of his castles with confidence and pleasure. Oft had he pressed him, with officious solicitude to unfold to him the sorrows of his heart: but to this Fitz Arnold only rejoined — that 'his woes amounted not to ~~more~~ his castles 'could never come' — Then would he start in dismay from his pining interview

and

and, rushing into the thickest gloom of the forest, awake the lonely rocks to the mournful echoes of his groans and sighs. One circumstance however seemed to elucidate a part of this extreme sorrow : he had returned to Mont Eagle a widower, with his infant son ; and from the excessive emotions caused by the sight of his child, Fitz Alwy had no doubt that the loss of its mother was the cause of his brother's affliction.

When Osmond departed for Jerusalem, he laid his senseless Editha, that dearly-beloved wife, in the arms of his brother, and, pointing in speechless agony to his infant son, cried in smothered tones—

‘ Oh my brother ! to thee I confide the  
 ‘ dearest treasures of my breaking heart—  
 ‘ guard, support my Editha !——protect  
 ‘ my son ! and heaven will reward thee, my  
 ‘ brother ! farewell.’ He tore himself  
 away in a state of despair from his pale,  
 wretched

wretched wife, and hurried impetuously from the Castle.

To this affecting scene, the Baron of Wolfnorth had been witness; he accompanied Fitz Alwy to the south of England, and on his return found the Lady Editha still in a state of despair. Fitz Arnulf intruded not upon her grief, or, when he did, he offered well-meant consolation, and spoke to her of hope with a mien which plainly shewed that *hope* to him was only known by name, and which he seemed to offer mechanically, but unenforced by those arguments of friendly reason, which the tender bosom knows to do so well.

Lovely was the delicate form of the bewitching Baroness, innocent and artless was her affectionate heart; and she received his unavailing kindness with grateful tears. A year however had ameliorated her despair; and she began to look forward with anxious expectation, counting each passing moment till her  
lord's



lord's return. Fitz Arnulf retained the same gloomy reserve; he wandered amongst the shades which surrounded Mont Eagle, and told his complaints only to the woods and caverns; he seldom appeared, but, when he did, behaved to the Baroness with tender attention, and listened to her plans of expected joy with a smile of despair. To Wolfnorth he seldom approached; but the account Lady Editha gave of his conduct to Lord Falconberg caused him to regret that he had ever mistrusted a man, who seemed to have, from his sorrows, undeniable claims upon a generous and feeling heart.

He was now obliged to quit Wolfnorth for a few weeks, and returned for the sad purpose of receiving the last breath of his beloved lady. As soon as sorrow had given him some respite, he hastened to Mont Eagle; but found that the Baroness was confined to her room; and on sending

a message of tender inquiry, he received from her a note in answer, informing him that illness would oblige her to defer seeing him. After the death of his lady, he found the walls of his Castle presented a thousand mournful images to renew his grief; and, bidding adieu to the noble towers of Wolfnorth, he proceeded to the seat of war in Scotland:---he remained absent above a year, and, on his return to his domain, heard the afflicting news of the lovely Lady Editha's death.---There was likewise a belief in the country, that Fitz Alwy was no more; and he amongst others inourned his decease, until a letter from him contradicted this cruel report, which had proved fatal to his Baroness.

Fitz Arnulf, on whom he called to be informed the particulars of her death, was not to be seen, and it was said, that he was become almost a maniac; flying from the light of day to the dungeons and caverns beneath the Castle, and wandering at night  
a very

a very spectre in the mournful and dangerous forests. Lord Falconberg requested, that the young Fitz Alwy might be permitted to accompany him to Wolf-north ; but Fitz Arnulf persisted in denying his request until he had written to his brother, and obtained an answer to that effect : but when he did receive this permission from his brother, he closed his portal gates, and, having the drawbridge constantly chained up, suffered no one to enter the Castle.

The Baron of Falconberg was incensed at this conduct ; but in pity to the shattered senses of Fitz Arnulf, gave up the point, and sent no more to Mont Eagle. Of late, however, his heart had been alarmed with strange suspicions ; he was even doubtful of the safety of his friend, and had dispatched many pressing letters beseeching his return to his domain. But the pious purpose of Fitz Alwy was not to be shaken ; he had followed a long career

career of glory, his fame had reached his native land, and enlaureled his name with eternal verdure. At last, however, the period of his pilgrimage was o'er, and he hastened to the domain of his forefathers ; but the loss of Editha had given a stab to his peace no reflection could alleviate, no time could heal ! In the field of battle alone, where noise and carnage reigned triumphant, could his heart find ease ; there, amidst the dying and the dead, he for a moment forgot his sorrows in the agonies of those who surrounded him ; and he returned with the determination of training his son to arms, when he hoped, accompanied by his friend, to return to the field of glory he had left.

Great was the joy of the Falconberg at his return, and with transport he received the messengers of this joyful news. Sir Bevis and Sir Aymer he treated with polite attention ; Sir Philip had been long known to him, and he retired with him to pe-

ruse the packet of letters, while the vassals were preparing in the halls the banquet for this festive night. The contents of these papers, whate'er they were, occasioned for some time a shade of gloom to overcast his open brow; he once or twice started from his seat, and calling Sir Philip talked with him aside; Sir Bevis, at these moments, was particularly on the watch, and the manner of Sir Philip was gloomy and reserved.

The Castle of Wolfnorth was the largest and strongest of the Border castles; it was situated on the northern extremity of the eastern side of Northumberland; and was about four miles from the sea, of which however it got no view, being in the midst of dreary wolds, and encompassed by a rising country. It maintained a sovereign sway over the surrounding domains, and commanded a force that, together with its immense and potent fortifications, rendered it totally impregnable. It was composed  
of

of one hundred round towers, all of which stood on ramparts ; the entrance was on the south side of the Castle ; the first draw-bridge was guarded by four round towers placed almost in a line, they were Danish and of massy and heavy construction ; behind the two centre were two others of equal size, which were in height 90 feet, and in diameter 45 ; from these you entered into another pass guarded by a portcullis, then into a court 1000 feet wide and 500 feet long : you then arrived at the great entrance of the Castle, guarded by two Danish towers 120 feet high and 60 feet diameter, with a low arched entrance and portcullis ; now you were in the inner court, or might here enter the Castle--- in this inner court (which was 1000 feet long and 300 wide) stood the Donjon keep, a square tower 100 feet square and 150 feet high, with four round towers at the corners, in a wall twenty feet thick and the same in height. The Castle

enclosed three courts. On the south side were the apartments of the chief officers of the Castle ; above them the apartments of the vassals employed on duty at the Castle. On the north were the apartments of state, the chieftains' apartments, their nobles and attendants. This entire side looked into the Tournament Court, which was 2000 feet long by 1000 wide, surrounded by a double wall of 50 feet high, which being filled with flints and hard cement admitted of a rampart 20 feet wide upon the top---This court was environed by fifteen round towers 70 feet high and 30 in diameter---it had one outward entrance on the north, and opposite the entrance from the Castle ; this was guarded by eight towers 90 feet high and 45 diameter.---This immense fabric was surrounded by two moats, one close to the walls in places or going off in sharp angles, and one nearly a quarter of a mile from the Castle.

In point of situation this Herculean fabric

fabric had not much to boast ; for it was  
 in the middle of a wide wold, desert and  
 marshy, in the lowest part of which it stood :  
 on the east, at two miles distance, rose a  
 wooded eminence of rocky caverns, on  
 whose top the lofty towers of Mont Eagle  
 frown'd over all its greatness in decorative  
 majesty. On the eastern side stood the  
 Chapel, which was a magnificent structure,  
 the apartments of the holy Fathers——  
 the Hall of Trial, and many offices. On  
 the west, lay the apartments which had  
 been formerly the only castle founded by  
 King Alfred ; they were mostly deserted,  
 but the esquires had convenient rooms,  
 private, and comfortably fitted up within  
 them. The outward wall at this side ran  
 within a distance of twenty feet from the  
 Castle ; and having upon it four immense  
 towers, rendered this part as potent as any  
 other.—Wolfnorth was a structure well  
 calculated to resist any attempts either of  
 skill or violence ; from its size, it was  
 like



like a little town, from its strength it was a gigantic fortress. It had many out-posts, and a clan resolute, hardy, faithful, and accomplished in the art of war. Wolf-north therefore, except from treachery, had nought to fear ; and it was a residence suitable to a Baron of wealth and ancestry like Lord Falconberg, and who at the same time was hereditary Warden of the Borders and North Marches.

The Knights were now summoned to the feast; and when the Baron seated himself, he appeared to throw off all restraint, and the jovial bowl passed merrily round. Now the Baron gave loose to all the fond extacies of his generous nature, in expressing the warmth of the affection he felt for Fitz Alwy. Sir Bevis, who appeared strangely affected at times, endeavoured to overcome this seeming weight upon his spirits, and pushed the glass round with eager hand.

‘ My Lord,’ (said he to the Falconberg),  
‘ has

‘ has oft times named that sumptuous bowl  
 ‘ which I see decorates your table : he  
 ‘ mentioned to me a circumstance, and a  
 ‘ strange one too, which he will relate to  
 ‘ you, concerning its workmanship, and  
 ‘ the motto which surrounds it—May I  
 ‘ regard it?’

‘ Yes’ (cried the Baron as he presented the rich goblet to Sir Bévis), ‘ it has never  
 ‘ been from my table ;—oft have I quaffed  
 ‘ to his health, and shall, while life yet ani-  
 ‘ mates this shattered frame:—the motto,  
 ‘ you perceive, is “ Drink and think on  
 ‘ me.” And I have thought on thee, Fitz  
 ‘ Alwy ! friend of my youthful days !’ The  
 Baron felt the tear glide into his eye.

The Knight still retained the bowl,  
 which he examined with minute care ; then  
 drew from his breast a large golden medal,  
 which he presented to the Baron, at the  
 same time calling the attention of Sir Phi-  
 lip and Sir Aymer to it—‘ Fitz Alwy, my  
 ‘ Lord, bade me present you with this  
 ‘ medal,

‘ medal, which you were to compare to the workmanship of the bowl, then wear it for his sake ; the elucidation, he says, he will give you to-morrow.---’

The eyes of Sir Philip flashed with no kindly glance upon Sir Bevis, which he seeing, turned pale and withdrew his eyes ; jealousy in truth fired the bosom of the youthful Knight ; he knew not, and little expected that his beloved master should confide a gift for Lord Falconberg to any one but himself. It pained his faithful heart : stratagem alone, he knew, had won (if won it was) his master’s friendship from him.—His attention, however, was now called by the Baron to the medal---when having each viewed it, he threw it round his neck, and filling his bowl made the Knights do the same ; and putting the wine to his lips, he cried, with tones of animated friendship, ‘ Yes, my Fitz Alwy ! I will drink and ever think on thee.’ The Baron and young Knights quaffed largely  
to

to the health of the noble Chieftain ; as Sir Bevis, however, returned his empty goblet to the table, a slight convulsion seized his whole frame ; the colour fled his cheeks—his eyeballs glared—and his countenance bespoke dismay and horror ! he started from his seat, and pointed in wild gestures to the door of the hall. Each warrior rose in terror and dismay !---for, lo ! pale and bleeding appeared the form of Fitz Alwy ! It stood in the dim light of the hall, and appeared to come in the blasts of the storm.—Falconberg saw him, and would have rushed towards his pallid friend, but alas ! unnerved was his frame, the eye of death glared upon him ! a world parted him from Fitz Alwy !---Sir Philip gazed with horror on his master—he gazed, and sighed---his heart grew faint and low---

‘ What, my Lord, causes this emotion ? ’  
(cried Sir Aymer, for he and the others at the table saw it not).---

‘ See you not yon shadowy form ?--- Oh

‘stay Fitz Alwy!’ cried Sir Philip, as he found power to rise, and started from the table with outspread arms;—he grasped the empty air—he called in vain, winds only whirled around and blew his tresses o’er his eyes—mist was in his view—sighs filled the dusky air—the shade was gone!—

Falconberg burst into a flood of tears, ‘Alas! my friend (he cried) we meet no more!’—The voice of piercing woe, with which he uttered these words, melted each heart, when his countenance changing from tenderness to rage and violence, he continued—‘But oh, my friend, thou shalt not be unrevenged!’—

Sir Philip clasped his hand upon his sword—‘No, by Heaven!’ he said, and raised his eyes to God. The Baron pressed his hand in silence; when turning to the Knights, he saw them busied around Sir Bevis, who had fallen into a fit, from which he slowly recovered—but mark! oh! mark the awful work of Heaven—

Fear

Fear had so blanched his youthful cheek—the blush of ruddy health, which used to wanton there in rich luxuriance, returned no more!

Long lived he after this, as the following pages will relate: but Sir Bevis, the gay the blooming youth, no more appeared; pale was his cheek!—for ever sunk his beauteous eye—Wilton remained, the shadow of himself.—

## Chap. III.

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Now he came to Labar's cave, where Filnan darkly slept ; Bran still lay on the broken shield : the eagle wing is strewed by the winds. Bright from the withered farnze, looked forth the hero's spear. Then grief stirred the soul of the King, like whirlwinds blackening on a lake. He turned his sudden step, and leaned on his bending spear.

*Quies.*

---

**WHEN** Sir Bevis was conveyed to his chamber, the Knights (of whom there were five present) thronged around their Chieftain, and demanded an explanation of the scene which had just passed ; the Baron asked if none of them had seen the spirit of Fitz Alwy, and they all with one accord declared they had not ; not even had Sir Aymer been sensible of the apparition.

Lord Falconberg withdrew with Sir Philip ; but before he had made known his deter-

determination, the Knight had called, 'to horse!' and he heard with satisfaction that the Baron intended to accompany him:— Sir Aymer, with the Knights Fitz John, Hubert de Cantelo, Mort Arther, and young Stanley, ordered their steeds to accompany him to Mont Eagle; for the minds of both the Baron and Sir Philip were filled with the dreadful presentiment of Fitz Alwy's death.

While they yet waited for their steeds, they were surprised by the horn's loud summons from the southern keep, and ere they had time to inquire the cause of this unexpected sound, Sir Guy de Montgomerie rushed in; and, with anxiety and consternation strongly pictured in his countenance, demanded if the Baron Fitz Alwy was at Wolf-orth? The Falconberg and Sir Philip looked at each other the confirmation of all their fears, when Sir Guy continued—

'The Lord Fitz Arnulf awaited his  
' brother



‘brother in anxious expectation, till, the  
 ‘storm growi g seriously alarming, we  
 ‘sallied forth to see if there were any signs  
 ‘of his approach : scarcely had we pro-  
 ‘ceeded two hundred yards in the forest;  
 ‘ere we met a steed with costly trappings,  
 ‘galloping furiously towards us; he had  
 ‘no rider, and his broken reins flew loosely  
 ‘entangled in his flowing mane—the  
 ‘Lord Fitz Arnulf cried, “it is my  
 ‘brother’s!” and rushed amongst the forest:  
 ‘we prosecuted a useless search, no tra-  
 ‘ces could we find; till, a gleam of hope  
 ‘darting through his brother’s breast, he  
 ‘bade me fly to Wolfnorth and see if he  
 ‘was there.’

‘Alas, my friend!’ (cried the Baron  
 clasping his trembling hands in poignant  
 grief,) ‘art thou then indeed gone for  
 ‘ever!—prophetic heart! which told me  
 ‘when we parted, we ne’er should meet  
 ‘again.—Sir Philip, let us begone, one  
 ‘moment’s stay yet may be fatal!—’

Sir

Sir Philip too well understood him, and, seizing Montgomerie's hand, — 'O my 'friend,' (he cried), 'why did *you* leave 'the forest? On you, on you alone, I 'trusted.'—

They now mounted their steeds, and furiously rode through the storm: the thunder was departing in low murmuring sounds, the lightning no longer illumined the dreary wold, but the rain pelted in their faces, and the wind drove furiously from the north. At a distance, on the rocky hill, stood the Castle of Mont Eagle, they saw lights passing to and fro, and now the heavy tolling of the alarm-bell struck their affrighted ears.

'On! on! Sir Philip!' (cried the Baron, as he spurred his courser)—nor did he perceive that the Knight was already before him. They now entered the dark forest: the loud voices of the vassals, the clattering of horses' hoofs, were distinctly heard; Sir Philip rushed into the midst—

'Where

‘Where is my Lord Fitz Alwy?’ (he cried,) ‘is he safe? is he found?’ ‘Yonder he is,’ (cried a soldier, who viewed the anxious countenance of the Knight, with somewhat of a sneer); Sir Philip heeded him not, but seeing a crowd gathered together, rushed amongst them, still impetuously crying for Fitz Alwy, when a scene met his eyes, which riveted his soul in chains of horror, wonder, and surprize!

Fitz Arnulf, kneeling on the earth, tenderly supporting on his breast the form of his lifeless brother, who seemed to have received a deep and fatal wound upon his head—Fitz Arnulf gazed on his pale bleeding form, with looks of heart-rending grief; he was the image of despair, wildly rolled his sunken eye, from which tears in torrents poured down his heaving bosom! His ear caught the earnest inquiries of Sir Philip, he lifted up his head.

‘Here,’ (he cried, in a voice of woe, that would have melted a heart of stone,)

‘here

‘ here is the remains of what was once,  
 ‘ Fitz Alwy—Oh ! my poor brother ! thou  
 ‘ art lost indeed ; pale is that beauteous  
 ‘ form—cold and stiff those lifeless limbs  
 ‘ ——Oh, God !—’

Unfeigned was the agony of the Chief-  
 tain, he scarce seemed able to survive the  
 form before him—when suddenly sprung  
 forward, the Baron of Falconberg !—Fitz  
 Arnulf, on sight of him, dropped the body  
 of his brother, and, uttering a piercing  
 cry, fled into the woods.

‘ Alas, poor Baron !’ exclaimed a chief,  
 who now for the first time drew the atten-  
 tion of Sir Philip—his physiognomy struck  
 the Knight with horror ; villain was writ-  
 ten in strong determined characters in  
 every line of this man’s dark countenance.  
 He addressed Sir Philip.

‘ I suppose you know, Sir Knight, the  
 ‘ accident by which the Baron of Mont  
 ‘ Eagle met his death ; at the foot of this  
 ‘ blasted

‘ blasted oak, all shattered as you see, lay  
 ‘ the poor Baron, struck by a flash of vivid  
 ‘ lightning, a splinter through his temple  
 ‘ gave him an instantaneous death—he  
 ‘ dropped, where now he lies.’

‘ How came he from his horse ?’ cried  
 out Sir Philip.

‘ That, perhaps, Sir, you can tell ; I was  
 ‘ not here !’ (retorted the ferocious Chief-  
 tain, with a stern regard). Sir Philip shud-  
 dered—again those ideas, which had been  
 banished by the late scenes, occurred ; but  
 he was surrounded by Fitz Arnulf’s men.

With difficulty they tore Lord Falcon-  
 berg from the body of his friend, and, at  
 last, conveyed him back to the Castle :  
 struck with horror at the scene he had  
 witnessed, his agitated spirits were too  
 much for his weak frame to support, and  
 illness overcame him. Revenge, he fully de-  
 termined to take for his friend’s murder, (if  
 murder it proved) : but, appearances spoke  
 so favourably for Lord Fitz Arnulf, that  
 the

the most suspicious could do no more than surmise, and at any rate the present state of Lord Falconberg's health forbade any thoughts of his commencing a warfare. This evil, 'stead of mending, daily grew worse ; his health declined each hour, his faded form, wasted in sudden sickness, and the good Father Bertrand, who constantly attended his pillow, oft, as he gazed upon his swift-decaying form, shook his head, and breathed out sighs and tears.

Sir Philip, with his young brother, Stanley, were his constant attendants, and to their bosoms he confided all his cares : his child, his Ethelburga, now only eight years of age, awakened all his fond parental solicitude ; but, on finding his end quickly approaching, and the harsh dominion of death advancing with hasty strides, he sent for his aged brother-in-law, Sir Reginald de Mowbray, and, confiding to him, conjointly with Sir Philip, and Father Bertrand, the care of his daughter, he delivered

delivered over to them his will, and prepared himself for his end.

This too soon took place, for, pressing his darling child to his breast, he prayed the Fitz Aubreys to be faithful to his house, and cried in weak tremulous accents :

‘ Alas ! I have survived all, all my ‘ friends ! ’ — With bitter sighs and tears, he then expired.

Grief penetrated the heart of Sir Philip : he had lost in so short a period his only friends ; and his brother, a promising youth scarce sixteen years of age, had at once lost his master, and his kind protector. Sir Reginald, however, to whom Lord Falconberg had kindly recommended them, was, fortunately for them, a man in whose bosom honour and feeling seemed to have fixed an everlasting throne : and no sooner had he perused the will of his departed relative, than he confirmed Sir Philip in the situation which Lord Falconberg had bequeathed to him, which was Lord

High

High Warden of the Castle of Wolfnorth, and retained Stanley as Esquire to Ethelburga. To Father Bertrand he left the charge of her education ; and for this charge he was indeed fully competent, being the fittest person, as he was her relative, and boasted all those virtues which seemed hereditary in the race of Falconberg.

He was the most learned and pious monk of the age, divested of that bigotry sometimes attendant on the monastic habit ; his quiet and secluded life seemed rather, by the uninterrupted opportunities it had given him for study, to have extended than confined his sentiments and manners. To this accomplished Monk, the education of the infant Baroness was a pleasing task, and well did he fulfill his duty to her. He sought not only to fill her mind with those amiable and feminine qualities which would befit her for a cloister, but he trained her understanding to that manly, resolute



resolute wisdom which she would find so necessary to enable her to fulfill the duties of that arduous and conspicuous station, to which she was destined. The goodness, piety, and wisdom of her mind, told in eloquent language how congenial were his precepts to her heart, and that the labours of this holy man were not bestowed upon an unkindly soil.

When Sir Philip had deposited the remains of the late Baron, with all due pomp and honours, in the darksome grave, Father Bertrand summoned him to his chamber, which was adjacent to the magnificent Chapel of Wolfnorth, and, drawing a packet from his bosom, thus addressed him—

‘ This (said he), my son, was bequeathed  
 ‘ to my care by our dear departed friend  
 ‘ in his last moments,—peace rest with his  
 ‘ soul!’—“ Give it (he said) to Philip Fitz  
 ‘ Aubrey, and tell him ’tis my last  
 ‘ request, that he will attend to its con-  
 ‘ “ tents :

“ ‘ ‘ tents: in him, I am sure I can confide;  
 “ ‘ ‘ he will accomplish all my desires, for  
 “ ‘ ‘ I have always found him faithful.” ’ ’

A tear slowly trickled from the eye of Fitz Aubrey; he sighed, and turned away; with trembling hand, he broke the seal, and perused the following:

**Ethelbert, Baron Falconberg of Wolf-  
 north, to his best beloved Sir Philip  
 Fitz Aubrey.**

“ Ere you uncloseth these sheets, my poor  
 “ boy, these eyes will be closed in the  
 “ peaceful slumber of death,—this hand  
 “ confided to the bosom of the cold but  
 “ silent tomb. Yet weep not for me;  
 “ happiness had fled my latter years, and  
 “ never, never again could it have cheered  
 “ this sick and sorrowing heart,—deprived  
 “ of all that’s dear!—no one to cheer the  
 “ bed of sickness, no one to whisper com-  
 “ fort—yet hush! you, you, my poor  
 “ boy!

" boy! the pious Father Bertrand—your  
 " artless brother—my affectionate Ethel-  
 " burga! all, all are dear, nor is my heart  
 " ungrateful—but can you give me back  
 " my Aluine, my beauteous wife?—can  
 " you restore my lost friend, that earliest  
 " partner of my youth, Fitz Alwy?—

" My heart, in death, feels unconquered  
 " suspicions of the fate of that dear chief-  
 " tain,—his horrid death hastens by its  
 " dreadful remembrance my wasted form  
 " into the cold grave.

" I cannot divest myself, my Philip, of  
 " the doubts which are in my mind, not-  
 " withstanding the apparent anguish de-  
 " picted in the countenance of Fitz Arnulf,  
 " and notwithstanding those tears which  
 " ought at least to have been proof of his  
 " innocence:—but ah! Fitz Aubrey, those  
 " tears, I fear, were the tears of guilt, not  
 " penitence; the expression of anguish, not  
 " regret. You, my good youth, may  
 " perhaps think my suspicions unjust; but  
 " if

" if I have strength, I will recount to you  
 " the reasons which first created doubts  
 " in my mind of the honour of his brother,  
 " and which I am confident will stimulate  
 " you to investigate the past transactions  
 " in the manner which I shall point out."

" Eight months prior to Fitz Alwy's  
 " return from the Holy Land, and long  
 " after I had denied myself the privilege  
 " of interfering with the proceedings at  
 " Mont Eagle, Father Bertrand called  
 " me from my closet in haste, and bade me  
 " go with him to the skirt of the wold,  
 " where, in the lowest apartment of the  
 " beacon tower to the east, I found  
 " Conrade, the ancient servant of the Lady  
 " Editha, apparently in the last extremities  
 " of death. At sight of me, he endeavoured  
 " to raise himself from the ground,  
 " in vain,—and in a few moments, he  
 " seemed to enjoy peace from the most  
 " dreadful tortures; he uttered the word  
 " 'poison,' which seemed to us explained

" in his appearance, and endeavoured to  
 " point to the Castle of Mont Eagle—  
 " then seizing my hand, he pointed to my  
 " sword, and faintly murmured—' Revenge  
 " ' the murder of the Baroness : ' the  
 " pangs of death now came o'er him,  
 " he pointed to Father Bertrand, and  
 " expired."

Sir Philip turned his eyes on Father  
 Bertrand, who perused the paper with  
 him.

• ' Yes, ( said he, ) I can best eluci-  
 ' date that action ; previous to my cal-  
 ' ling the Baron, Conrade told me that  
 ' sad work was going on at Mont Ea-  
 ' gle ; that Fitz Arnulf had removed  
 ' all the ancient domestics of the Castle,  
 ' placing in their stead creatures of his  
 ' own ; that a secret had come to his  
 ' knowledge concerning Fitz Arnulf's  
 ' confidential man Kenrick, which he had,  
 ' in a moment of passion, retorted upon  
 ' Lord Gerard de Hontercombe, son to the  
 ' Lord

' Lord of Ithona ; and that he was certain  
 ' Lord Gerard had betrayed him, and that  
 ' the pangs he now suffered were occa-  
 ' sioned by poison administered to destroy  
 ' him : he now entreated me to fly for the  
 ' Baron, having several secrets to unfold  
 ' to him—" But, oh ! (he cried,) lest I  
 ' " should be dead ere you return, tell him  
 ' " to warn my master of his brother. "

' Alas ! you see the secret was destined  
 ' to die with him, for ere we returned  
 ' poor Conrade was in the agonies of  
 ' death.'

' Where did you find Conrade, Holy  
 ' Father ?' asked Philip. ' Within a quarter  
 ' of a mile of yon outpost ; he was leaning  
 ' in extreme anguish against the stunted  
 ' oak ; I assisted him to the tower with  
 ' some difficulty ;—poison, poison, I have  
 ' no doubt, caused his death,—his con-  
 ' vulsions too plainly manifested it,—  
 ' but, O God ! there are poisons of various  
 ' effects, I fear !'—The Monk crossed him-

self, his countenance wore an agonized aspect, he seemed not to regard the presence of Sir Philip, who gazed on him in secret awe—'Peace rest with his soul!' continued he—'Amen!'—said Sir Philip. This seemed to awake him from his reverie; he motioned him to continue the manuscript—

"This, my friend, was sufficient to  
 "awaken all my suspicions, and I had  
 "not returned to my Castle two hours,  
 "before Lord Gerard appeared at my  
 "gate, he demanded, if one Conrade was  
 "within, who had fled from Mont Eagle.  
 "I did not choose to betray what I had  
 "heard, and therefore replied, that I  
 "understood he was found dead in one  
 "of my towers. Lord Gerard manifested  
 "the utmost anxiety, which he vainly  
 "endeavoured to conceal by affected  
 "indifference, to discover if Conrade had  
 "had any communication with me before  
 "he died.——But I have reason to believe  
 "that

" that he departed, well assured he had  
 " not. My strength wastes away—oh,  
 " Philip ! I hope Almighty God will  
 " yield me time to proceed.—Repair then  
 " to the forest unattended, save by our  
 " friends, search well around the spot on  
 " which Fitz Alwy fell, and all the road  
 " along—if, on inspection, aught occurs  
 " to confirm these suspicions, strain every  
 " nerve to win the attention of his boy,  
 " and, soon as his age permits him to  
 " understand you, tell him the misfortune  
 " of his parents, and encourage him to  
 " revenge upon his monstrous uncle,  
 " their horrid murder—Heaven guard  
 " the youth !—oh ! Fitz Aubrey, I tremble  
 " when I reflect in whose power !—you,  
 " my friend, be on the watch, endeavour  
 " to preserve that noble line from falling  
 " to decay—nay more, mark me, while I  
 " yet have strength. Fitz Alwy, my poor  
 " lost friend, his lovely meek-eyed Editha  
 " contracted my infant daughter to their  
 " you ;



“ son, nor do I, though his death has taken  
 “ from them the power of asserting their  
 “ claims, forget the sacred promise. Ethel-  
 “ burga my darling child *must* receive the  
 “ hand of Fitz Alwy Baron of Mont Eagle,  
 “ —so shall the houses be for ever united.  
 “ The enclosed packets are to be delivered  
 “ by you, Sir Philip, to each of them, after  
 “ my beloved child shall have attained the  
 “ age of eighteen ; they contain letters of  
 “ their parents which confirm the contract,  
 “ and, oh ! may no fatal events rise up,  
 “ when I am gone, to separate our houses !  
 “ —This, Philip, is my last request !  
 “ *You*, whom I have placed about her  
 “ person,—your brother Stanley, whom I  
 “ have appointed to attend her,—be yours  
 “ the task of repeating constantly in her  
 “ ear this last fond wish ! A Fitz Alwy  
 “ never can refuse a Falconberg : on that  
 “ I dwell not therefore.

“ Adieu, my dear youth, adieu for ever !  
 “ You, poor orphan of a noble house, now,

“ alas !

" alas ! fallen to decay, pursue the path  
 " of honour and virtue you have chosen ;  
 " I have not forgotten you. Attend to  
 " these last requests !—so, my brave boys,  
 " may Heaven——may Heaven bless and  
 " reward you !"

" **falconberg.**"

Sir Philip laid aside the manuscript  
 with tears of renewed grief ; when Father  
 Bertrand, having suffered him to indulge  
 in them for some time, continued his  
 discourse.—

' Though my son, our departed friend,  
 ' conjures you to search the recesses of yon  
 ' dark forest, he bade me caution you to  
 ' beware how you trusted yourself to those  
 ' whom he had so much reason to suspect ;  
 ' he bade me tell you to go well armed,  
 ' and to go in the dark disguise of night :  
 ' but he was anxious that you should not  
 ' delay your search, lest the difficulties of  
 ' discovery should be increased.'

' This

‘ This very night ! ’ (cried out Sir Philip starting from his seat), ‘ yes, Father, I will search ; and if the hated secret is discoverable, trust me I will make it known.’—They parted.

The bosom of Sir Philip was awakened to a thousand emotions, and when dusk approached, he clothed himself in a dark cloak, and divesting his helmet of its glittering crest, passed along the dreary wold. The moon was at the full, and seemed to shine with unusual splendour ; the wind sighed along the heath in unison with his feelings ; he now entered by a narrow pathway into the interior of the forest, whose gloom would have appalled the stoutest heart, but Fitz Alwy, enveloped in his own feelings, heeded it not.—The bright moon ever and anon appeared thro’ the tree tops, and illumined the recesses of the forest. The loud bell of Mont Eagle, sonorous and slow amongst the forest trees, told out the hour, and struck the heart

heart of Sir Philip with sorrow and regret. He now arrived at that fatal spot, *the blasted oak*!—This side, which the lightning had struck, was bare, so was the ground beneath, which seemed to have refused to gladden with vegetation the barren earth on which Fitz Alwy had breathed his last.

Sad was the heart of the Knight; he leaned against the tree, and wept.—Long had he remained with folded arms enwrapt in melancholy meditation, when, aroused by a loud sigh close to his side, he started and clasped his hand to his sword—

‘ Who wanders here ? ’ he cried.

But soon was his well-known voice answered by a rough embrace, and in his arms he felt the shaggy coat of Fitz Alwy’s faithful Dane: The animal licked his hands, and manifested great and powerful joy—

‘ Alas, poor Ryno! art thou here alone ?  
‘ mourning thy master’s death in fond

‘dumb eloquence? Poor faithful animal,  
 ‘how hast thou lived?—wasted is thy flesh,  
 ‘how keen those gigantic bones! Come,  
 ‘thou shalt go with me!’

The dog now smelt the spot on which the blood of Fitz Alwy had fallen: he howled, and looked up piteously at Sir Philip; who, alarmed lest his plaints should awaken the echoes of the forest, and betray him, patted his head, and prepared to depart homewards; but upon this motion, the animal appeared quite outrageous, and seizing the cloak of the Knight endeavoured to drag him into the thickest part of the forest.

‘Whither wouldst thou lead me, poor  
 ‘Ryno?’ exclaimed Sir Philip, when, as if the animal understood him, he quitted his cloak, and walked before him still deeper in the forest, yet looking back for him to follow, and panting with emotion. He had led Sir Philip out of the path-way,  
 and

and was now concealed in the thickest part of the wood; yet he still continued, choosing however the clearest path, but evidently making to some well-known spot. 'Well, (said Fitz Aubrey) there is some intent in all this, I will follow thee;'—he proceeded for some time through the bushes, which almost opposed his progress, until, arriving at a clearer spot, he perceived himself at the entrance of a cavern—

Here Ryno stopped, and, turning his head, looked at Sir Philip, and moaned piteously.—Sir Philip was proceeding to enter the cavern, but the animal forcibly drew him back, and then went in himself:—struck with awe and astonishment, the Knight leaned against a tree in anxious expectation, when Ryno returned, bearing in his mouth,——the sword of Fitz Alwy!—

It was too well known to be mistaken; that brilliant embossed cross which formed the

the handle, was now illumined by the moon's bright rays—Sir Philip clasped it to his breast.

‘ Oh ! my loved Lord ! thy Falcon-  
 ‘ berg’s suspicions were too true ! treachery,  
 ‘ base treachery has been practised towards  
 ‘ thee ; but thou shall not be unrevenged.’

He now attempted to enter the cavern ; but Ryno forcibly drew him away, and led him, or rather dragged him, back from whence they came. Sir Philip was obliged for this night to defer his search, on account of the dog, who kept close beside him ; and retraced his melancholy way to Wolfnorth. Ryno walked stately by his side, his broad white chest shone in the moon’s beams, which likewise shewed to Sir Philip the wan form of the faithful animal.

‘ Alas, poor Ryno ! (he cried) thou, I  
 ‘ fear, hast mourned indeed thy master’s  
 ‘ death !’—Ryno looked up in his face  
 piteously ; but the watchful animal failed

not

not oftentimes to look back, as if he dreaded some approaching enemy. At last they arrived at the drawbridge of Wotton. when Sir Philip stepped back for the animal to pass—but Ryno, licking his hand and looking piteously in his face, howled forth a pining cry, and set off full speed back to Mont Eagle. Sir Philip called him in vain ; he saw his large figure bound along the wold, his white shining coat glittered in the moon-beams, and marked him till he entered the black forest.

Soon was Sir Philip joined by Father Bertrand and young Stanley, to whom he related his wonderful and affecting adventure ; Fitz Alwy's sword was examined, it was stained with blood, and too well betrayed that lightning alone had not been the cause of his death.—

They now determined, on the following night to proceed to the cavern with dark lanthorns, and make a full and particular search. Father Bertrand accompanied them,



them, hoping, in case of violence, that his sacred presence would protect them.

They passed on across the dreary moor ; the moon was hid amongst the clouds, and the wind foretold a coming storm ; their agitated hearts, however, permitted them not to heed it, and Sir Philip rather rejoiced that the night was so dark, as it promised security, and rendered them almost certain they should not be interrupted.

At the fatal tree Ryno appeared not—  
 ‘ Alas, poor dog ! thou surely hast not fallen another victim to the bloody brother of  
 ‘ Fitz Alwy ?’ exclaimed Sir Philip,—  
 Father Bertrand checked him with eager fondness, and they with great difficulty found their way to the cavern.

As they approached, piteous moans struck upon their ear, when, on uncovering their lights, they saw poor Ryno lying on the shattered remnants of his master’s cloak ; his shield too with the Silver Eagle lay clotted with gore, spilt no doubt from the  
 bosom

bosom of Mont Eagle's luckless Chieftain. Sir Philip approached his brother, and he tried to assist the animal to rise—he faintly lifted up his mournful head, and tried to lick their hands; the effort, alas! was vain! it fell back upon his master's blood-stained mantle—he groaned, and breathed his last! Tears burst from the tender heart of young Stanley, who kissed poor Ryno's shaggy cheek—Sir Philip and the Monk stood by, moved with piercing woe.

After some time they examined the cavern: no more signs however appeared; Ryno seemed to have discovered all, and they seized the shield and tattered mantle of Fitz Alwy,

‘ Beloved relics! (cried Sir Philip); these  
 ‘ will I treasure, till young Ethelmorne  
 ‘ no more beneath the power of his mon-  
 ‘ strous uncle can revenge thy death: come,  
 ‘ my friends, for a time, alas! our feelings  
 ‘ must be hid—but the time will come,  
 ‘ when

brave Chieftain hovered o'er his child,  
 blessings surely he showered upon the  
 head of the Abbot Bertrand, and the good  
 Warden, Fitz Aubrey, for having reared a  
 creature so all perfect.

The fair banner of the house of Falcon-  
 berg waved o'er the Donjon Tower ;  
 the rampant tygers glittered in the brilliant  
 sun of an April morn ; loud sung the horns'  
 enlivening echoes, and the martial trumpets  
 rung the Castle's stout walls, and awoke  
 the rocks and forests of Mont Eagle to  
 their harmonic tones. Each vassal was  
 arrayed in the striking livery of Wolf-  
 north, on whose polished mail, was em-  
 blazoned, on each breast-plate, the three  
 passant tygers gules, upon a golden field.  
 O'er the casques of the chief officers  
 soared the falcon proper, and a scarf of  
 white gracefully decorated their left  
 shoulder.

Sir Philip was arrayed in splendid attire,  
 and his manly form moved graceful in his  
 scaly

scaly mail; his cloak was magnificent, and, being composed of the arms of Falconberg, glittered sumptuously in the sun; for it was of golden tissue, the red double tressure forming the edge or border, and the red tygers passant, lined with ermine. On his breast was embossed the golden falcon:—but his own paternal coat was not forgotten on his shield—A field of dark azure, with an engrailed fess, and three fleur de lis, all of fine gold. On his helmet, his crest, a golden lion's-head erased, surmounted by three milk-white plumes. His brother Sir Stanley differed in no way from him, save that instead of a cloak, he bore an azure scarf, the tint of the field of his arms.

The nobles and knights, who had formed a camp in order to be present at this sumptuous tournament, planted their glittering banners on the walls, and around their tents.

The lovely Ethelburga, when she looked  
from

from her window, was struck with delight and admiration at the splendid scene which presented itself to her eyes ; long she lingered at the casement, viewing the many coloured banners—some long, some square, some swallow-tailed, some pennons ; nor were the oldest and most esteemed coats absent from the field : and if her castle had been thrice its size, it would not have found room enough for the great lords, and noble knights, who attended on this happy occasion.

She was interrupted by Sir Philip, who was announced by her pages ;—he took her hand, and imprinting on it a respectful salute, hailed this happy, long-expected morn ! He remarked to her, that ere he attended her to the pavilion, where many ladies and chieftains were already assembled, to await her, he begged leave to present to her two Knights, who had requested permission to be named as her future Esquires,  
and

and whom he could recommend to her notice, as valiant and virtuous gentlemen.

‘One,’ (said Sir Philip), ‘I well know, for he was my fellow knight when I attended the late Lord Fitz Alwy, in the Holy Land, -I need not name Sir Aymer de Valance, whose little son is your page; the other, lovely Lady, is a youth, in every way unexceptionable, in birth, conduct, and person; he is a youth, whom I pray God my little Oswy here,’ (patting his son upon the head, who was the page of Ethelburga) ‘may resemble in every particular!’

‘Ah, dear Sir Philip,’ (returned Ethelburga), ‘your choice is mine, and I am sure that it is right.’

Sir Philip now turned to a lovely youth, whom he presented to the Baroness by the title of Sir Edwin Montague: he was arrayed in dark polished armour, similar to the rest, with the falcon embossed upon his

his breast ; and on his shield, which was a light and beautiful buckler, his coat of arms, which were an argent field, a deep-coloured purple bend, on which were three escalop shells of fine gold. His manner was modest, and his deportment elegant ; he kissed the hand of the Baroness with ineffable grace. A blush tinged her lovely cheek as she saluted him, and she turned to Sir Aymer.

His shield was barry, argent and azure ; he was a mild, graceful, and virtuous gentleman ; more perhaps adapted for the tourney, than the field of battle. These two gentlemen, with young Stanley, whose fine hazel eyes flashed with eager animation, and a thirst of fame, attended the Baroness to the pavilion : Sir Philip handing her.

How lovely was the Baroness, arrayed in robes of state : grand without ostentation, rich without being gaudy : tall and commanding was the figure of Ethelburga ; but her manner, her look was full of persuasive softness ;

softness; her actions were full of grace, her accents sweet and harmonious! The lily was not fairer than her complexion, nor the raven more jetty than her hair and eyes, whose bright beams were tempered by bewitching softness, and whose glances were regulated with dignified modesty.—How delicate her Grecian features! How beautiful that tint of faint red, which blushed upon her cheek!—Nothing could be more sweet than her smiles, nothing more touching than her manner: an air of lively tenderness was diffused around her, and no one could see and not instantly feel a respect for her virtues, and admiration for her beauty. She was enrobed in snow-white silk, her thin waist was encircled by a purple velvet zone; in front, a magnificent and richly jewelled clasp.—No other ornament did Ethelburga choose, save her coronet and purple robe, lined with regal ermine, which her pages bore,

As she advanced, murmurs of admiration



tion burst involuntarily from every breast ; and exclamations of surprise and pleasure found utterance from each lip. Each knight, whose heart had not already yielded to some beloved object, confessed her power, and became the willing sacrifice to her majestic beauty. Sir Philip first presented to her the old Lord Wulstan de Warrenne, and his daughter Adela, whose beautiful and delicate form was sighed for in vain, by many a gallant knight.

Lord Wulstan was honourable, humane, and just. He had cherished the highest veneration for Lord Falconberg, and now addressed Ethelburga with the tenderness of a father. His son, Sir Vortimer, who came a candidate for fame, delighted her by the mildness of his manners, and interested her by the melancholy depicted in his countenance. —

Then was presented to her Plantagenet, the good Earl of Hereford, with his noble  
cousin,

cousin Bothwell, Earl of Cornwall ; likewise Ethelred, the young Earl of Lancaster with the Dowager Duchess, and his sister, Lady Evelina de Bohun, Sir Mortan de Cantelo, a gallant knight, with his sisters, Fitz William and Lanois ; and many others, too numerous to name.

Whilst Ethelburga was conversing with these ladies, a Knight rushed into the court, who, without waiting for the introduction of Sir Philip, leapt from his steed, and, flying to the pavilion, bent his knee before Ethelburga, and pressing her hand to his lips, cried, ‘ Heaven bless my fair cousin ! ’—

This was Sir Morcar de Mowbray, a man who seemed to have been sent into the world to prove to mankind, how virtuous, honourable, valiant, and just, man could be ; and whose name, for many ages, had never received a stain : the son of that Reginald, to whom the late Lord Falconberg had bequeathed the

care of his child, and who had some years since paid the debt of nature.

Ethelburga, who had seen and known him before, received him with the tenderest affection: joy filled her heart, at the relief of having with her so amiable a relation, on this trying occasion; while the surrounding nobles, mistaking the glow of pleasure, caused by relieved diffidence, for a warmer sensation, marked the noble De Mowbray as an object of jealous envy.

Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey, and Sir Morcar de Mowbray, were overjoyed at being once more together; for their hearts recognized congenial virtues, and loved to unite in social amity. They now pressed each other's hands, and hurrying over a few friendly inquiries, prepared for

### **The Tournament.**

The six heralds of Falconberg first ounded the challenge: Sir Philip, who  
was

was to have opened the day's combats, now pressed Sir Morcar to take upon him an office in which he was certain to acquit himself so nobly : but this knight would not hear of the warden's resigning the destined honour ; and Ethelburga uniting in the request of her cousin, Sir Philip found himself obliged to comply.

SIR PHILIP FITZ AUBREY,

The good warden of Falconberg, first entered the lists ; his person and horse were well known in the north borders, and each courageous knight was eager to engage so gallant an opponent : his horse was a most beautiful grey, with sumptuous trappings of vermilion and gold. This challenge was answered by the young

EARL OF LANCASTER ;

Who made indeed a splendid appearance. His heralds were sumptuous, clothed in gold and ermine skins ; from their trumpets were suspended his banner, which was quarterly azure and  
E 2
gules

gules with gold. On one azure quarter was a cross of fine gold, with four gold fleurs-de-lis in corners—on the other azure quarter a golden eagle. On the gold quarter were the arms of Scotland. The gules quarter was surrounded by a border or, with black crosslets, and in the midst a golden lion rampant. The bar alone took away from the nobleness of this beautiful banner, which, although it marked a royal, was yet the sign of a disgraceful birth.—He rode a jet-black horse with reins of gold—his armour was richly inwrought with gold, and three crimson plumes waved o'er his casque.

This tilt was kept up with an adroitness seldom witnessed, the contest was so equal that victory seemed to hover undecidedly around them ; but at last a superior stroke of Sir Philip disarmed his opponent—Lord Lancaster acknowledged him his victor, and retired not well pleased to the pavilion.—

Sir

Sir Philip, having rested for a few minutes, again commanded the challenge to be sounded—The heralds of Wolfnorth were on milk-white steeds, with housings of gold. Their banners were white taffety with a shield in the midst or, and a double vermillion tressure, and three red lions passant; the supporters two tygers proper, with this motto—‘Sed sine labe decus’---that is, ‘Honour without a stain.’---Now rushed forth to engage him, one who by his accoutrements seemed to turn the combat into a *jest*, indeed---

LORD MANFRED OF TANKERVILLE,

Who approached in an ambling pace, on a milk-white palfrey, whose mane was entwined with rose-coloured ribbons which dangled in many a graceful festoon. The armour was enamelled white, with golden studs—o’er his left shoulder was flung a light silken rose-coloured scarf—a plume of white feathers decorated his glittering casque; on his breast was blazoned his  
crest

crest—a ruby-coloured heart, with golden wings, and this motto : ‘ Second to none’—and he *was* second to none, in his own opinion. His helmet had no vizor, for Lord Manfred was too vain to conceal a face which frequent recourse to his mirror had told him was delicately beautiful. White kid supplied the place of hardy buck-skin for his boots and gloves — his reins were pliant ribbons. He was well known at every tourney in England ; ever foremost to engage the hardiest knights, and never failing to be overcome ; he yet played it off with so much self-sufficient vanity, that every person who had not been witness to his disgrace, would have sworn that he had been the victor. The exploits he related of himself, were marvellous and wonderful ; but his good-nature and oddity of character shielded him from the vengeance of many knights, from whom he justly deserved chastisement ; he was in every respect ‘ a Carpet Knight so trim,’  
and

and spent his hours at every lady's toilet, with whom however he was a favourite, for the fair sometimes choose to lavish their favours upon the most contemptible objects.

This was no opponent for Sir Philip—the first onset o'erthrew Lord Manfred not very gently; the knight, sorry at his meeting with so rough a disaster, sprang from his horse and presented him his hand to help him up; but Lord Manfred, not very dismayed, seized his arm and cried—

'We managed that matter very gracefully, Sir Philip; pray present me to the Baroness.—'

Sir Philip could not retain the remembrance of this queer remark; but leaving the court, he carried him to the presence of Ethelburga, to whom falling gently on his knee, he addressed the following rhapsody:

'O fair star who illumest by thy  
'brilliancy this lower sphere, deign to  
'smile upon an admiring knight—'



‘ will consider it for ever an honour to be  
 ‘ entitled thy champion!---- whose arm  
 ‘ shall revenge thy wrongs, and chastise  
 ‘ the temerity of thy enemies.’---

Ethelburga could not contain her mirth, but receiving him graciously, presented the self-enamoured knight with an opportunity of swearing that he was a favoured suitor.

Now four sumptuous heralds proclaimed  
**PLANTAGENET, EARL OF HEREFORD.**

This banner was the most sumptuous in the court; it was cloth of gold with many quarterings; there might be seen the arms of the most noble families in Europe; his lady’s escutcheon in the midst, of gold and gules; on the gold, a gules cross; on the gules, a golden lion rampant; over all, his coronet finely emblazoned.

His person was strong and portly, his armour finely worked; his casque was conspicuous, for his jewelled coronet encircled it, and richly sparkled in the sun; his  
 steed

steed was potent in its form, and dexterous in its motion.

**SIR MORCAR DE MOWBRAY,**

Who was prepared for the fight, now waved his hand to the Baroness, and rushed into the ring ; his titles were proclaimed by the Falconberg heralds, for he had come in haste from the south, and was unattended by his own : (and it was the duty of the Castle heralds to perform this service for those knights who had none.) The person of Sir Morcar was tall, and finely formed ; his complexion of a lively brown, with very dark brown eyes and hair ; his black brow finely marked ; and there was a dignity combined with an open manner and countenance, which were the pledges of the many virtues which dwelt within.

His armour was black, richly ornamented with golden studs, each of which represented a resplendent star ; his plumed crest vermillion ; on his shield he bore his  
coat

coat of arms, which differed in no way from the Falconberg's, save that, instead of three passant lions, his shield contained one rampant one. Two armed nobles were his supporters, whom he had overcome in battle; his motto, altho' borne by his family for ages, suited him marvellously, for it was 'Malo mori quam fœdari,' which is, 'I had rather expire than commit a disgraceful action.' His crest shone upon his breast-plate, a golden sun splendidly rayed.

If we are to name the breast which beat most tumultuously when he commenced the onset, it was Adela de Warrenne's. His eyes had undisguisedly avowed the effect her beauty had made upon his generous heart, and his devotions were received by her with very different sensations to those of his competitors. He placed the lance in rest, and commenced the attack with infinite grace and skill. His princely opponent was a gentleman of too hot a nature to make an expert warrior; every  
 one

one saw Sir-Morecar purposely avoided those advantages he might have taken ; and watched for an opportunity of surrendering the victory to one, whom he conceived his guest. But he did it without the ostentation of shewing that he did so, and evidently wished to yield him all the honour of the combat.

But although Plantagenet was at last master of the field, many a sly insinuation ran along the court ; and when he re-entered the pavilion, Sir Philip smiled, and declared he never saw so much pains taken to lose a combat.

This was overheard by the Lord Tankerville, who sprung upon his horse, and proceeded to engage the noble earl, who turned upon his gentle opponent, and rushing to encounter him, the winged heart dexterously stepped his steed aside, and Plantagenet came with full force against his lordship's heralds.—The earl turned to reproach

of Sir Philip had seen her at the Castle of Elfwold, belonging to Lord Wulstan de Warrenne, and professed a most ardent attachment for her ; and indeed it was no more than he felt, for her image haunted him day and night, and he sought in vain to procure ease from his tender pains : alas ! his heart this day was doomed to a thousand tortures.---For a gallant young Knight, who possessed a form which might indeed have proved a dangerous rival, hung over his Augustine with tender undisguised solicitude, and he remarked with maddening feelings that it was fondly returned to him with ingenuous affection from Augustine.

Stanley approached with uneasy and agitated manner, he addressed her ; but the Knight left not her side : he in vain inquired his name, he was a stranger to all ; but what exasperated him to a still higher pitch of frenzy, was that both he and Augustine seemed to enjoy his jealous pangs,

pangs, and this observation inflamed his heart with eager desires of vengeance.

Their attention was now however attracted by six of the most beautifully accoutred heralds; they were clothed in light-coloured steel armour, besprinkled richly with gold and silver stars; they rode white horses and bore white plumes in their helmets; their banner was of white taffety tinted with the faintest azure, on which was pourtrayed in silver of the finest hue, a winged lion rampant with a sword.

Sir Philip started, his breath grew short, he could scarcely sustain his trembling limbs, they were so much overcome by emotion; his speaking countenance betrayed the feelings which had crowded to his heart; he leaned upon the arm of Sir Aymer de Valance, with whom he interchanged looks of intelligence: the heralds proclaimed---

THE

**THE BARON FITZ ALWY OF MONT EAGLE.**

Ethelburga turned to Sir Philip ; tears sprung into her eyes, for she saw the emotions painted in his face, and oft had she heard him speak with keen regret of the decease of the late Lord ; she pressed the good warden's hand in silence ; he returned it with fond affection, all her engagements rushed upon his mind, and he raised his eyes to Heaven, and uttered a fervent prayer in behalf of her future happiness.

All eyes were directed to the tilt court ; a gallant knight in truth he appeared ; a figure formed with the utmost symmetry ; he was tall, and his air infinitely graceful and commanding ; his complexion rather brown than fair, eyes which were black as sloes, his hair and brows were correspondent ; beautiful were his features, fire flashed from his speaking eyes ! and his smile was fascination itself. How gracefully  
fully

fully he managed his milk-white steed ! how dignified was his seat, and the air of his person !—how becoming to him was his silver mail, richly embossed with white and gold !—on his breast was the silver eagle, the well-known crest of his noble house ; o'er his helmet waved six beautiful white feathers, which played round his crest. On his silver shield, the field of palest tinted azure, was the argent winged rampant lion.

Each tongue betrayed the admiration of the mind ; each heart fluttered at his appearance, the women's one and all with admiration, the men's with jealous fears at so powerful a rival to all their pretensions.

'What a lovely spectacle !' (exclaimed Ethelburga), 'if I was to choose my champion, that should be him !—'

'Heaven be praised !' mentally ejaculated Sir Philip ; De Mowbray smiled ; while the heart of Sir Edwin Montague bounded



bounded in his bosom as if it would leave his breast : he leaned more heavy upon the back of Ethelburga's throne ; the paleness which o'erspread his complexion struck Sir Aymer, he was more than usually attentive and kind to him.

Now their attention was drawn to the opponent of Fitz Alwy, it was—

**BOTHWELL, EARL OF CORNWALL.**

He differed in no way from his cousin Plantagenet, save that his heralds were not quite so magnificent : his arms were or and azure, his escutcheon crimson, on which were three or fleurs-de-lis.

This tilt was admirable !—but Bothwell, although he was evidently an admirer of Ethelburga, was no match for Fitz Alwy's potent arm : he yielded.

‘ Valour, grace, and beauty, appear to  
‘ be united in yon Knight !’ (said Ethel-  
burga) ‘ surely he is the rose of Northum-  
‘ berland !—’

‘ It is to be wished’ (replied Lord Tan-  
kerville

kerville affectedly) ‘that the rose was  
 ‘not so entwined by the serpent which  
 ‘now approaches.’

Sir Philip started; for, regarding the crowd around Fitz Alwy, Sir Bevis de Wilton’s shield foremost appeared; he shuddered, it was too well known; that field of gold on which was pourtrayed the glittering serpent of Sir Bevis was not to be forgotten, since that fatal night, the lightning had displayed it to his eyes, in the wold of Wolfnorth: succeeding circumstances were remembered with horror and dismay.

‘Unnatural conjunction!’ (he exclaimed half aloud) ‘Fitz Alwy nurtures a serpent,  
 ‘he little suspects! it must not—shall not  
 ‘last!—’

Sir Edwin, who had overheard the stifled exclamation of Sir Philip, rose from the back of Ethelburga’s seat.—

‘There is not, Fitz Aubrey, a greater  
 ‘wretch on earth than Sir Bevis de  
 ‘Wilton,

‘Wilton, that chosen favourite of the Baron of Mont Eagle.’

‘The chosen favourite!’ exclaimed Sir Philip in alarm.

‘Yes,’ replied Sir Edwin, ‘and bold the man who dare speak to the young noble in his disfavour;—a word with you, Sir Philip:’ and Edwin took the arm of Fitz Aubrey, and conversed for some moments in private: the countenance of the good warden was o’ercast—he returned to Ethelburga.

Fitz Alwy, in the mean time, had engaged with—

**SIR VORTIMER DE WARRENNE.**

This tilt was rather fierce, and it was remarked their eyes spoke more than a mere jest. Fitz Alwy conquered.

Now an opponent appeared for him, whose fine dark-blue eyes had been fixed in earnest and admiring attention upon the Baroness. Fitz Alwy had hitherto bid fair to gain the first prize, but this young champion

champion seemed determined to wrest it from him ; he was proclaimed as

**ARDVEN BARON DUNTHALMO.**

His heralds were four in number, and vied with Fitz Alwy's in taste and magnificence ; they were clothed in the same colours as their chieftain. He had on a suit of the darkest blue steel, most highly burnished, and studded with rich gold ornaments ; he wore no cloak or scarf, but a heavy gold chain was pendant round his neck, and hung upon his breast ; on his casque, was a gold falcon volant. He rode a grey horse, of admirable spirit, whose trappings were dark-blue and gold. His banner was the most beautiful in the court : it was white as the driven snow, unspotted and as pure ; with a broad and deep-coloured azure bend, bordered with gold ; on the upper end of which was his coronet, most beautifully emblazoned, and beneath his golden falcon. Ardven, graceful in mien, and beautiful in  
person,

person, could be only outshone by a Fitz Alwy; their valour and skill were well matched to their appearance, and every one allowed that a more beautiful sight never was seen. The prowess of Ardven gave Fitz Alwy full opportunity of showing his skill; but at last, watching the love-struck chieftain, whose jealous eyes had caught the figure of Sir Morcar de Mowbray hanging over Ethelburga, Mount Eagle obtained an opening to overthrow him.

The cheek of the brave Ardven was suffused with crimson; his eyes reproached Fitz Alwy, for taking an advantage of him, which no one but themselves he believed had seen: but Sir Morcar had noticed the whole, his generous heart told him, he would not have done the same in a similar situation; he approached, and begged to introduce him to his cousin.

‘Never!’ (replied the soul-stung youth)  
 ‘never! till I have redeemed my honour!’

—and

—and leaping on his horse he departed full speed.

Fitz Alwy now gracefully drew near Sir Philip, and begged to be presented to the Baroness: Ethelburga's heart palpitated in her bosom, and she received his compliments with a confusion not ungraceful, while she praised his prowess, and flung the golden falcon o'er his shoulder: he pressed it to his heart, and told her by his eyes, how much he prized the gift; he now placed himself by Ethelburga, and paid her solicitous and dignified attention, but Fitz Alwy seemed to feel that *attention* from him, was the greatest honour any fair could boast. Sir Philip regarded him with eager observation; he watched his every look and action, and traced a slight resemblance to his father.

Sir Edwin, who had hitherto hung o'er the throne of Ethelburga, now departed; the cause was guessed by Sir Aymer, who keenly regretted the prospect of misery which

which seemed to open before him ; for Edwin was brave, generous, and gentle, and Sir Aymer felt for him the fondest affection and interest.—

The attention of Sir Philip was now called to his brother, who had mounted his grey charger, and with a countenance both haughty and impetuous entered the ring. His opponent was proclaimed by two heralds clothed in dark-hued steel : they bore vermilion plumes, and had a banner of white, with a vermilion engrailed fess. The knight was that suitor of Augustine, who had given the heart of the handsome Stanley so much pain—

#### STANLEY FITZ AUBREY

Rode to the onset with expressive fury ; the engagement was sharp ; he was the admiration of the whole court for his valour and address ; some of the ancient nobles, it is true, pronounced him too impetuous ; he however disarmed his opponent—and oh ! had ye seen the glance of reproach and exultation

exultation he sent to Augustine!—One circumstance alone took away from the pleasure of his conquest, the Knight had been announced by the title of the Knight of the Forest; he found himself therefore still cheated of his real name. Willing however to prove his further prowess to his mistress, in whose eyes he thought he saw glances of commendation, he still remained, and challenged the court. His heralds were answered by Fitz Alwy's, and,

#### SIR GUY FITZ PIERS

Rushed into the ring; he bore the crest of Fitz Alwy, for he was his esquire; but on his shield was his ancient coat of arms, a field of vermillion, and three crosslets sable; he wore a vermeil scarf and plumes. This tilt however lasted not long, for Sir Guy was soon o'erthrown.---Now approached another opponent for the young Fitz Aubrey, one who had admired his



valour, and was determined further to put it to the proof—this was

**LORD BARDOLPH.**

A noble and valiant gentleman: his age indeed was past the bloom, but his skill was well contrasted with the impetuosity of Stanley, who again won the battle.

Sir Philip's heart glowed with delight—and Ethelburga paid the gallant young Knight many compliments upon his prowess; his animated countenance, more inspired by the exercise, proved how greatly swelled his aspiring heart: but to Augustine d'Aubigny alone were his glances directed, and the moment he received the silver falcon,—the second prize of the day,---he threw it at her feet:—she blushed, and cast an expressive glance to the Knight of the Forest, who still leaned on the back of her chair; he viewed Stanley with no unkindly glance, which

was construed by the jealous boy into a proof of pity, caused by the consciousness of his more fortunate situation.

‘To-morrow, Sir,’ (said the Knight of the Forest) ‘we will further dispute this point.’

‘Oh! that to-morrow were come,’ (said Stanley, his eyes flashing fury); ‘you shall not further dare dispute so great a blessing!’

He grew hot, when Sir Vortimer de Warrenne interrupted the conversation, and taking Stanley’s arm led him away, and pointed to the lists. For now appeared the golden banner which bore the glittering serpent, borne by

#### SIR BEVIS DE WILTON.

In gorgeous trappings he rushed into the ring; he wore a suit of black armour, richly ornamented with gold, and a scarf of saffron dye; his coal-black steed was proud and well taught; haughty he sat with his serpent-crested helm. The heart

of Sir Philip throbbed, 'Why should I not engage?' and he was hurrying to the stall where his esquires were, when Sir Edwin approached him, ready armed.

'Hold thee, Fitz Aubrey;' (he cried) 'that task is mine, my lance however is gone! some thievish squire,---I pray thee to lend me thine!'---'Prosper thee Edwin!' (cried Sir Philip), and he presented him his lance. A well-trying steed, of chesnut hue, was ready for De Montague, and in truth his whole appearance won the heart of many a wistful fair.---Few faces, even of the softer sex, were so beautiful as his; delicate yet manly, soft but expressive; he was of the middle size, but slim for his height; his sweet eyes were of a lively purple, his hair the darker auburn; his cheek, poor youth! was pale, save when the current of his animated and susceptible heart rushed into his face. His armour was the darkest steel, the livery of Wolfnorth, but it was tastefully ornamented with gold;

gold ; a beautiful scarf of deep purple, strewn with gold scallop shells, was pendant from his shoulder, and o'er his gilded casque was his crest—a beautiful peacock, whose gay-coloured plumes became him wonderfully. On his shield he bore his coat of arms, an old and honourable testimony of his noble birth ; a field of argent with a deep-coloured purple bend, on which were three escallop shells of pure gold. Sir Bevis and he wore their vizors closed, and they rushed impatiently to the onset. Edwin soon found the studs which fastened on his casque were loose, and having laid that, with his lance, aside for some time before the engagement, treachery it appeared must have been employed by some person—and to Sir Bevis de Wilton, his ancient enemy, alone could he impute it ; gracefully however he supported the combat: Sir Bevis was no Carpet Knight, and it appeared that each of these gentlemen had been well  
tutored

tutored in the school of arms. But now Sir Edwin found his casque so loose, that he was just halting to fling it off; but ere he had time to arrest his steed, Sir Bevis, who had remarked this weakness of his mail, applied his lance's point beneath the loosened cuirass with eager force: the faithless casque resisted not the cruel point, it entered his lily neck; the purple current trickled down his breast, and Edwin sunk upon his saddle. — Ethelburga's heart sickened—

‘ Oh fly, my good Sir Philip, to succour  
 ‘ my brave squire:—poor youth! I fear  
 ‘ he is sadly hurt!—’

He was however borne from the lists; but Sir Morcar, who had been attentive to the combat, called loudly for his horse.

‘ By my troth, (said he) that action was  
 ‘ unknighly! I must chastise yon serpent.’

The crimson blood had mounted to his cheek, his generous heart beat high; he leapt upon his coal-black steed, and turned  
 upon

upon Sir Bevis ; they engaged---this was a combat Sir Morcar did not tamper with ; he immediately unhorsed the serpent, and was quitting the lists, when a warrior rushed in and dared him to the tilt, whom he remarked to be a friend of Sir Bevis's. He questioned him with haughty mien,

‘ Do you play the champion for you  
‘ unworthy Knight ?’ demanded Sir Morcar.

‘ My lance shall tell thee that, proud  
‘ Mowbray !’—said the Lord of Ithona.

His heralds were four in number, sumptuously arrayed in vermilion, gold, and ermine ; his banner was irregular, and had not a bad effect ; it was barry, gules and ermine, cut to a point. His armour was black, so was his steed ; his saddle-cloth was of the choicest ermine ; he wore a cloak of vermilion lined with ermine, and bore upon his helm one vermilion feather, issuing from a magnificent coronet—this was—

HON-

**HONTERCOMBE, LORD OF ITHONA.**

He was a man of amazing strength : he rode furiously upon Sir Morcar, who with some difficulty sustained the shock ; but soon recovering, he returned the charge, and fought with such amazing prowess and valour, that he laid his gigantic opponent in the dust.

They now retired, and Sir Philip delighted, closed for this day the lists.—Fitz Alwy could ill conceal the vexation which fired his soul at this defeat of all his friends ; but silence was maintained on account of his presence, on the subject of the last encounters.

They now repaired to the Castle. Fitz Alwy had been invited by Sir Philip and the Baroness to quit the camp, and take up his abode at Wolfnorth : he first made some objections, on account of the Lord of Ithona, (Sir Philip shuddered), and the Lord de Morthemer of Redwald and Ravensthorpe, who were his guests. Sir Morcar

Morcar de Mowbray gallantly begged those two nobles would accompany him ; for which Fitz Alwy bowed, and immediately repaired to them. He now settled, to avoid disagreements, that Sir Bevis de Wilton and Sir Guy Fitz Piers should remain to take the command of his vassals, and, finding that no persuasions could induce Lord Hontercombe to enter with him into the Castle this day, he left him with his esquires, and proceeded with his other esquires, Sir Ethelred of Montrose and Sir John de St. John, together with Lord de Morthemmer, to the Castle.

Amongst the guests invited to the Castle, were the family of the De Warrennes ; but the Baron excused himself to Ethelburga, saying that his castle demanded his attention, and that at night he could not be absent, having reason to apprehend the attack of a neighbouring chieftain ; but, on her expressing great sorrow at Adela's leaving her, he permitted his daughter to be her guest ; and



‘ permit me to offer you some apology for  
 ‘ the unpleasant accident which has hap-  
 ‘ pened to you, from the hand of Sir Bevis  
 ‘ de Wilton ; I am sure ’twas perfectly  
 ‘ unintentional, and I trust that you con-  
 ‘ sider it so.’

Fitz Alwy spoke like a man who wished to infuse into the minds of those present, a thorough conviction of his condescension, and of which he seemed to be perfectly aware himself, in making this apology ; but it was lost upon Sir Edwin, who bowed gracefully to him, but replied with a dignified air—

‘ My Lord, I am sorry this accident  
 ‘ should have made any impression upon  
 ‘ your mind, it is of little consequence ;  
 ‘ Sir Bevis de Wilton and myself alone can  
 ‘ settle it.’

The colour which had suffused his cheek now disappeared, and the ghastly hue which succeeded, shewed the affair not so slight as he had wished to make it. Sir

Durant

Durant had resigned his place to Stanley, and Ethelburga, placing her lovely hand upon his arm, said with kindness—

‘ I cannot admit of your attendance, Sir Edwin, you are too weak to bear fatigue ; to you, Stanley, I commit the charge of him ; mind, that to-morrow my Esquire is well again.’

‘ Attendance ! dear Lady,’ (exclaimed Sir Edwin, in a voice of inquietude), ‘ fatigue ! oh, madam ! if you know how little *such* fatigue could injure me—’

‘ No more !’ (interrupted Ethelburga, smiling), ‘ my guest, if you will ; but no attendance I command this day.’

Edwin bowed with an expressive glance, which caused a glow of red to paint her lovely form : few I believe there were (and heartless those must be !) who could receive, without feeling the softest sensations, the soul-telling devotions of Sir Edwin’s fine blue eyes.

‘ Come, Montague,’ (said Stanley,)  
‘ leave

' leave yon brilliant star of adoration,  
 ' which that little heart of thine is flutter-  
 ' ing about, like a moth around a candle  
 ' —Nay, start not; I dare say our Baro<sup>ness</sup>  
 ' was right when she remarked that the at-  
 ' tendance was too much for you: as she  
 ' has confided you to my care, I shall en-  
 ' deavour to preserve you from singing  
 ' your wings, if that is not already done—  
 ' how strange it is, my friend, that you are  
 ' always wishing for impossibilities !'

' And do you never flutter around  
 ' some fair who receives the adorations  
 ' of others with more delight? Your  
 ' eyes, my cautious squire, told another  
 ' tale, when Augustine—" Oh, hold!  
 ' hold ! cruel Montague ! your retort is too  
 ' cutting; if you really knew the pangs  
 ' which rend my heart, you would not have  
 ' galled the wound,—' and his countenance  
 bore testimony to his feelings. Sir Edwin  
 was grieved, and pressed his hand. ' For-  
 ' give me, my dear Stanley ! I knew not  
 ' that

‘ that those kind glances, afterwards bestowed, had not healed the former wounds.’

‘ And were they really kind?’ (with delighted animation), ‘ and was it not then my sanguine heart misled me?’

‘ Really kind!’ returned Sir Edwin, with impressive tenderness—‘ Oh, were I once so blest!’—and he was interrupted by Lord Tankerville, who, perfumed with the most odoriferous waters, and loosely attired, with becoming elegance, joined them, and offered his arm to Edwin.

‘ How much I grieved, Sir Edwin Montague,’ (said he), ‘ to see that knavish trick—oh! had I not feared hurting the pride of Sir Morcar, my noble friend, I would certainly have rushed impetuously to revenge your injuries.—I suppose, Sir Knight, you intend taking ample vengeance? In such a project I shall be happy to join and support you.—Pray, if I may advise, let it be in a tilt-court, for, really,

‘ really, fighting on the turf is dreadful !  
 ‘ the slightest disaster, a trip of your horse,  
 ‘ soils your clothes.—’

‘ I shall be happy,’ (returned Sir Edwin, with a smile), ‘ to claim your support on  
 ‘ such an occasion, your prowess will be  
 ‘ a powerful auxiliary to me.’

Lord Tankerville was highly flattered and delighted—his heart was truly good-natured ; his faults, although they rendered him ridiculous as a man, were rather weaknesses than vices ; and from this moment he felt a friendship for Sir Edwin, which he would have proved in any undertaking, where prowess or valour were unnecessary.

They now repaired to the banquet : here Fitz Alwy shone as advantageously as at the jousts ; his beautiful person, his elegant manners, his wit, his knowledge, caused admiration in the hearts of all ; he devoted himself to Ethelburga, and the nobles, seeing the preference she bestowed upon

upon him, and feeling obliged to acknowledge his undeniable superiority, apparently withdrew their pretensions. The lovely Ethelburga was certainly delighted with the accomplished Chieftain, but it was the innocent delight of an unlessoned heart, not yet touched by the tenderness of love ; she saw herself universally adored, and her heart panted with pleasure, but a pleasure which never for a moment was incompatible with reason ; she was gratified, not intoxicated, with her conquests.

Sir Philip watched each motion of Mont Eagle with eager anxiety : the happiness of his Ethelburga depended entirely upon this young chieftain ; and he had the satisfaction to feel, that in outward appearance, at least, he promised all that the most ambitious heart could wish for : but he still could have desired that there had been more apparent open sincerity in his manner, and more of the reserved simplicity of his dear departed

departed friend. The banquet was passed in jovial mirth ; but Sir Philip closed it early, in order that the Knights might be refreshed for the following day's encounter.

## Chap. V.

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Many a king of heroes, and hero of iron shields ; many a youth of heavy locks, came to Ramon's echoing Hall. They came to woo the maid, the stately huntress of Tornroth wild. But thou look'st careless from thy steps, high-bosomed Staradona !

*Ossian.*

---

**ETHELBURGA** gaily arose, her light heart eager for a renewal of those scenes which had amused her young mind ; but she forgot not Father Bertrand, to whom her first attendance was paid. He, altho' his sacred profession forbid his mixing in the concourse of gay knights, had, from a lofty window in one of the middle towers, remarked the graceful mien of his young charge ; and saw with delight, that in the midst of these gay scenes, neither vanity or thoughtlessness influenced her deport-



deportment ; and, as he well knew her father's destination of her to Fitz Alwy, his heart glowed with delight, as he observed the valour, elegance, and beauty, of that chieftain.

Fitz Alwy, who led her this day to the pavilion, requested to be considered her champion, and pressed the glittering falcon to his beating heart. He gazed on her with rapture, and looked forward with anxiety to that hour which would yield him possession of her hand and fortune ; for, although he was ignorant of the will and wishes of her late father, still he considered, that any fair whom he should honour by his addresses, would be happy to receive them. He now departed to Sir Bevis de Wilton, in order to view the condition of his bold steed, and the state of his friends.

The Lord Wulstan de Warrenne presented to Ethelburga, a knight of prepossessing manners and elegant countenance,  
named

named Lord Sigebert de Lucy ; and a fascinating young female, whom he called Agnes. Augustine d'Aubigny and Adela de Warrenne seemed anxiously endeavouring to support the spirits of this young stranger, who appeared to be, from some latent cause, far, far from happy. The tender Ethelburga remarking the depressed state of her mind, treated Agnes with marked attention, and sought by every friendly care to dress her face in smiles ; nor were her labours lost upon the beautiful maid ! for she smiled even through her tears, and apologized for her apparent melancholy, and attributed it to the ill state of her health. There was a touching innocence in the manner of Agnes, which completely won upon Sir Philip, and stole to the inmost recesses of the heart of the youthful Baroness, and she instantly regarded her with sympathetic affection. During all this scene, Fitz Alwy had been absent, and Ethelburga looked amongst the

sur-

surrounding crowd, perhaps, anxiously for him!—when an object met her eyes, which for a time diverted her attention from that fascinating chieftain.

For a moment she was startled—for a figure with vizor closed so much resembled him, that she knew not what to believe—it was the graceful form of a youthful knight, and differed, on first glance, in no way from him, save that this stranger was not quite so tall; he was resting on his lance, and regarding Ethelburga with rapt attention.—His helmet, the air of his head, resembled Fitz Alwy, but his armour, on close attention, was different. Fitz Alwy's was richly decorated with white enamel and gold; the stranger's was of the fairest silver, tastefully embossed. His helmet, 'stead of six, bore five white plumes—and 'stead of a cloak, he wore a light silken scarf o'er his shoulder, tinged with blue, and sprinkled o'er with silver stars: but what yet more astonished Ethelburga, was his

his silver buckler, which bore the azure field and the silver eagle of Fitz Alwy, springing from its magnificent coronet.

His air—his attitude—were full of grace and expression ! he moved from his position, upon her scrutiny ; she now saw Fitz Alwy coming from the crowd, he began to ascend the steps, she turned to point out the stranger to him, but he was gone.—

When Mont Eagle saw Adela and Agnes sitting by Ethelburga, he started, and changed his sweet bewitching smile to a look of anger and disappointment — Agnes was pale as a marble statue, and sat as lifeless too : Fitz Alwy marked the inquiring glance of the Baronesses, and endeavoured to recover himself—he slightly bowed to Adela, it was still more slightly returned : He approached Ethelburga :

‘ I go, loveliest of women, to dispute  
 ‘ this day’s prize for thee ; oh ! may my  
 ‘ heart’s feelings give vigour to my arm !  
 ‘ and

‘and conquest will surely attend me.—Oh, ‘Ethelburga!’ (whispered he, while he bent his fine eyes in tender regards upon her,) ‘never was glory so sweet to my ‘soul! how ardent my desire to obtain ‘laurels which I may lay at your feet!—’ and pressing her hand to his lips, he quitted the pavilion.—Smiles adorned the face of Ethelburga; a deep sigh near her called her attention, it was from the bosom of Agnes.

She turned her attention to the court, where her elegant lover appeared more richly decorated than before, for his housings this day were most magnificent; he wore his vizor up, and his fine beautiful countenance glowed with animation.

Three tasteful heralds proclaimed, that the beautiful person who rushed to encounter him, was the young

ARDVEN, BARON DUNTHALMO.

They commenced the onset like men who appeared determined to conquer or die:

die: this day, to avoid the accident of the preceding one, he eagerly avoided the gaze of Ethelburga, and the encounter indeed rewarded the most anxious expectations of the crowd: ardent fire flashed from their eyes, their lances were shivered to atoms; others shared a similar fate—when Sir Morcar, thinking the jest was likely to prove serious, rushed between them.—‘The Baroness (he cried) forbids the encounter!—it must not proceed;’ (the eyes of the knights flashed fury on Sir Morcar, he heeded them not)—‘the prize shall be adjudged to him who o’ercomes most champions this day; which battles shall be fought alternately by each!—Now, my Lords, are Ethelburga’s commands to be repeated twice?—’

The young knights were electrified by this question; each dropped his lance, and Dunthalgo retired from the ring. Fitz Alwy rested on his horse, gracefully await-

ing his opponent, who appeared in the person of the

**EARL OF LANOIS :**

His manner of fighting was skilful, but he was too tame, and Fitz Alwy presently unhorsed him. Fitz Alwy now withdrew to make way for Dunthalgo, who only regretted the loss of his rival opponent ; he rested his lance upon his right toe, and waved his plumes gracefully in the air. His eyes were bent on Ethelburga, with a steady regard of lively admiration—He was encountered by the brave and courageous

**WALTER DE SEGRAVE,**

Who bore a banner of sable, with a gold tressure, and one lion passant white, crowned with fine gold, and who had in his left paw a gold trefoil ; his armour was black, with no other ornament than golden studs, and upon his casque he bore his crest, a golden lion rampant.

While these different encounters were  
pro-

proceeding, Ethelburga's attention had been again attracted to the young stranger, who, although in the court, remained near her, and often turned to contemplate her: his vizor was still down, but she remarked him conversing with Lord de Lucy, and oft times was she prompted to ask his name, but an indescribable timidity withheld her.

When Fitz Alwy fought, he appeared to feel uncommonly interested; and De Lucy, with Sir Vortimer de Warrenne, who were in conference with him, seemed to participate in all he felt. Sir Morcar was seated by the side of Adela de Warrenne; and the old lord, her father, seemed to view this good understanding with satisfaction. Duethalmo had o'erpowered his opponent, and the Warden led him up to Ethelburga. Her knowledge of his admiration, caused her to receive him with confusion—a confusion however which rendered her more lovely, if



‘ I thought, (he cried aloud) proud Baron ! in my cousin thou hadst got thy match !’——‘ Oh, lovely Ethelburga,’ (he said in a supplicating tone,) ‘ if you would spare me from madness, pray not for yon knight’s success---for oh ! Ethelburga, the prayers of angels will surely wither the vigour of my arm.’---He leaped impetuously on his horse, as he passed Fitz Alwy, fury flashed from his eyes ; Sir Philip sincerely wished this contest was concluded, he equally feared the cool haughtiness of Fitz Alwy, and the intemperate passion of Dunthalmo ; in the event of defeat, he dreaded the chieftain’s resentment would not end here, and he awaited the issue of the combat with dread.

Fitz Alwy, however, had now cooled his passion ; he regarded his triumph as certain, the impetuosity of the Scottish chieftain gave him every hope of success ; but he knew not the potency of Dunthalmo’s arm.

EDMUND

**EDMUND DE WELLE,**

The chosen friend of Fitz Alwy, now combated with Dunthalgo : his appearance was striking, in person ill composed, and in countenance deformed : his heralds bore a banner of ermines, with a black tyger passant, whose tail divided itself into two ; his armour was vair, black and gold ; on his helmet he bore for crest a glossy raven volant. Although far inferior in skill to Dunthalgo, his impetuosity wrought De Welle many advantages, and the Baron well nigh lost the combat ; but being alarmed by this want of coolness in himself, he moderated his transports, and overthrew his opponent. Sir Philip and Sir Morcar now interposed, and entreated the knights to defer the settlement of this dispute till the following day : neither of them, however, would be pacified, and they could only obtain their consent to a cessation of the battles whilst other chieftains should have run a few encounters.

**LORD**

This shield was supported by two winged monsters of gold, the motto—‘*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*’ (that is, ‘no retreating:’) this was all surmounted by a coronet beautifully blazoned. This banner made a fine appearance, so did his golden buckler, which likewise bore it: it was easy to see, from his appointments, that he considered it impossible to be sufficiently splendid, and he bore his decorated crest with a pompous and self-sufficient air. His mail was composed of gilded scales. His valour and prowess were equal to his magnificence; but he was not a successful competitor with Sir Morcar, who, though young in years, was a veteran in the use of arms, and had already run a long career of untarnished glory.

Lord de Morthemer, observing that the skill of his adversary was far superior to his own, endeavoured to accomplish by strength, what he despaired to do by science; but here again Sir Morcar foiled him,

him, he kept a matchless seat upon his well-tutored steed, and retorted the assaults of the earl with so much spirit, that Adela and Ethelburga had the satisfaction to see him in the dust.

Sir Philip, who had remained by the side of the Baroness, was now aroused by the exclamations of ‘Glorious! well fought!’ ‘Sir Morcar!—’ which was uttered by De Lucy, De Warrenne the younger, and the unknown knight, who were arm in arm. Till this moment the unknown had been unobserved by him; he gazed on him with peculiar earnestness and curiosity until the closing crowd hid him from his sight.

Now rode forth the young Stanley, who had previously challenged the Knight of the Forest, again to dispute the palm of Augustine’s favour; Fitz Aubrey rushed on with a beating heart alternately sunk with despair or elevated with hope; his opponent was cool and unagitated, which certainly gave him the advantage; but Stanley fought

fought with so much vigour and unequalled courage, that praises broke from all ; Augustine's cheek vied with the rose or the lily each moment ; Ethelburga felt and pitied her situation, but anxiously hoped her esquire was the object of her love ; she could not refrain from asking, and leaning over Adela whispered in her ear—

‘ May I hope that Stanley Fitz Aubrey  
‘ interests your heart ? ’

A rosy dye mantled the cheek of Augustine, while Adela and even the timid Agnes smiled at the question.—At this moment Stanley won the palm of victory, and bounding from his horse flew to throw himself at the feet of Augustine—the Knight of the Forest followed him—she raised her eyes full of tears to him, it was a look of interesting entreaty—he smiled on her, and advancing took the half-resisting hand of the astonished Stanley, and tenderly pressing it, smiling said—

‘ I see, Sir Knight, I must resign the  
‘ prize ;

‘ prize ; I own it with delight—let me present my conqueror to my sister—she will not regard him with due abhorrence, I doubt.—’

‘ Heavens!’ (cried Stanley), ‘and is it the brother of Augustine d’Aubigny whom I have engaged with so much fury?’ -

‘ Even so!’ returned Sir Eliss d’Aubigny laughing, ‘but do not regret it, my dear Sir ; for had you not acted as you have done, I was determined you should not have been the champion of my sister.’

Sir Philip now approached, when Sir Vortimer de Warrenne presented Sir Eliss to him and Ethelburga: he proved a valuable acquisition to the party. The animated countenance of young Stanley displayed the perfect bliss that now reigned within his generous, tender heart ; and Augustine’s lovely smiles were in perfect unison with his feelings.

Fitz Alwy appeared to enjoy the scene, and softly whispered Ethelburga—

‘ How

‘ How sweet is the delight of two united hearts !—’

And pressing her hand to his lips, he departed once more for the court.

The heart of Ethelburga beat a little anxiously, for the final settlement of this contest between Fitz Alwy and Dunthalgo, and she watched with earnest anxiety for the issue. There was an honest open candour in the latter, which charmed both her and her cousin ; and although Sir Philip for particular reasons could not but hope that Fitz Alwy would be the victor, he felt he should like Fitz Alwy better, had he possessed in a small degree the character of his opponent. While Ethelburga scarcely knew which she preferred, excepting that the assured glance of self-satisfaction disgusted her in Fitz Alwy, while the passionate regards of Dunthalgo, and the vehemence of his manner, appalled her.

THE LORD DE LUCY

Appeared this time the opponent of Fitz  
Alwy :

Alwy: this young gentleman was of a noble and ancient family. His armour was silver; on his left shoulder and across his breast was his vermilion bend and eaglets, on his buckler he bore a vermilion cross, with this motto: 'Under this sign alone will ye conquer.' His crest was an eagle of gold; he rode a beautiful dark chesnut steed, whose trappings were barry argent and azure.

He assailed Fitz Alwy with a firm, undaunted deportment, and proved himself as well accomplished in the field as in the closet: but Fitz Alwy, who this day absolutely appeared invulnerable, overcame him.

'Your better stars prevail, Sir! but I prythee be not too confident.'

This was said by De Lucy, with a stern and haughty air; a frown clouded his handsome countenance as he dismounted.

Dunthalgo now encountered the Duke of Lancaster, whom he subdued. And now once more Fitz Alwy rushed to the contest—



test—when an opponent appeared who arrested the attention of all the spectators, but more particularly that of Ethelburga. It was the stranger, who had so greatly awakened her curiosity, it was that graceful knight who vied with Fitz Alwy in form and action.

He had two heralds, not sumptuously but tastefully arrayed ; he rode a steed white as the driven snow, his furniture was of pure ermine skins, his reins of azure silk with silver studs : the manner in which he entered the ring was a striking picture of easy elegance—it was the elegance of nature, not the tutored discipline of art—and he waved his plumed crest with much grace, the very air seemed to wanton in the lightness of his glossy feathers : his vizor was closed ; and Fitz Alwy hastened to close his, but not before it was observed that on the appearance of this Knight, his cheek, which had hitherto been flushed, now became  
ashy

ashy pale—and Ethelburga remarked that Agnes was in extreme perturbation.

Ab, (thought she,) that stranger Knight has long possessed her heart—love, love is the cause of all her melancholy!—She whispered her suspicions to Adela, who replied quickly—

‘Oh no, it is not so, for he is her brother.’

The Knights commenced the attack with care: Fitz Alwy appeared to falter a little on the first onset, then suddenly assuming a proud and haughty air, he sat his horse with collected firmness, and rushed upon his opponent; the stranger changed not his manner, he appeared the only knight who could cope with the chieftain of Mount Eagle: their lances were soon shivered, and they fought like men who were each determined upon conquest, and combated vehemently, till breathless with exertion, they rested for a few moments, when whispers of admiration,

tion passed along the court—each sat in anxious attention: they now once more commenced, the combat seemed to be eternal; each displayed skilful manœuvring, and most perfect science—till, lo! to the astonishment of all, Fitz Alwy's graceful plumage pressed the dust!——

Wonder reigned around; he had been regarded hitherto as unconquerable, and he thus fell by the hand of a stranger!

'By my troth,' said Sir Morcar, 'that is the most accomplished knight in Europe! Did you mark, Fitz Aubrey, how he reined his steed? did you take notice with how much just discretion he avoided the subtle blows of his opponent?—'

Sir Philip, although silent, did not the less admire the skill of the stranger, but he was vexed that the laurels of Fitz Alwy, Ethelburga's future lord, should be thus tarnished. The Chieftain of Mont Eagle did not as before hasten to the pavilion; he

he had retired amongst his party, with whom he appeared in eager conversation, particularly with Sir Bevis de Wilton. The young Knight had likewise retired to his esquire, and De Lucy, who arranged the disordered trappings of his steed : little, however, was the rest allowed him, after so severe a conflict, for the young and ardent Dunthalmo, his looks glowing with delight, (and in truth he could have found it in his heart to have embraced the stranger for o'erthrowing Fitz Alwy), rushed into the circle. The stranger bowed his head gracefully, in token of his readiness to receive him, and in the next moment they were engaged. In this combat the stranger evidently had the advantage ; he nobly and generously however refused to avail himself of his evident superiority—he gave him a few encounters, and then unhorsed him.

‘ Victor, by Heavens ! ’—cried the delighted Sir Morcar, ‘ who is the youth  
‘ who

‘ who has thus won the laurels from the  
 ‘ accomplished Fitz Alwy and the brave  
 ‘ Dunthalgo? Would that I could view his  
 ‘ face!——’

But these two chieftains, whom he had named, now appeared at the bottom of the steps, which they ascended.

‘ Alas!’ said Dunthalgo, ‘ vanquished as  
 ‘ I am, I cannot deny my opponent, who-  
 ‘ e’er he is, the meed of praise; I never  
 ‘ fought so hardly in my life.’

Sir Morcar was pleased with this candid confession of Dunthalgo, he regarded him with delight—Fitz Alwy was leaning pensively against the pavilion, he moved not, he spoke not, but ever and anon cast looks of fury upon Agnes; till, seeing the graceful stranger crossing the court to approach, he drew nigh to Sir Philip—

‘ I do not think it just, (said he) that  
 ‘ this opponent of ours should gain from  
 ‘ us so dear a prize; remember, Sir Philip,  
 ‘ we were both worn out by prior combats,  
 ‘ while

‘ while he was fresh in the field—his  
 ‘ horse’s coat was fair and sleek, while my  
 ‘ steed panted with fatigue.’

‘ True,’ said Sir Philip, ‘ he certainly  
 ‘ was not on equal terms with you ;’ (the  
 stranger now arrived at the pavilion, when  
 the Warden turning to him proceeded)—  
 ‘ Sir Knight, much as I admire your  
 ‘ prowess, I cannot consider this combat  
 ‘ as definitive’—(the Knight bowed haugh-  
 tily),—‘ I place it to your own discretion,  
 ‘ whether these two nobles, who had before  
 ‘ waged war with so many opponents,  
 ‘ were on a footing with you who entered  
 ‘ the lists full of unimpaired vigour ? If  
 ‘ you consider it fair, will you, Sir, after  
 ‘ having engaged the like number of  
 ‘ knights, meet them on the same terms ?’

‘ Most willingly,’ replied the Knight  
 with dignity and cheerfulness—‘ you, Sir,  
 ‘ have been beforehand with me in ma-  
 ‘ king this offer ; I came hither for that  
 ‘ purpose—till to-morrow farewell :—’

And

And he leapt upon his horse, before Sir Morcar, who advanced quickly for that purpose, had time to detain him.

‘That is a noble youth!’—cried Dunthalgo,—‘who can he be? Methought you, my lord Fitz Alwy, interchanged looks of recognisance with him’—(Fitz Alwy sighed deeply, and departed.) ‘Mystery! mysteries!’ exclaimed Sir Philip ‘can my Lord de Lucy—for *you* I saw in converse with him, instruct me what is his name?——’

‘I can, Sir Philip—but you would infinitely oblige me by not pressing me on this subject; it was my friend’s earnest desire that at *this* moment his name should not be divulged!’—‘Ah!’ exclaimed Sir Philip, and he relapsed into thought. Ethelburga sat an attentive listener to this conversation; she felt the greatest disappointment at not having seen the stranger’s face; but the party who surrounded her, particularly the De Warrennes,

rennes, appeared to be reserved upon the subject—she sent her little page Oswy for Sir Philip, to learn the stranger's name, but he could not gratify her curiosity.

They now retired to the Castle, each with far different sensations to the preceding night: Fitz Alwy endeavoured to conceal in vain the uneasiness which disturbed his bosom ; his manner was absent, his fine brow was contracted ; nor till the exhilarating grape had graced the board some time, did he regain his wonted spirits. Ethelburga was thoughtful at times, it was caused by expectation and curiosity, her heart was calm and undisturbed. Stanley was the hero of the scene to-night ; he was gay, and light of heart, and graced the bowl with many a legendary song. Sir Morcar too was enraptured with the society of Adela, but would have been much more so, had not the Lord de Mortemer persecuted them with his company, and continued attention to her. Lord de Warrenne,



Warrenne, his son, De Lucy, and Sir Elis d'Aubigny had retired to their Castle ; but Agnes, at the earnest solicitations of Ethelburga, remained. Lord Malcolm of Inistore, whom Sir Morcar had requested to take his abode up at the Castle, was evidently struck by the mild graces of Agnes ; but although this young nobleman united every manly grace of person, to valour, courtesy, and wit, Agnes could not be withdrawn from the melancholy which oppressed her soul, and Ethelburga watched her with interest and emotion.

Sir Edwin Montague had been too unwell to attend the tournament, but he joined the jovial party in the evening. The lovely Ardven, Baron Dunthalgo, related to him, however, all that had passed, and he felt relieved by knowing that Fitz Alwy, at least for that day, had not received the golden falcon. He saw the eager animation of his friend's countenance when he mentioned the name of Ethelburga !—

burga! he saw it, and for a moment felt pierced with lively grief; then reflecting on all her fascinations and amiable qualities, and regarding her interesting and lovely countenance—

‘Can it be otherways?’ he exclaimed with a sigh—‘it is *I* alone that am to blame! Must not he, who is so unfortunate as to yield himself up to a passion for a creature whom *all* must love! be for ever wretched?—Enviably Fitz Alwy! how many unfortunates will be sacrificed to make you happy!——’

He remained during the banquet sunk in despondency, nor heard aught, save the soft accents of Ethelburga’s silver tongue; he permitted himself not to gaze upon her, and he trembled lest his weakness should be noticed by the surrounding crowd: Edwin’s proud heart sunk at the idea of being made the sport of those chieftains, who, perhaps happy themselves, could not feel for the misery of others. He hailed

the signal for retiring from the feast, and withdrew with pleasure to his apartment.

Here, when alone and unobserved, he yielded himself up to the grief which preyed upon his mind ; sleep flies alike from the too happy, and the too sorrowing : to Edwin, it was indeed a stranger, and approaching his casement, he gave way to a flood of tears. The apartment of Edwin was on the western side of the Castle ; it was somewhat solitary, and lay in that end which was the most ancient, built by King Alfred, and which was in fact the original Castle of Wolfnorth : it was not in such good repair as the other parts, and had been long deserted ; in it, only himself, Sir Aymer de Valance, Sir Durant Fitz Osburne, and their attendants, lived : at this end was no moat, it ended at a high corner tower on the south, called Eva's tower, and commenced again at a projecting point of the rampart on the north of Alfred's tower. It was guarded, however,  
by

by a thick wall, and by four immense towers ; one of which (Alfred's tower) was only thirty-five feet from his little dressing-room, which was in a high octagon tower, and commanded an uninterrupted and extensive view.—He seated himself at his narrow casement, and watched the moon's bright beams as they glittered upon the extensive camp and brilliant banners without. Some of the chieftains had pitched their tents between the two moats, others had scattered themselves in groups upon the wold, and their gaudy banners gave an effect to the scene which no colouring could imitate. Not a breath of air seemed to stir, no sound, save the foot of the centinel, disturbed the solemn silence ; and even that was slow and laggard, for the trusty vassals of Wolfnorth had fatigued themselves with their carousals on this happy occasion : the moon shone with unusual splendour, and here and there a pale light was reflected from those splendid banners,

some gold, some silver, some many-coloured, which adorned the scene. Not even the voice of the mournful nightingale, so sweet and yet so melancholy, breathed on the air, for the wolds were dreary and desolate, and devoid of foliage; and that melodious love-sick bird had taken shelter in the umbrageous forests of Mont Eagle. Between the ramparts, and opposite Edwin's chamber, the glittering silver lion displayed the tents of Fitz Alwy, from one of which Edwin saw, or thought he saw, a shadow lengthening on the ground. He gazed for some time, until seeing the shadow in motion he was persuaded his eyes had not deceived him.

‘Is there another,’ he cried, ‘another  
 ‘wretch like me?—weeping and watching  
 ‘the solitary hours away? ’stead of reposing  
 ‘their harassed limbs in soothing slumbers?  
 ‘Alas! life, what are thy joys? what prospect  
 ‘of happiness hast thou to offer to  
 ‘repay the heart smote by a thousand  
 ‘wounds?’

'wounds?' The Castle bell now slowly tolled out one,—and in the silence which reigned around, Mont Eagle's deep-toned remembrancer was plainly heard, and then the uncertain echoes of the same! Edwin's soul had soothed itself to still soft melancholy, his pale cheek rested on his hand, his elbow on the window frame, his dark auburn curls now unconfined hung dishevelled around his interesting features; he was a portrait of bewitching beauty! of mournful suffering patience. Had the tender-hearted Ethelburga seen him now, I ween Fitz Alwy's striking form and matchless eloquence would have sunk beneath the interesting picture Edwin displayed.

He was aroused from his melancholy calm by a gentle noise, it was below his window: he listened, and plainly heard the little portal open which was to the north of the tower in which he sat; surprised at this circumstance, he leaned carefully forward, (the light he had fortunately left in his bed-

bed-room), and he saw distinctly two persons in loose cloaks pass from the Castle : he had well nigh cried, ‘ Who goes there ? ’ but on recollecting that none save Sir Philip and Father Bertrand had a key either to this or the little door in the rampart opposite, and which was close to Alfred’s tower, he arrested the interrogatory, and watched the figures in silence.

Perhaps, thought he, some one without is sick, and Father Bertrand goes to administer to him :—but he soon was convinced this was not the case, for he saw two figures by the glare of moon-light ; they were tall, and he perceived their cloaks were those of knights, not the habits of a priest.—They appeared in deep converse, and at the same time he remarked the figure from the tent come forth, and the moon now shining full upon it, he was fully certain that it was the person of Sir Bevis de Wilton.

‘ Now then,’ cried Edwin, ‘ there can  
‘ be

'be no good abroad, since thou, viper !  
'hast come from thy retreat.'

He strained his eyes vainly to discover who were the other knights: one of them passed through the portal in the rampart, and joined Sir Bevis, the other remained within. And now Edwin was obliged to draw himself back, for the knight who remained was evidently examining the windows, while the light in his bed-room appeared to have attracted his notice: the figures were both bare-headed; a precaution which had been indeed necessary, for if they had retained their casques, he must by this full moon-light inevitably have known them.

Sir Bevis and the other knight now entered the tent of Fitz Alwy; Edwin hesitated what steps to take, till he determined to call Sir Aymer de Valance, who reposed at the end of this building towards the south. Sir Durant Fitz Osburne

was



was nearer to him, being in the next chamber on the other side ; but Sir Aymer was his friend, and to him he consequently repaired. He passed through his bed-room, his dressing-room, and a small anti-room, and now arrived at their usual sitting-room, all was dark and still ; he advanced through two more anti-rooms, then through a spacious gallery, called King Alfred's gallery : when he arrived at Sir Aymer's anti-room he knocked, but was not answered, Sir Aymer was gone to bed : he now hesitated whether to awake him, and went to the gallery window, it was open ; he leaned forward, and saw in the same place, standing as before, the same knight ; and now determined to awake Sir Aymer ; Edwin softly aroused him, he started up.

‘ My dear Montague,’ he cried, ‘ are you not well ?’

‘ Yes, I am well !’ returned Edwin in a whisper

whisper (for Sir Aymer's esquire slept across the passage)—‘but come with me for a few minutes to my chamber.’

Sir Aymer immediately arose, and flinging on a loose robe, accompanied him, while Edwin related to him what he had seen; and when he arrived at his little octagon dressing-room, he pointed out to him the figure, which still remained in the same attitude: soon after, the two knights which entered it, came from the tent, accompanied by another knight, from whose glittering coronet and single vermilion plume of great height, they could not mistake for any other than Hontercombe, Lord of Ithona. ‘This is very strange,’ my dear Sir Edwin,’ said Sir Aymer, ‘for I know that both the Fitz Aubreys entertain an immortal hatred to yon coroneted chieftain, and most certainly would not rise up at this time of night to accommodate him.’

‘ Shall I call Sir Durant Fitz Osburne ?  
said Edwin.

‘ No, Montague, no ! In truth, I  
‘ have no very great regard for that  
‘ companion of yours, I grieve whene’r  
‘ I think he is about the person of the  
‘ Baroness ; you know, I suppose, the  
‘ cause of Fitz Aubrey’s placing him  
‘ there ?—’

‘ No, I do not,—’ returned Sir Edwin,  
‘ but although he is remarkably kind to me,  
‘ I own I feel guilty of ingratitude to  
‘ him—I like him not.’

‘ So much the better, my dear Monta-  
‘ gue ! so much the better—but I will tell  
‘ you the reason.—You must know, that  
‘ one day, as Sir Philip was returning from  
‘ the Castle of Elfwold, where he had been  
‘ to see old Lord de Warrenne, he was at-  
‘ tacked near the Forest of Mont Eagle  
‘ by a band of marauding Scots—he was  
‘ well nigh overpowered, when Sir Durant,  
‘ alarmed

‘alarmed by the clashing of swords, rushed to his assistance, and fighting most manfully, put them to flight. Sir Philip was wounded by the banditti, and this young Fitz Osburne accompanied him home; of course he was pressed to take up his abode at the Castle for some time, which he complied with.’

‘After a few days] intercourse, Sir Philip discovered that the youth was unfortunately hardly pressed to exist; Fitz Aubrey’s generous nature revolted from the idea of his preserver’s being distressed, he offered him his present situation, which he accepted with delight, and Sir Philip consequently immediately knighted him—and—but mark yon chiefs—’

He stopped—for now the knight who had quitted the Castle, parted with Lord Hontercombe and Sir Bevis, and joined the knight within; with whom he re-entered.

Sir

Sir Bevis and the other bent their steps to a tent at some distance ; the moon glittered on their burnished mail, and pointed them out conspicuously : presently the neighing of some generous steed was heard, and soon the knights came forth, mounted, and galloped with speed from Wolf-north.—

‘ Strange, strange !’ cried Edwin, ‘ shall we notice it to Sir Durant ?—’

‘ No,’ replied Sir Aymer, ‘ let us acquaint Sir Philip.’

‘ You do not think he knows of it then ?’

‘ No, my dear Montague, I cannot think he does ; be silent about it, and I will find it all out :—Good night, my friend ; you look fatigued and pale.—’

Sir Edwin sighed as he pressed Sir Aymer’s hand, and said, ‘ Farewell !—’

## Chap. VI.

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Renown clothed him like a robe. The light of his fame is great. - - - - -

He delighted in battle. His arm was like the thunder of heaven!—He retired in his blast with joy, for he heard the voice of his praise.

*Ossian,*

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THE following morn, when Ethelburga joined the knights, she found Fitz Alwy and Dunthalgo endeavouring to settle with Sir Philip in what manner to arrange with the stranger concerning the combat: impatience had evidently overcome the prudence of each, for they now wished to decide the matter by waving the stranger's encountering the other chieftains, as they had agreed yesterday, but that he should decide

decide it by fighting them alternately, and whoever was victor was to receive the prize.

But to this, Sir Philip would not give his consent; his private reasons were these—He had witnessed the prowess of the Silver Star with wonder and admiration, and he much doubted (notwithstanding the opinion he gave on the preceding day) whether Fitz Alwy's skill was at all equal to his opponent's: Fitz Alwy had proved how long he could hold out in the fight, and come off conqueror, while any other knight would be exhausted with fatigue in half the time,—but he did not know whether the stranger's strength was equal to his skill. Fitz Alwy likewise, stimulated by his passion for Ethelburga, and fresh for the combat, would be a vigorous competitor for the Silver Star, whom no such passion instigated, and who would be already spent by the different encounters he had sustained.—Dunthalmo's violence he  
was

was convinced would unnerve his arm ; from him then he had nothing to fear.

Ethelburga did not interfere in these arrangements, which were indeed indifferent to her, but she pressed Adela to tell her Agnes's name.

‘ Ah, hah ! ’ she replied, laughing, ‘ this is indeed a manœuvre I am equal to—Is it not the stranger's name you would learn by this question ? But I must not do this, (she sighed) ; I can only assure you, that he is as far superior to Fitz Alwy in beauty as in prowess.’ ‘ Impossible ! ’ said Ethelburga, ‘ Fitz Alwy's form is matchless !—’ ‘ Well,’ returned Adela, ‘ you, Augustine, shall decide this point—Is not our Knight of the Silver Star far handsomer than the Chieftain of Mont Eagle ?—’

‘ Ah, that he is ! ’—replied Augustine, with animation.

The trumpet now sung forth loud tones, and they all departed to the pavilion, which

was



was raised upon the terrace which surrounded the Castle. The court had but one entrance, which was very magnificent, and guarded by eight towers; it was immediately opposite the pavilion, which consequently commanded a view of all who entered.—The standard of Falconberg, broad and long, waved from the highest tower; while the heralds of Wolfnorth were placed with their backs against the eastern wall, midway in the court: this noble court admitted of a ring twelve hundred feet, by nine hundred broad.

When the gay scene was arranged, and Fitz Alwy's heralds had sounded the challenge, all eyes eagerly awaited the young stranger.

But no knight appeared — Dunthalmo bounded round in search of him, and Fitz Alwy also quitted the lists, and joined the outward crowd. He remained away for some time, then presently returned, and rode up to Sir Philip.

‘ My

‘ My lord,’ said he, ‘ may I crave the  
 ‘ loan of a courser from the stables of  
 ‘ Wolfnorth? My friend, Lord Honter-  
 ‘ combe, hath been attacked in his way  
 ‘ from Mont Eagle hither, by a band of  
 ‘ marauders, who, lured by the show of gold  
 ‘ and jewels, beset each avenue to the  
 ‘ Castle; they have robbed him, and killed  
 ‘ his steed: my esquire, Sir Bevis de Wil-  
 ‘ ton, who accompanied him, they beat  
 ‘ almost to death.’

This appeal to the Warden, however repugnant to his feelings, could not be misunderstood, and he not only felt obliged to provide Lord Hontercombe with a steed, but to offer De Wilton and him apartments in the Castle: but Sir Bevis, when Fitz Alwy pressed him, appeared to shrink dismayed, and no intreaties could prevail on him to accept the offer. Lord Hontercombe was all complaisance; but the Warden shrunk from his courtesy, and thought  
 civility

civility was an exertion his nature seemed incapable of making,

Every one felt the utmost surprise at the absence of the stranger: Dunthalmo had rode half over the wold in search of him, and now returned, provoked and disappointed; Fitz Alwy's countenance was decorated with a contemptuous smile, and he at last said—

‘Methinks the Knight is fearful of  
‘tarnishing the laurels he has already  
‘won!—’

‘Nay, my Lord,—’ quickly returned Dunthalmo with much tartness, ‘I do not  
‘think either of us have any right to say  
‘that—unless, indeed, he fears that if he  
‘again overcame us, we might return the  
‘compliment by treacherous murder!—  
‘and in truth, perhaps he's right.—’

The cheek of Fitz Alwy flushed, he frowned upon Dunthalmo.

‘We are not assassins, my Lord,’ he replied.

‘I

‘ I do not know that’ — (replied the other) ‘ a man who enjoys the wounds he inflicts upon another’s peace of mind, would feel little remorse at inflicting similar wounds upon his body—’ he said this emphatically.

‘ But we might revenge ourselves openly,’ (replied Fitz Alwy).

‘ For my part,’ (said Dunthalgo) ‘ I should not be so vain as to attempt to punish a man by the very means which certainly would render it in his power to beat me a second time---I leave that for you, my Lord---’ and he rode off once more in search of the stranger.

Ethelburga was keenly disappointed at this Knight’s non-appearance ; but Agnes was literally dying with alarm, and Adela manifested the greatest uneasiness ; De Lucy was so much vexed and alarmed, that he mounted and rode forth in search of him : just as he arrived at the entrance of  
the

the court, he met Lord de Warrenne and his son.

‘Where is Eustace?’ cried De Lucy.

‘Is he not here?’ said Sir Vortimer, ‘oh, he soon will be.’

De Lucy became more calm, Sir Vortimer continued—

‘He received a note by a soldier early this morning, and went out with him, leaving us this message; that if he did not return before we went to Wolfnorth, he would meet us there: his esquire Edgar is here, with his heralds and horses.’

De Lucy was not half satisfied with this account, he rode forward across the moor, and was determined to proceed to Elfwold.

Sir Vortimer approached Agnes, and strove by every tender art to comfort her; his sweet manners, his mild eloquence, in a great manner quelled the terrors in her bosom.

Some time however elapsed, and no stranger appeared; Sir Morcar, who had imagined

gined to himself a hero who was to overcome all that opposed him, was now quite dissatisfied. — Sir Philip proposed that the jousts should no longer be delayed, and asked the knights competitors to permit others to proceed ; but no solicitations could prevail, and he found himself obliged to yield to their determination of attacking each other.

They entered the lists each strongly nerved for the combat, each determined to conquer, and each inwardly determined if vanquished to be revenged. Dunthalgo trembled with emotion, his eyes, his manner, were all agitation ; Fitz Alwy was calm and determined, bent on his purpose, firm and unmoved.

They met—the shock was great, each knight felt stunned by the onset, and their steeds staggered with the assault ; again they set on with less violence, and fought for some time with matchless grace and vigour, till Fitz Alwy suddenly turning  
rushed

rushed on his opponent, and unhorsed him with amazing violence.

Dunthalmo lay for some time without sense or motion—Sir Morcar and Edwin, Sir Philip and Stanley, rushed to him, when opening his fine eyes, he gazed around him with passion and despair! he was choked with violence, the blood gushed from his mouth, and the knights greatly alarmed carried him to the Castle.

Ethelburga was seriously unhappy at this accident, and had not Sir Morcar deceived her with regard to his illness, she would no longer have remained in the pavilion; the extreme uneasiness she manifested (the mere effusion of a sensible mind,) was mistaken by the tenacious Fitz Alwy for emotions of interest, which inflamed his soul with wild jealousy. She bestowed on him the glittering falcon with a trembling hand; but not till Sir Philip had assured her that the Scottish chieftain was out

out of danger, could she attend to the gay scene before her.

Agnes and Adela departed with Lord Wulstan de Warrenne, and his son to Elf-wold, their anxiety concerning the young stranger not permitting them to remain; but they left, at the request of Ethelburga, Augustine D'Aubigny. Lord Fitz Alwy, not contented with the conquest he had won, once more sallied forth to the combat. His challenge was answered by the

**LORD MANFRED OF TANKERVILLE,**

Who seemed at least not to be wanting in temerity, whatever he might in skill. Fitz Alwy smiled at his approach, and turning to the Warden with an expressive glance he commenced the attack in a way very different from his former encounters. Tankerville, who really believed the conquering chieftain to be daunted by his approach, raised his crest, which he shook high in the air, and rode most furiously (as he termed it) at Fitz Alwy, who with agility  
threw



threw himself from his horse, (although in faith the shock scarcely discomposed his feathers) ; he owned himself vanquished— Oh ! the delight ! the self-sufficient glances of pleasure which danced in the eyes of Tankerville ! He looked round for applause, and mistook the laugh of the court, for confused murmurs of admiration, when totally overcome with joy, he dismounted, and kneeling on the earth, pronounced the following apostrophe :

‘ O spirits of my forefathers ! who look  
 ‘ with delight upon the deeds of your chil-  
 ‘ dren ! who glory in the magnanimous  
 ‘ spirit of war, within their panting bo-  
 ‘ soms—oh, deign to smile upon the glo-  
 ‘ rious conquests of thy son ! but grant  
 ‘ that his triumphs may be regarded with  
 ‘ humility !—’

Then approaching Fitz Alwy, to raise him from the ground, where he still remained prostrate for the purpose, scarce able to retain his mirth:

‘ Permit

‘Permit me,’ he cried, ‘to support my noble opponent; and believe me, my Lord, the heat of conquest shall never stifle in my heart the feelings of humanity.’

He placed his arm within Fitz Alwy’s, and proceeded to the pavilion: here, with half-averted cheek and fluttering heart, he received the compliments of the circle; though Ethelburga’s tongue faltered in the cause of ridicule, and her silence impressed his lordship’s mind with the idea that her feelings were the more keenly interested. Finding that combat so lightly won, he rushed once more into the ring, when his challenge was answered by Sir Henry of Rothes, a knight who proved himself not so indulgent as his predecessor, for he threw him with some force upon the dust; which although Lord Tankerville took, as usual, with the most perfect complaisance and good-humour, still left him corporeal

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feelings which sensibly cooled his spirit of enterprize.

Another opponent appeared for Sir Henry of Rothés, in

ALPHONSO DE LA VERE,

Whose colours were remarkable, and had an uncommon effect.

They commenced the onset like men who were determined to dispute the palm of honour, and the meed of praise was merited almost equally by both ; Sir Henry, however, proved the victor, and Alphonso de la Vere withdrew greatly discomfited. Now an opponent appeared whose colours were most splendid ; they were composed of his arms, which were tastefully magnificent. A crimson field, a broad border of gold, on which was a crimson double tressure ; a gold cross engrailed, on which were two black lions passant, and three beautiful crowns horizontally : They bespoke—

LORD

## LORD FITZ ALBIN.

He assaulted Sir Henry with manly grace, and their steeds staggered back with the shock ; Lord Fitz Albin however regained his seat, and rushed on with such force that he shivered Sir Henry's lance into a thousand pieces, while the shock flung him and his horse a considerable distance : he received a severe contusion on his arm, and was obliged to yield the field to his all-accomplished rival, who rested in his stirrup seemingly impatient for a new encounter.

An elegant group of heralds advanced and answered the challenge ; they were white, on white horses, with crimson trappings ; they bore a pennon of white taffety, on which were portrayed in brilliant colours three chaplets of red roses : this pennon had a beautiful and simple effect, and vied in taste and lightness with any in the field—They proclaimed—

**LORD FITZ WILLIAM, THE KNIGHT OF THE  
ROSE.**

He was well beloved by the Falconbergs; and was a pattern of connubial tenderness and fidelity; and Eva his beautiful partner smiled upon all his encounters, and felt that ease which proceeds from a thorough knowledge of his valour and prowess. In his decorations he rather exceeded those ideas of nice elegance that the rougher chieftains thought consonant with chivalry; and on this account he frequently became a subject of mirth to those knights who either knew not his skill, or envied his successes. He was clad in a suit of armour, white as snow, studded with small silver studs of minute workmanship; he bore as a scarf a simple broad ribbon of white, which passing over his right shoulder, tied at his left side, whose ends were fringed with silver, and on which was embroidered this silver motto: 'Sincere and constant.'

His casque was surmounted by an enamelled

melled chaplet of red roses ; which he likewise bore on his shield, and in the midst a dove volant : his crest was a white dove volant : the trappings of his white steed were rose-coloured, with light decorations ; it was a slight animal, but nimble and swift beyond comparison, and sustained the assault with surprising firmness : he wore his vizor up, and displayed a beautiful and interesting countenance ; Lord Fitz Albin found him an able opponent, and was vanquished by his hand.

‘ My Theodore,’ (said Eva to Ethelburga by whom she sat), ‘ my Theodore is never vanquished ; many are the knights however who have endeavoured to undervalue his merit—Yon Lord of Ithona, for instance, has proved to my lord an inveterate foe ; but, thanks to his guardian angels ! Theodore was preserved from him.’

‘ Yon Ithona,’ (Ethelburga replied) ‘ I cannot but believe is a very bad man, I cannot express to you the prepossession I have

‘ have against him ; I remember too well  
 ‘ how readily he engaged with my cousin  
 ‘ on account of Sir Bevis de Wilton, when  
 ‘ he o’erthrew and wounded my esquire  
 ‘ Sir Edwin Montague, I never can forgive  
 ‘ him for that---Edwin I have a great  
 ‘ regard for.’

The most poignant sigh that ever left a bosom, at this moment breathed upon her ear, and looking round she saw Sir Edwin leaning on her chair ; his figure was beautifully touching at this moment, and the tenderness of his countenance melted her heart ; she smiled upon him, kindly put her hand in his, and asked him how he was ? The emotions which overcame him at this moment---the varying colour of his cheek---the quivering, the half-formed accents on his lip---betrayed to Ethelburga the state of his mind. Like a flash of newly developed light upon the surface of the rippling tide gleamed the ray of truth !---and like the rising billows beneath, rose the heart of  
 the

the lovely maid---crimson dyed her cheek ; she sighed, and turned away those beautiful eyes which had before rested upon his——He strove not to articulate,—the silence that followed was perhaps the sweetest moment of his life ; for he felt that, unconsciously, the heart of Ethelburga had understood his, and however hopeless he considered his passion—to know his feelings were not hid from Ethelburga, was a bliss, a happiness he had never dared to anticipate.

Fitz Alwy had seen the action of the youthful Baroness, and remarked the blush which followed ; the proud and jealous heart of Fitz Alwy rose within his breast, he regarded Sir Edwin with looks of ill-concealed rage and indignation, and assumed to Ethelburga a contemptuous and haughty air.

Eva's attention was now drawn towards her lord, who combated an old and not ignoble opponent—

**THE**



THE PERCY! EARL OF NORTHUMBRIA'S  
PLAINS,

Encountered him, and as he encountered, regarded Eva with a look of ardent love—She was discomposed, and gazed upon her lord with anxious tenderness.

The appearance of the Percy was uncommon, and had a beautiful effect. His potent limbs were clad in bluest, darkest steel, ornamented with golden studs, richly worked : his scarf was vair, deep blue, and gold ; his casque most richly gilt, and ornamented with a coronet and plume of white feathers ; his buckler was gilt, on which was a tyger passant of deep azure.

His vizor was not closed, and displayed a countenance beautifully manly, but ferocious, violent and haughty. He rolled his black eyes on Eva, his dark hair flew around his glowing cheeks, and, not unnoticed by her lord, shewed he fought no uninteresting opponent.

Fitz William, who well knew that every  
throb

throb of Eva's bosom was for him, smiled at the Percy's enamoured glances, and encountered him with the steady determination of doing the choice of his Countess credit; he turned to Eva, to him she kissed her hand, and he commenced the onset. The Percy rushed upon him with intemperate fury—the steed of Fitz William staggered at the assault—the heart of Eva faltered. But her Theodore, exerting all his skill, seemed a well-matched rival for the Northumbrian Earl, whose cheeks glowed with anxiety and overstrained exertion.

‘Take courage, Eva,’ (said Ethelburga, pressing her hand), ‘your Lord will certainly tame the Northumbrian tyger, look with what skill he wards those furious assaults.’

She hesitated, for the lance of the Percy had pierced the knee of Fitz William—Eva shrieked!—in the following moment Percy bit the dust!

Sir Edwin flew to Fitz William, whose warm blood stained the snowy steed; the purple current was soon stanchèd, and he led him to his anxious Countess.

‘My Theodore,’ (she cried, and pressed him to her heart,) ‘why, why do you engage yon evil-minded chieftain? how oft has he attempted thy undoing!’

‘He cannot undo me here, my Eva!—’ (he exclaimed, and pressed her hands to his lips,) ‘what then have I to fear? he is a noble opponent! I pity him!’

Sir Edwin now resigned his arm to Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey, and armed for the fight.

‘You are not well enough to engage, Edwin; pray, pray be patient,’ said Ethelburga, as she viewed his lovely form mounting his courser; he thanked her solicitude with his fine eyes, and smiling, placed his lance in rest.—As she looked from De Montague, she encountered the haughty glance of Fitz Alwy.

‘Lady,

‘ Lady, you appear greatly interested for  
 ‘ Sir Edwin Montague, he is truly fortu-  
 ‘ nate; but surely his merits are too highly  
 ‘ repaid, the smiles of Ethelburga belong  
 ‘ to some more valiant chieftain.’

‘ My Lord,’ said Ethelburga, a blush  
 of crimson heightening the dignified ex-  
 pression of her fine eyes, ‘ the virtues of  
 ‘ Sir Edwin can never pass uncommended  
 ‘ by the feeling heart! the delicacy of his  
 ‘ person puts him not on an equality with  
 ‘ other knights, and awakens interest; the  
 ‘ sweetness of his disposition commands  
 ‘ regard—and his misfortunes—’

‘ Claim pity, Ethelburga! nay, perhaps  
 ‘ more—perhaps love!—’

The voice of Fitz Alwy faltered—ten-  
 derness seemed to o’erpower him, and he  
 bent his beautiful eyes so expressively on  
 her face, that her heart yielded to his ac-  
 knowledged passion—he continued: ‘ If  
 ‘ misfortune, Ethelburga, claims pity, I  
 ‘ can name one, who I think will have  
 ‘ some

‘ some right to share it—for I fear—I  
 ‘ fear the heart which adores you beyond  
 ‘ the power of expression, is not regarded  
 ‘ with either compassion or tenderness——’

He ceased ; and Ethelburga, plunged  
 in the softest emotions, bent her eyes to  
 the earth.

The opponent, who appeared to combat  
 the lovely Edwin, was

SIR HUBERT OF LINDISFERN.

This knight made a beautiful and un-  
 common appearance ; his person was tall  
 and thin, his eyes blue, his hair white as  
 snow ; he was graceful and nimble, but  
 seemed not at all a match for Sir Edwin,  
 who o’erthrew him in a most gallant  
 style.

He had scarcely time to rest, ere a  
 Knight entered the ring, who appeared  
 to have just arrived at Wolfnorth, for his  
 steed was splashed with dirt, and he rode  
 into the court without knowing who he  
 was to engage ; he seemed of good form,  
 strong

strong built, and muscular; his cheeks vied with the ruddiest cherry, his eyes a lively hazel. He was clad in a suit of armour enamelled deepest green, in scales, in imitation of the serpent's glittering coat, sparkling with gold; and his heralds proclaimed---

**SIR LEWELLIN AP MAUR.**

They engaged with spirit and good humour: the Knight of the Harp far excelled Sir Edwin in strength, but he fought in a hurried and unskilful manner: nothing, however, could be more honest than his conduct; he took no unfair advantage, and when he was disarmed by Sir Edwin, he shook his hand in a friendly manner, declared that he was in a great hurry, hoped he should cut a better figure next time, and galloped away in as much haste as he came.

Ethelburga smiled upon Edwin; at that moment all his toils seemed to be repaid tenfold, and Fitz Alwy said---

‘ Your

‘Your favourite is indeed deserving,  
 ‘Ethelburga---he is an all-accomplished  
 ‘youth; if I thought that I had nought to  
 ‘fear, I should be proud to number him  
 ‘amongst my friends---May I, Ethelburga,  
 ‘consider Sir Edwin Montague no ri-  
 ‘val?---’

‘Certainly, my Lord,’—said Ethelburga, anxious to do away those suspicions which had usurped his bosom, and she presented her hand to Edwin, who now approached to rest for a few moments ere he encountered some new opponent, for Edwin that day was determined to win the silver falcon, and Heaven seemed to smile upon his efforts.

Sir Aymer, who had been recounting to Sir Philip the strange adventure of the preceding night, now placed his arm within De Montague’s, and led him to Fitz Aubrey.

‘Good, my brave boy, you have done  
 ‘credit to my choice to-day!’ exclaimed  
 Sir

Sir Philip, as he took the hand of Edwin :  
 ‘ But tell me, tell me what you saw last  
 ‘ night ? ’tis almost past belief, no one but  
 ‘ myself, my brother, and the abbot hath  
 ‘ the key.’

Edwin repeated the mysteries he had witnessed, and described particularly the figures of the knights.—Sir Philip reflected for some time, and then asked if they were quite certain as to the persons of the Lord of Ithona and Sir Bevis de Wilton, when receiving a direct affirmative, he relapsed into deep thought, and retired from the crowd.

In the tilt-court was engaged, with Adam de Welle, a foreigner of prepossessing appearance and elegant accoutrements : his armour was richly emblazoned with gold ; he wore a cloak of dark azure, besprinkled with fleurs-de-lis of fine gold ; a golden cuirass, surmounted by a magnificent coronet, from which sprung five beautiful feathers ; around his neck was  
 the



the golden order of St. Michael and of St. Esprit ; his shield was dark steel, in the midst his coat of arms, a field of vermillion with three fleurs-de-lis azure.

He fought well, and in a novel style, and overcame very magnificently the proud and austere Adam de Welle.

This stranger, who bore a comely countenance, was named the Comte de Mar ; and was introduced to Ethelburga by Sir Morcar de Mowbray, who had known him abroad, and who gladly seized this opportunity of returning those offices of kindness which the noble Comte had formerly shewn to him.

The gallant Edwin, now renovated by his rest from the toils of glory, once more vaulted on the back of his pawing chestnut---

‘ Succour me once more, my gallant Cathmin ! ’---cried the beautiful young hero as he shook his auburn curls from his fair forehead, and patted his favourite  
steed ;

steed ; the animal seemed to feel his address, and bounded to the ring.

A well-known warrior of the north, a boasted laurel of Northumbria's plains, appeared to dispute the prize with Edwin. It was—

#### FITZ GODWIN OF ALNWICK.

He rushed into the ring on a black, broad-chested steed, who snorted the blustering winds which waved his flowing mane ; his armour was richly worked with gold, it was very dark, and tinted green.

This Knight's accoutrements were greatly admired, as much for their singularity as for their magnificent appearance ; and the valour of Fitz Godwin did not disgrace the noble coat he bore.

Ethelburga more than once feared for her favourite ; but fortune seemed at last to be more favourable to him in war than in love, for he vanquished the Northumbrian hero.

He approached the pavilion amidst shouts  
of

of applause ; as he gracefully bent his knee to his mistress to receive the prize of his valour, Fitz Alwy watched with eager anxiety the countenance of Ethelburga ; unfeigned pleasure illumined her beautiful features, a blush certainly tinged her cheek as she met the gaze of the lovely young hero, o'er whose neck she threw the dark-blue ribbon ; but it was almost impossible that such an emotion should not be manifested, as the animated and beautiful countenance of the youth, the soft passionate glances of his purple eyes, told in language too eloquent to be mistaken, the feelings of his enamoured soul.

Fitz Alwy was satisfied, and presented his hand to De Montague on his rising from his knee : other emotions he felt would have been manifested by Ethelburga, had she received the soft contagion of the young Knight's bosom ; and his evident satisfaction was not unmixed with wonder, that the tender heart of Ethelburga should be unmoved by so  
much

much worth and beauty. Vanity however whispered to his soul a sweet and confident conviction, which beamed forth in the soft glances of his fine black eyes, and dressed his matchless countenance in lively animation.

The Tournaement concluded by a tilt of twelve; headed by Fitz Alwy on the one side, and the Earl of Lancaster on the other.

*The Fitz Alwy's were— The Lancastrian's were*

Sir Morcar de Mowbray Plantagenet, Earl of Hereford

Lord de Morthemer Malcolm of Inistore

Hontercombe of Ithona Sir Aymer de Valance

Lord Fitz William Earl of Percy

Sir Eliss d'Aubigny Earl of Lanois

Stanley Fitz Aubrey Walter de Segrave

Lord Fitz Albin Lord Bardolph

Edmund de Welle Godfrey de Valance

Sir Henry of Rothas Alphonso de la Vere

St. John de St. John Lord Roslyn

and and

Sir Guy Fitz Piers. Vicomte de Mar.

The

The conflict was very elegantly kept up ; but was at last obtained by Fitz Alwy, who had fought exquisitely, seconded most manfully by Lord Fitz William, Lord de Morthemmer, and Sir Eliss d'Aubigny.—Sir Morcar, although not keenly interested, greatly assisted with Sir Stanley to carry off the laurels of the encounter.

On the opposite side, the chief combatants were, the Percy, Malcolm of Inistore, Lancaster, and Lord Reslyn—When, the jousts being at an end, Ethelburga invited all the nobles and knights, by proclamation from the heralds of the Castle, to partake of its festivities ; and the courts were now deserted, for its halls of revelry and splendid magnificence.

## Chap. VII.

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Their faces brighten'd round with joy: they sped over  
Moi-lena. The feast of shells is prepared; the songs of the  
bards arise. - - - - -

She sits in the hall of shells. She sees the arms of him  
who is no more. Thine eyes are full of tears, daughter of  
Carborne Sorglan! Blest be thy soul in death, O chief of  
shady Zura!—

*Ossian.*

---

Joy and revelry re-echoed through the  
halls of Wolfnorth! each accomplished  
warrior sought in glowing colours to set  
forth his admiration of the mistress of this  
day's jubilee; how much gaiety was mani-  
fested on so fair an occasion—one which  
the heart delighted in, and the reason  
approved!

Fitz Alwy, animated by hope, and re-  
invigorated by conquest, shone in the most  
amiable

amiable and attractive colours : his noble form, his graceful manners; his handsome features, were displayed to the utmost advantage, and no fair could refuse the meed of distinguished praise and admiration ;—even those whose hearts owned another hero for their lord, could not refrain from confessing his accomplishments.

Praise and admiration were grateful to his heart, he felt placed on an elevation, which however in no way dazzled him, for he was too proud to be dazzled ; he regarded it as the tribute due to his well-known superiority.

The hall in which they feasted was a true portrait of feudal grandeur ; it was three hundred feet in length and one hundred and sixty broad, on either side were rows of massy arches, Saxon in form, and sculptured with a nervous hand. This hall was situated on the east side of the entrance to the north side of the Castle : on the south side, looking into the Donjon court,

court, were seen windows through each arch ; behind the opposite arches were armour and banners distributed in a striking manner : these arches were twenty feet from the wall. It had a vaulted roof ornamented by massy mouldings, whose extreme height was one hundred and fifty feet. The great entrance was from the west, by a flight of steps fifty feet wide, and twenty in number, through a door sixty feet high : on each pier were suspended the different coats of mail belonging to this noble house, with their respective banners blazoned with their arms. Many suits were put together as they were worn, forming statues on pedestals : at the top of the hall and opposite the entrance were raised two steps, on which was placed the throne of Ethelburga, before it a long table—on the left and right of the throne, were placed two pedestals, on them the magnificent suits of mail belonging to the late Lord Falconberg and those of his steed :  
down



down the hall were placed lengthways twenty tables, ten on either side, in a double row. At the table with Ethelburga were Fitz Alwy, Sir Philip, Sir Morcar, the Earls Lancaster, Hereford, Cornwall, Fitz William, Lanois, Percy, Malcolm of Inistore, the ladies and other nobles too numerous to name.

Sir Edwin and Sir Stanley were in waiting, likewise Sir John de St. John, and Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose, upon Fitz Alwy; and all the other esquires attended upon their respective knights. Behind the arches and near to Ethelburga were placed the aged Minstrels of Wolfnorth, who awoke with their harps the arched roof of the hall to melodious echoes. —Beyond were the great officers both civil and military, with the chief retainers of the Castle, their banners waving, and most nobly adorned; two hundred of the chief vassals waited on the guests; their accoutrements were splendid; they  
were

were half mailed, with breast-plates richly embossed with the golden falcon ; they were bare-headed, and wore cloaks of golden cloth with a gules double tressure, and three gules lions passant.

By the side of Ethelburga's throne stood her two little pages, Oswy Fitz Aubrey and Fitz Aymer of Valance : they were enrobed in white dresses of silk ; they had little golden collars round their necks, to which was suspended the golden falcon ; cloaks of white bordered with a double tressure, and three golden lions passant ; with cap in hand of blackest velvet, with white plumes : Oswy was a lovely nut-brown boy, 'with curly auburn hair, and eyes sparkling with archness : Fitz Aymer was a gentle child, with golden hair and soft blue eyes—in truth a little cherub.

Dunthalmo's situation greatly alarmed the heart of Ethelburga, she had frequently sent Sir Edwin to inquire if he was better :

Father Bertrand's pious care was bestowed with anxious tenderness upon him ; but the disappointed passions of the Scottish hero were the great impediments to his recovery. Edwin felt for him a sympathetic pain ; he purposed that night to retire from the gay assemblage, and attend the sick bed of the Chieftain. Sir Edwin was placed on the right hand of Ethelburga, and he gazed with fond admiration upon the youthful Baroness : dearly, however, did he pay for this stolen pleasure, for Fitz Alwy, who was beside her, seemed to receive all her smiles, and Edwin felt cruelly conscious of the folly and presumption of his passion, and how all-deserving appeared the object of her marked preference.

The harps of the minstrels stole in soft symphonies upon the air, they chaunted the deeds of the Falconbergs, and the glory of their battles, nor was their attachment to the Fitz Alwys forgotten : at these moments the Chieftain  
of

of Mont Eagle would steal the hand of Ethelburga, and with soft pressure whisper in her ear his hopes---his fears---of the union of their two houses. The heart of Ethelburga was sad; the strains of the minstrels re-calling to her mind her departed father, whose armour was so near: a tear wandered down her fair cheek, it dropped upon the hand of Fitz Alwy—he started—an ashy paleness o’erspread his countenance, and he placed the brimming goblet to his lips; largely he quaffed, then whispered sweet consoling stories in her ear; and sought to withdraw her mind from these melancholy reflections.

Sir Philip, who had watched these emotions of her amiable heart, hailed the tear shed for his deceased friend; he approached, and proposed to Ethelburga to drink peace to the soul of her departed father. How like an angel appeared the lovely heiress, as, with a heavenly smile upon her lip, and the gem of filial piety in her eye,

K 2

she

she breathed a soft and fervent prayer to the soul of her father!

The draught went round, when young Stanley's glass was filled by the now officious Lord Hontercombe; this Knight had been intent upon gaining his confidence, and for this purpose had attached himself closely to Fitz Aubrey, but at the moment that Ithona filled *his* glass, Stanley arrested his draught.—His eyes were fixed upon the hand of the Earl, a gaze of horror distorted his fine eyes—for a scar deep and long appeared, which it occurred to him was the mark of poor Ryno's teeth!!—and recalled to his memory all those horrible event. The eyes of Lord Hontercombe followed those of Stanley, a ghastly paleness o'erspread his features, which was succeeded by a blush of crimson.—This did not pass unobserved by Stauley, nor should he have yet withdrawn his eyes, had not the black inquiring glance of Sir Durant Fitz Osborn e caused him to remove them :

he

he seized the bowl—‘Peace rest with the  
 ‘soul of Lord Falconberg!’ cried Stanley.  
 ‘Amen!’—falteringly uttered the blue  
 lips of Ithoua.

Fitz Alwy now pressed Ethelburga to  
 dispel the gloom which o’erpowered her,  
 and sought to divert her attention by lively  
 sallies of wit: but Sir Philip, who knew  
 the tender feelings of his darling ward  
 would be outraged by this sudden transi-  
 tion, gently aroused Sir Edwin Montague  
 from the melancholy reverie into which  
 he had fallen, by requesting him to exert  
 his musical soul, full of sweet soft harmony,  
 to banish the gloom of the party. Edwin  
 waved the request—but on Ethelburga’s  
 gently petitioning his compliance, he  
 heaved a sigh from the depth of his aching  
 heart, and, bowing to Ethelburga, sung in  
 sweet tones the following simple tale,—  
 alas! but too true.

51:

Oh! have ye ne'er heard of the Chieftain of Yarrow,  
With his gold glossy locks, and his bonnet of blue ?  
Who now, sad and silent, 'neath yon mossy barrow,  
Hath died thro' a passion as ardent as true.  
He sought, and he won the fair Maiden of Lorn,  
Who was fair as the snow-drop, and bright as the dawn ;  
But her hard heart was fickle and faithless, not true  
As the Chieftain's of Yarrow with bonnet so blue !—  
Farewell, poor Donald, dear Donald, adieu !

She smil'd at his tale, and she blushing replied,  
That his suit was so sweet ! it should ne'er be denied ;  
And she bade him to haste, for their wedding prepare,  
And she gave him a braid of her dark glossy hair—  
And cried—Fare thee well, Donald ! dear Donald, farewell !

Ah ! he scarcely had pass'd over brake, wild, and wood,

But oh ! when the Chieftain so tender and true  
 Return'd, with his gold hair and bonnet of blue,  
 Faithless Editha scorn'd him, and bade him depart,  
 And denied that he e'er had a place in her heart ;  
 And cried—Fare thee well, Donald ! Lord Donald, farewell !

But not thus was repuls'd the young Chieftain of Yarrow,  
 or he met the proud Baron nigh yon rising barrow ;  
 When treachery base wing'd a merciless dart—  
 It sprung from that forest, and enter'd his heart !—  
 That fond heart, so faithful ! so honest and true !  
 As it trembled in death, to his love sigh'd, adieu !  
 Then cold, sad, and silent, he sunk nigh the barrow,  
 The tomb of the brave, the young Chieftain of Yarrow !—  
 Adieu ! my poor Donald !—dear Donald, adieu !

The sweet voice of Edwin, tender in  
 melody, sunk in soft touching tones, and  
 the heart-moving pathos with which he  
 pronounced the last words, drew tears  
 from every eye. It was too sad—too  
 sweet, ever to be forgotten ; and it was the  
 result of genuine feeling, for that Donald  
 whose



whose sad tale he told, had been his dearest friend.

Ethelburga paid the tribute due to his fascinating powers, by the tear which trembled in her eye ; and as she gazed on the lovely form of Edwin, his sweet pensive features, the melancholy which pervaded his countenance, seemed to say, he envied the chieftain of Yarrow his quiet abode ;— and who e'er could have looked into the heart of the youth, would have found these appearances but too true !

His cheek, this night, was pale as the lily, his eyes beaming soft, sad glances, from beneath their long lashes, his dark auburn curls hung disordered, but gracefully disordered, around his delicate countenance : he remained not long at the festive board, but, sick with the stifled sighs of his oppressed heart, he whispered to Ethelburga an apology for his retiring from her attendance, which she tenderly accepted :

accepted : he departed, not to rest, but to watch at the pillow of Dunthalmo.

The Baroness likewise hailed the signal for retiring with delight, her spirits were depressed, and with difficulty could she reply to the animated discourse of her fascinating lover. When she withdrew to her chamber, the events of the day passed in review before her eyes ; the stranger's absence discontented and surprised her, and she regretted it the more, when she considered that perhaps had he been there, the distressing accident which happened to the handsome Dunthalmo would not have occurred.----Innocence, however, guarded her heart from sorrow—content dwelt in her bosom, and peace hovered o'er her pillow of repose.

Edwin, watching by the bed of Dunthalmo, indulged in the most melancholy reflections ; he found the young Knight, after a day spent in intolerable torture, chiefly occasioned from the irritation caused

by his passions, had fallen into a heavy slumber ; he therefore drew his chair to the open window, and crossing his arms upon his aching breast, gazed upon the pitying moon--here he had not long remained, ere the door gently opened, and young Stanley entered—

‘ How, my dear Edwin,’ (whispered he) ‘ do I ever find you in some sad employment? Retire, my dear cousin, and let me take your place ; surely you have been sufficiently fatigued this day, without an additional exertion on your part—come, come, Edwin ! to your pillow.’

Edwin, however, refused to comply with the urgent requests of Stanley ; which he finding, declared he would keep him company, and drawing his chair close to Edwin’s, he recounted to him the horror which had possessed his faculties at the sight of the scar on Lord Hontercombe’s hand, which he felt well assured was the work of poor Ryno’s teeth.

‘ How

‘ How is it possible,’ (said Edwin) ‘ for  
 ‘ Fitz Alwy to retain next his bosom, a  
 ‘ man who certainly appears to have been  
 ‘ the murderer of his father ?’

‘ Alas!’ (said Stanley) ‘ he knows it not—  
 ‘ but my brother is fully determined that  
 ‘ another day does not pass without in-  
 ‘ forming him of it—Hontercombe’s reign  
 ‘ is short-lived—’

‘ Does not Fitz Alwy know his father  
 ‘ was murdered ?’ asked Edwin.

‘ No, excepting from the rumours of the  
 ‘ country—for, three years after his father’s  
 ‘ death, and ere he was old enough to be  
 ‘ informed of the suspicious circumstances  
 ‘ attending it, the treacherous Fitz Arnulf  
 ‘ breathed his last. Now, no one remained  
 ‘ on whom he could revenge his father’s  
 ‘ death save his young cousin, who being  
 ‘ innocent of the deed, it would have been  
 ‘ ungenerous to punish for it ; although it  
 ‘ seems the poisoned current of the assassin’s  
 ‘ blood runs in the veins of the young Fitz  
 ‘ Arnulf,

' Arnulf, for they have already proved their  
 ' kindred to him by the basest ingratitude;  
 ' and he has been sent from Mont Eagle  
 ' to the fortress of Fitz Arnulf, his only  
 ' patrimony. My brother on the death of  
 ' the elder Fitz Arnulf was fully deter-  
 ' mined not to shock the feelings of Fitz  
 ' Alwy by an unnecessary recital of his  
 ' parent's dreadful end; and Fitz Alwy  
 ' soon after, being absent at the court, put  
 ' it out of his power: but the presence of  
 ' Lord Hontercombe about the person of  
 ' this young chieftain, has determined him  
 ' to unveil the dreadful secret—De Wilton  
 ' likewise must not be suffered to be nur-  
 ' tured in the bosom of the youthful Baron,  
 ' whose unfortunate parent he certainly  
 ' assisted to betray.'

' Did not De Wilton once attempt your  
 ' brother's life?' inquired Edwin.

' Doubtless, he did; in the forest of  
 ' Mont Eagle.'

' How is Sir Philip unrevenged?'

' Thus

‘ Thus—he cannot directly prove the  
 ‘ matter to De Wilton, though every pre-  
 ‘ sumptive proof is his; the story runs  
 ‘ thus :—

‘ After the late Lord Falconberg’s death,  
 ‘ my brother and myself having been out  
 ‘ together, met, on his way to the Castle,  
 ‘ De Wilton : he hailed us, my brother  
 ‘ returned not his salute, save by a haughty  
 ‘ threatening look—De Wilton, having  
 ‘ been one of Fitz Alwy’s esquires with my  
 ‘ brother, could not overlook this coolness ;  
 ‘ he approached, and asked him why he  
 ‘ was so cold and distant to him.

‘ “ That, Sir, (replied my brother) is  
 ‘ “ best answered by your own con-  
 ‘ “ science.”

‘ “ My conscience, Sir Philip, accuses  
 ‘ “ me of nought ! what is it you have to  
 ‘ “ alledge against me ?”---but I must  
 ‘ say that while he made this speech, his  
 ‘ countenance evidently gave him the lie ;  
 ‘ for it was extremely agitated, his eye  
 ‘ faltered

‘ faltered beneath the gaze of my brother  
 ‘ —Philip sneered and replied—

‘ “ You are certainly the best judge,  
 ‘ “ Sir: were I confirmed that my opi-  
 ‘ “ nions were just, you and I tarried not  
 ‘ “ here in converse, I assure you—but  
 ‘ “ while my heart beats with regret for  
 ‘ “ the fate of Fitz Alwy, De Wilton’s  
 ‘ “ name must ever be remembered with  
 ‘ “ abhorrence.”

‘ “ Your regret, Sir Philip, alone can  
 ‘ “ excuse you for the rude licence of your  
 ‘ “ tongue—but I cannot see how the  
 ‘ “ Baron of Mont Eagle’s death should  
 ‘ “ cast a stigma upon me—you must  
 ‘ “ remember, I was at Wolsnorth with you  
 ‘ “ when he died.”

‘ “ I do!”—loudly, and emphatically  
 ‘ replied my brother, whilst he fixed his  
 ‘ eyes upon Sir Bevis; his emotion became  
 ‘ so great he was scarce able to retain his  
 ‘ seat; either by accident or on purpose,  
 ‘ his spurs pricked his courser’s side, who  
 ‘ galloped

‘ galloped away with him full speed into  
 ‘ the forest.

‘ But a few days after this, my brother  
 ‘ and I were going to St. Wulstan’s, and  
 ‘ he remembered when he arrived at the  
 ‘ Cross in the forest, a parcel which he  
 ‘ wished to take with him, and requested  
 ‘ me to take his key and return for it.  
 ‘ While I was gone, he proceeded slowly  
 ‘ through the forest, when a knight vizored  
 ‘ galloped past him full speed, and in  
 ‘ half an hour returned accompanied by  
 ‘ four others ; they beset my brother, and  
 ‘ though each had his vizor down, and  
 ‘ were encased in plain dark armour,  
 ‘ Philip recognized De Wilton from his  
 ‘ mode of fighting,—a method which he  
 ‘ had often told him was bad, and had oft  
 ‘ advised him to change ;---but notwith-  
 ‘ standing this, my brother was well nigh  
 ‘ overpowered, when I and Fitz Henry,  
 ‘ whom I had met in my way, galloped to  
 ‘ his assistance ; and soon put the assassins  
 ‘ to



‘ to flight : I followed the one my brother  
 ‘ believed to be De Wilton, but his horse  
 ‘ was fleetier than mine, and I found myself  
 ‘ obliged to yield up the chase.’

‘ It was De Wilton, beyond a doubt,’  
 (said Edwin); ‘ that man I am sure will  
 ‘ never meet a foe on equal terms, if he can  
 ‘ avoid it—but, however, he must meet  
 ‘ me---my parent’s injuries, for which this  
 ‘ heart never for a moment ceases to bleed,  
 ‘ never can be forgotten !’

Edwin laid his hand on his heart, and  
 deeply sighed, tears were in his eyes---  
 Stanley, eager to banish these sad reflec-  
 tions from his mind, which he had so  
 unintentionally raised—in closing that  
 wound, opened one as deep ; for he quickly  
 continued---

‘ To-morrow my brother will give to  
 ‘ Fitz Alwy that paper which confirms to  
 ‘ him the bequest of the Baroness’s hand---’  
 Oh ! could the affectionate Stanley have felt  
 the pang which darted across the heart  
 of

of Edwin Montague! how keenly would he have regretted the effect of his ill-imagined remedy! But although he knew not the extent of anguish caused, yet he remarked, as the moon's silver ray darted athwart his countenance, the pallid hue which o'erspread it---he knew the only cure for so luckless a passion, was the reflection of the utter impossibility of its ever meeting with a return, and he continued---'I hope to Heaven, Lord Fitz Alwy may prove every way worthy of so great a blessing; nature seems to have gifted him rarely; and the virtues of his parent, it is to be hoped, will illuminate his bosom.'

At this moment, a deep sigh from Dunthalgo startled them, Edwin softly approached; he slept; but the fevered glow upon his cheeks, his irregular breathings, and uneasy slumber, awakened alarm in his breast; Stanley softly quitted the room, and repaired to Father Bertrand, to whom  
he

he related the ill state of the young chieftain's health. The pious Monk quitted his prayers, and having prepared a potion, repaired to his chamber ; he now expressed his determination of remaining with Dunthalgo, and desired the young knights to retire to bed. Stanley complied, but no persuasions could prevail on Edwin to quit the pillow of his friend.

Father Bertrand remarked with concern the ghastly hue of his countenance, nor was the good man's eye to be deceived, for he saw the trace of tears upon his cheek ; he attributed it, however, to a well-known cause ; sorrow to Edwin Montague was no stranger ! *His* pillow had been from infancy a pillow of thorns ; *his* manly spirit had not sunk beneath the vast unutterable weight of woe, but his frame, alas ! was not so strenuous as his mind. His constitution became more feeble each succeeding day, and care, I ween, had cankered

kered the most beautiful blossom that ever 'gan to blow.

He took his seat near Dunthalmo, and leaning his elbow on the pillow, and his cheek upon his hand, watched the slumbers of his fellow-sufferer.

The Monk, without appearing to do so, kept his eye fixed upon him, and marked with extreme regret the tear steal down his pale face, which Edwin thought was unobserved—it fell upon Dunthalmo's cheek, he awoke --- started up, and seeing Edwin there, he seized his hand—

‘ Oh! why, why so much tender concern for one so truly wretched? oh Edwin! let me, let me fly this hated place!’---He attempted to rise, Edwin opposed him.

‘ Would you,’ he said, ‘ would you quit so abruptly the Castle of Ethelburga? would you thus repay her anxiety, so solicitous as she is that you should be attended with every care?’

Dunthalmo sunk upon his pillow.

‘ Of

‘ Of Ethelburga ! and is she --- is she so  
 ‘ solicitous ? Doth not the hated Fitz Alwy  
 ‘ possess then all her cares ?—’ His eyes  
 grew wild, when Father Bertrand present-  
 ed to him the potion—

‘ Oh officious friar !’ (he cried, seizing  
 the cup) ‘ will this, will this give ease to  
 ‘ a breaking heart ?’

‘ Peace rest with you, my son ! Quiet,  
 ‘ and confidence in Heaven, will I trust  
 ‘ effect a cure—compose yourself ; try, try,  
 ‘ to rest : how do you provoke the just  
 ‘ God’s vengeance by this conduct !’

‘ You never knew, father, what it was to  
 ‘ love, and hate’---(impetuously interrupted  
 Dunthalmo) ‘ *you*, who never felt a wound,  
 ‘ may well tell me to smile, whose bosom  
 ‘ is pierced by a thousand tortures !’

‘ Father Bertrand, when he watched  
 ‘ your slumbers, Ardven---Father Bertrand,  
 ‘ when he composed those salutary draughts  
 ‘ to calm your pains—did not expect you  
 ‘ would reproach him with a want of feel-  
 ‘ ing !’

‘ing!’—said Edwin in so sweet a tone, it reached the virtuous heart of Dunthalmo, whose ardent disposition had betrayed him into expressions—how far from the meaning of his mind !

‘ O Father !’ (he cried, and would have precipitated himself at his feet), ‘ O Father ! I am unworthy of your care !—  
‘ Can you forgive me ? I am almost mad.  
‘ You, Sir Edwin, good and amiable as you are, plead for me.’

‘ Peace dwell in your bosom, my child !  
‘ you are forgiven. Try to rest ; the potion  
‘ I gave is to encourage sleep, shew me  
‘ that you will obey me, speak no more.’

Dunthalmo gratefully pressed the hand of Edwin : he closed his eyes, and composed himself to sleep.

As De Montague gazed upon the now haggard countenance of Dunthalmo, he forgot the presence of the Friar ; and, making reflections to himself upon the similarity of their fates, gave himself up to tears

tears and sighs. Father Bertrand for some time permitted him to indulge in them, till he softly said—

‘ My child, what moves thy soul to such unbridled grief?’

Edwin glowed with the consciousness of his misfortune.

‘ Alas, Father!’ - - -

His tremulous voice permitted him not to proceed.

‘ Ah Edwin! child of my affections, from the first moment I saw you hanging over your unfortunate mother with fond filial solicitude, my heart felt for you the affections of a parent: when I opposed your intention of dedicating your life to God, it was because I well knew, not the love of the Supreme alone instigated your mind to this intent—it was the impulse of a desponding heart, disgusted with society—I hoped, my child, that intercourses of friendship, would have opposed  
‘ the

‘ the inroads that early grief had made  
 ‘ upon your mind and frame-----but I  
 ‘ fear, I fear those tears are too contradic-  
 ‘ tory proofs that my zeal was ill advised ;  
 ‘ tell me, my child—tell me, my Edwin,  
 ‘ whether it is the recollection of your for-  
 ‘ mer woes, the effects of your wounded  
 ‘ constitution, or some more latent cause,  
 ‘ which afflicts your youthful heart so  
 ‘ piteously ?——’

Edwin, at this discourse was plunged  
 more deeply into an excess of woe ; his lips  
 for some moments refused their utterance,  
 his swelling heart rose, and opposed that  
 articulation which he in vain essayed.

The pious Father saw his struggles with  
 acute pain ; he interrupted him not, until  
 Edwin, having given way to this burst of  
 despair, cried in a faltering voice—

‘ Oh Father ! *my* sorrows admit of no  
 ‘ relief ! *my* cares must cease but with my  
 ‘ life ! oh, press me not upon this painful sub-  
 ‘ ject ;



‘ject ; your solicitude, dear Father, serves  
 ‘but to increase my woes ; it taxes my  
 ‘heart with ingratitude, which, Heaven  
 ‘knows, it does not feel—and serves but  
 ‘to make those wounds bleed afresh, which,  
 ‘believe me, it is death — ’tis death to  
 ‘probe !——’

‘God comfort thee, my child ! may Heaven  
 ‘spare thy heart such sorrow in thy  
 ‘green years !’----(The pious father’s voice  
 trembled with emotion, a tear was in his  
 eye)-----‘But, Edwin, that pale cheek,  
 ‘that hollow eye, must need the care of  
 ‘medicine ; you must retire—I shall pre-  
 ‘pare a potion for you---nay, no refusal--  
 ‘Come, Edwin, come ; the youthful chief-  
 ‘tain sleeps ; I know he will not wake  
 ‘awhile, and, Heaven knows, your frame  
 ‘and mind need rest.’

And Father Bertrand, taking Montague’s  
 hand, drew him from the chamber ; he ad-  
 ministered to him a powerful potion, and  
 Edwin

Edwin's mind, racked and unhappy as it was, soon sunk into momentary ease from the drowsy influence of the Father's simples.

## Chap. VIII.

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“ Daughter of Fingal, rise ! thou light between thy locks.  
Lift thy fair head from rest, soft gliding sun-beam of Selma !  
I behold thy arms on thy breast, white tossed amidst thy  
wandering locks; when the melting breeze of the morning  
came from the desert of streams. Hast thou seen thy fathers,  
Bosmina, descending in thy dreams ? Arise, daughter of  
Clatho, dwells there aught of grief in thy soul ?—”

*Ossian.*

---

MORNING had long beamed through the orient sky, when Father Bertrand again repaired to the antichamber of Ethelburga, to inquire of her attendants if she had arisen; but they assured him she still slept, and as she had complained of fatigue the night before, they had not disturbed her.

The pious Abbot felt not at ease, at so long and unusual a repose ; he passed with noiseless footsteps to her room, Ethelburga slept, he drew aside the curtain, and re-  
marked

marked to Augustine, who sat beside her couch, a tear which rested on her beautiful cheek. 'What causes this dear child to weep? Some dream, I fear, which hath intruded on her slumbers, some mischief-working vision,—my child!—my Ethelburga, wake! the day is wasting on—'

‘ Oh, Father ! ’ — cried Ethelburga, as she opened her beautiful eyes, in which however swam unwelcome tears, ‘ Father, ‘ I have seen ’ — she stopped — she hesitated — and placed her hand upon her forehead, as if to call to mind some past event — ‘ I ‘ have seen ! ’ — she continued, while tears which before dimmed her eyes, rolled down her cheeks — ‘ I have seen my Father ! ’ —

‘ How knew you, my child, that it was the vision of your father ? and if it was, my Ethelburga, why does the vision of your father cause these drops of grief ?—’

‘ Alas ! ’ ( she said ), ‘ his face was pale  
and ghastly, his countenance bore not  
L 2 ‘ that

' that serenity which adorns this por-  
 ' trait by which I recognized him,' (and  
 she pressed the portrait of her father to  
 her lips)—' he seemed to frown upon me—  
 ' I wept, and then he smiled, but it was a  
 ' smile so sad ! it never will be obliterated  
 ' from my mind—in one hand he bore the  
 ' fragment of a mantle, which you, Father,  
 ' and Sir Philip, hung up with his shield,  
 ' in the hall—in the other, he bore a sword  
 ' whose handle was a cross, jewelled—it  
 ' was stained with blood !—with him ap-  
 ' proached a youth,'—(Ethelburga cast  
 down her eyes, and continued in a faltering  
 tone,) ' a youth, whose person somewhat  
 ' resembled Lord Fitz Alwy.—His hair,  
 ' methought, was not so dark, it hung around  
 ' his countenance—my father placed his  
 ' hand in mine — he sighed deeply, his  
 ' countenance became more ghastly than  
 ' before, he looked with tenderness at the  
 ' young knight, whose armour was silver,  
 ' and

‘and who certainly bore Fitz Alwy’s arms  
 ‘—— you awoke me, Father, just as  
 ‘they were departing.’

Father Bertrand, who had always held dreams as the offspring of an evil spirit, stood somewhat amazed.

‘My child,’ (he said), ‘your vision is  
 ‘strange, its coincidence with what I have  
 ‘to communicate to you this day, is extra-  
 ‘ordinary — but rise, my child; Fitz  
 ‘Aubrey and myself await you in the  
 ‘eastern tower chamber, on business of  
 ‘importance.—’

He departed, when Ethelburga seizing Augustine’s hand, continued —

‘Oh, Augustine, I could not tell *all*  
 ‘that occurred in my dream to Father  
 ‘Bertrand, but to you I must remark,  
 ‘that the young stranger whom my father  
 ‘brought me, was far, far surpassing Fitz  
 ‘Alwy! more lovely than imagination can  
 ‘describe — he certainly resembled the  
 ‘Baron,’ (Augustine smiled); ‘yet, I as-  
 ‘sure

‘sure you, although there was a likeness, his countenance was softer, his frame slighter, his eyes less fierce, more tender, and methought his voice was the most melodious I ever heard !—’

‘His voice !’ cried Augustine, in surprise—

‘Yes, his voice ! for he knelt at my feet, and pressed my hand to his lips ; he raised those sweet eyes upon my face, and sighed —“ Oh, could my Ethelburga know me, “ she would avoid the dangers that await “ her.” Never, never can I forget him ! —Nay, laugh not, Augustine, my heart yet throbs, how tumultuously !—and, I fear,’ (continued Ethelburga, while the tears, which had ceased, now streamed from her eyes,) ‘I fear, my father, from the frown which o’ercast his brow, is not well satisfied with his child.’

‘For Heaven’s sake, Ethelburga !—— surely you do not place any confidence in dreams ? does not our faith forbid it ? Oh, banish,

‘ banish, I entreat, these superstitious fears :  
 ‘ how would Father Bertrand’s heart bleed  
 ‘ if he knew—’

‘ Oh, no ! he shall never bleed for me,’  
 —interrupted Ethelburga, as she smiled  
 through her tears, and hastily finishing her  
 toilet, descended to the eastern tower.

Here she found, sitting in earnest conversation, the Friar and Sir Philip ; the latter rose, and tenderly inquired how she was, then placing her beside him, he drew a packet from his bosom, and gently took her hand.

‘ My child, my Ethelburga, must exert  
 ‘ her fortitude, which it has ever been my  
 ‘ endeavour to implant, in order that she  
 ‘ may meet, unmoved, the little occurrences  
 ‘ which in this life are perpetually tending  
 ‘ to distress the heart. I must uncloze a  
 ‘ wound which, I fear, the tenderness of  
 ‘ your nature will make doubly painful :  
 ‘ this packet, my love, hath not been  
 ‘ moved since it was delivered into the hands  
 ‘ of



‘ of Father Bertrand by the late Lord Falconberg, your tenderly respected father—’

‘ My father !’ (said Ethelburga, and she raised her eyes, full of tears, to Father Bertrand).

‘ Yes, my beloved child, your father’s hand penned *this* address—your father’s hand placed on it *this* seal—it was his last act—I leave you to the perusal of it; I need make use of no persuasions to induce you to fulfil with the strictest exactness his desires. Your heart, my Ethelburga, I boast to say, needs no stimulus to virtue ; I have, I think, fulfilled my guardianship, and I call God to witness, if anything is wanting to the completion of my duty, my love, and the promise I made your dear departed father, it is not thro’ want of the most earnest intention and desire.’

Ethelburga, speechless, pressed his hand to her lips, and, lifting up her lovely eyes in grateful acknowledgments, spoke a  
more

more powerful language than any oratory of words. The good Warden, and the Confessor, left her to peruse in the solitude of her retired chamber, the following lines.—

**Ethelbert, Baron Falconberg of Wolf-north, to his dearly-beloved daughter, Ethelburga.**

“ Years, my child, will have passed  
 “ away o’er the grave of him who now ad-  
 “ dresses you, when you peruse these pages.  
 “ Years will have obliterated from your  
 “ mind the tears I shed over your infancy,  
 “ the many hours I have passed, with  
 “ you in my arms, over the grave of  
 “ your adored mother, whose spirit now  
 “ beckons me to join her in the ‘ narrow  
 “ ‘ house.’ But, oh ! my infant, it is not  
 “ the ashes of a senseless skeleton, long  
 “ since mouldered in the grave, which ad-  
 “ dresses to you requests, it lives not to see  
 “ you fulfill.—It is the spirit of a dying  
 “ parent, who will hover o’er you whilst  
 “ you read these pages, and in your fulfilment

“ of his requests to you, will find peace in  
 “ the cold bosom of the tomb, or everlasting  
 “ pain!

“ When this is delivered to your hands,  
 “ you will have taken upon you the cares  
 “ of sovereignty ; my child, the heir to all  
 “ my titles, honours, and estates, you will  
 “ be called upon to fill an exalted station,  
 “ with honour and discretion ; you will be  
 “ called upon to reconcile in one, two dif-  
 “ ferent characters, that of the chieftain of  
 “ a large and powerful territory—and that  
 “ of an amiable, tender, and religious fe-  
 “ male ; in both these situations, my child,  
 “ I trust in God, that you will appear  
 “ most perfect ! Remember, that in your  
 “ exalted station, not the slightest action  
 “ will escape the eyes of men—they must  
 “ all be faultless, and even then, they will  
 “ not be untarnished by the rough blast of  
 “ calumny.—Yet, be not dismayed, shrink  
 “ not from the scrutiny of mortal investi-  
 “ gation ; if you can look into your heart,  
 “ and,

“ and, searching with the strictest rules  
 “ of Christian examination, say to yourself,  
 “ ‘ I have acted right.’—It is your *duty*, as  
 “ the head of your people, to be wise—It is  
 “ your duty to reflect, to be the guardian  
 “ of those poor souls, who are to fight  
 “ your battles—and their death will be  
 “ upon your head, if you suffer them to  
 “ bleed in an unjust and unavailing cause.  
 “ Seek not warfare, your vassals’ lives are  
 “ no longer yours, when you neglect to be  
 “ the guardian of them. Fly it not when  
 “ it is necessary, as the omission of a check  
 “ in time may cause the loss of so much  
 “ more blood hereafter. Never enter into  
 “ wars, from a sense of private wrongs ; a  
 “ chieftain must learn to feel with the soul  
 “ of his people, and to overcome and to  
 “ stifle his feelings as an individual.—Bet-  
 “ ter, my child, let your bosom bleed for  
 “ thousands, than that a thousand bosoms  
 “ should bleed for thine ! Suffer yourself  
 “ not to receive an insult, for in you will  
 “ your

“ your vassals be degraded, and it will em-  
 “ broil them in many unnecessary disturb-  
 “ ances. Always be prepared for an ene-  
 “ my, always be prepared for war ; yet,  
 “ neglect not the culture of your fields, or  
 “ the calm pursuits of peace. Permit not  
 “ yourself to be elated by success or cast  
 “ down by misfortune, and never for a  
 “ moment forget that you are the feeble  
 “ instrument of God. Above all, be reli-  
 “ gious ; but beware of superstition. In  
 “ rewarding your retainers, be generous ;  
 “ but take care to distinguish between the  
 “ success of wisdom, the success of valour,  
 “ and the success of fortune—which are  
 “ those successes, caused by a happy situ-  
 “ ation of circumstances. The first is the  
 “ only real valuable success, for it unites  
 “ the others. Valour, without wisdom,  
 “ should never be trusted to in any great  
 “ enterprize, particularly where the lives of  
 “ your people are at risk. The successes  
 “ of fortune are to be merely considered  
 “ with

“ with gratitude to the Supreme, they do  
 “ not merit reward. Enter not into any  
 “ warfare without the approbation of your  
 “ own heart—but when entered into, inter-  
 “ fere not in the arrangement of it ;  
 “ leave that to your chieftains ; in the  
 “ choice of them, I pray to God to direct  
 “ you, this is a difficult task ; for to a chief-  
 “ tain 'tis difficult to learn the characters of  
 “ those about them. But let not preju-  
 “ dice direct your choice, if Sir Philip  
 “ Fitz Aubrey lives, he will perform this  
 “ task for you, he will be the director, the  
 “ commander of your armies, and he will  
 “ perform it with wisdom, fidelity, and  
 “ valour. Whenever you want advice,  
 “ apply to Father Bertrand ; he is at once  
 “ your relative, your friend, and your  
 “ father director.”

“ I have now given you, my beloved  
 “ child, a general outline for your con-  
 “ duct, as the heiress of a great house ;  
 “ let me now give you some advice as  
 “ to

“ to your manner of conducting yourself  
 “ in your private station of life. Ere  
 “ long you will be a wife, but do not  
 “ forget, in the duties of the wife and  
 “ mother, that you are the representative  
 “ of a great and noble family ; your hus-  
 “ band will, I trust, possess all the amiable  
 “ and distinguished qualities of his fore-  
 “ fathers : your husband will be your best  
 “ friend, he will advise and support you  
 “ in all difficulties ; but you must not  
 “ forget that you are the heir to a vast  
 “ domain, and to a noble home ; you are  
 “ not therefore to yield the prerogative of  
 “ your blood, you are still to remember,  
 “ that *you* are the Baroness of Wolfnorth.  
 “ However amiable and beautiful you may  
 “ be, remember that your husband will  
 “ require more than the duteous wife to  
 “ make him faithful or happy ; you must  
 “ each day strive to shew to his eyes some  
 “ new excellence, nor place too much  
 “ reliance on the frailty of human nature ;  
 “ seek

“ seek at once to be the tender wife, the  
 “ faithful friend, and the affectionate mo-  
 “ ther. Above all, never forget yourself  
 “ before him, or condescend to upbraid  
 “ him with reproaches which will only  
 “ disgust him—and, by familiarizing him  
 “ to your anger, cease to afflict his mind.  
 “ In fine, my child, *remember that you*  
 “ *are a Falconberg*, and maintain that  
 “ character in such an exalted manner, as  
 “ shall ever recall to his mind that you are  
 “ so.—

“ But my strength wastes—Oh, my  
 “ child, my Ethelburga! my heart, even  
 “ in death, pants with anxiety for you—  
 “ God support you!

“ But now my last request must be com-  
 “ mitted to paper, that it may not pass  
 “ into air, and be forgotten! The fulfil-  
 “ ment of my desires, will make my rest-  
 “ less spirit happy or miserable—hear me,  
 “ my child! and oh, fulfill my wishes!—

“ In the days of my youth, the Chief-  
 “ tain



" tain of Mont Eagle was my dearest  
 " friend ; his heart was affectionate and  
 " tender as the breath of summer, it was  
 " open as the bosom of the deep, it was  
 " faithful, secret, and resolute. His va-  
 " lour was adorned by wisdom, his con-  
 " quests were enlaurelled by mercy !—My  
 " friend, my Osmond, was all-perfect ! he  
 " was dearer to these eyes than the light of  
 " day, he was the treasure of my heart,  
 " the beam of my soul !

" He married, his wife was noble, lovely,  
 " and virtuous ; she was the dearest friend  
 " of my Aluine, your adored, your sainted  
 " mother ! — Scarce had Fitz Alwy been  
 " blessed with his loved partner a year,  
 " when death appeared, swiftly approach-  
 " ing, to enolasp her in its clay-cold arms  
 " —in vain he wept, in vain he prayed—  
 " Editha grew worse, and the pangs of  
 " labour heightened all her danger. In that  
 " hour, Fitz Alwy made a fatal vow—  
 " should his Editha recover, he swore to  
 " forsake

“ forsake his home, to pass over to Jeru-  
 “ salem, and serve before its walls six years  
 “ —she did recover, her child was safely  
 “ ushered into the world, and Fitz Alwy  
 “ was restored to his adored wife—but to  
 “ leave her for ever !—For no sooner was  
 “ she out of danger, than he prepared to  
 “ fulfill his vow.—Editha, well nigh dis-  
 “ tracted, clung around him, and gazed  
 “ on him, as if her heart would break—  
 “ but, alas ! the fatal vow was passed—  
 “ he tore himself away. . . . .

“ Editha, on his departure, was the  
 “ picture of misery and despair ; he left  
 “ her in the care of his brother, Leofwin,  
 “ Lord Fitz Arnulf, who in person vied  
 “ with him—but his heart, his black and  
 “ diabolical heart, was indeed a contrast.  
 “ Heaven grant me pardon, if I wrong this  
 “ man ! but appearances so strongly plead  
 “ against him, . . . . . however,  
 “ time will best unravel the mysteries of  
 “ Mont Eagle !

“ Oh .

" Oh Fitz Alwy ! never, never could I  
 " forget the agonies which rent your  
 " young, fond heart, as you quitted your  
 " senseless Editha, and your infant son !—  
 " Wee distorted every feature of his manly  
 " countenance—as he passed Wolfnorth he  
 " stopped to bid my Aluine farewell ; you,  
 " my infant, at that moment scarcely two  
 " months old, lay in your mother's lap,  
 " he wept over you, and implored my  
 " Aluine to watch o'er his Editha ; she  
 " called God to witness that she would  
 " attend her with the affection of a sister—  
 " Fitz Alwy at this moment felt the pres-  
 " sure of your little fingers ; you smiled,  
 " and lifted your beautiful eyes to his  
 " face ; he pressed you to his breast, and  
 " turning to me---

" " Oh, my Ethelbert ! " ( he cried )  
 " " should I return no more, should the  
 " " smiles of your friendship no more glad-  
 " " den my heart—should I be destined no  
 " " more to embrace my Editha—to see  
 " " the

“ ‘ the youthful graces of my little son !—  
 “ ‘ should I, on a foreign shore breathe out  
 “ ‘ my last sad sigh !—oh, Ethelbert, re-  
 “ ‘ member the last requests of your de-  
 “ ‘ parted friend—Let our innocent off-  
 “ ‘ spring be oft nurtured in one cradle !  
 “ ‘ let their riper years improve their affec-  
 “ ‘ tion for each other ! let the children of  
 “ ‘ Osmond and Ethelbert be for ever  
 “ ‘ united !’ - - - - -

“ Oh my Fitz Alwy ! I attempted to  
 “ speak, but the feelings of my heart  
 “ choaked my utterance—a cold chill  
 “ stole over me, a sad presentiment of  
 “ the horrible events that followed ! Wit-  
 “ ness Heaven, that I ratify this contract !  
 “ happy, happy thought my dearest friend—  
 “ our children *shall* be united : And if  
 “ death should rob my infant of a father,  
 “ thou wilt be one, Fitz Alwy !

“ If your son, alas ! should want one, I  
 “ will supply that place ; I will enforce  
 “ this contract with my dying breath, if  
 “ it

“ it should please God to take me from  
 “ them.—

“ My darling Aluine smiling through  
 “ her tears said, ‘ Heaven knows how I  
 “ ‘ wish our children to be united’; Edith,  
 “ ‘ no doubt, will rejoice.’ ‘ Oh yes, she will!  
 “ ‘ she does rejoice!’ (interrupted Fitz  
 “ Alwy) ‘ for before this day we have oft  
 “ ‘ planned the marriage of our children.’  
 “ He departed; I accompanied him till  
 “ he embarked, I wrung his hand in  
 “ speechless agony! and heard his parting  
 “ accents sigh — ‘ Farewell, my Ethel-  
 “ ‘ bert!’ - - - - - oh! - - - - -

-----  
 “ Oh my child, my Ethelburga! - - - these  
 “ were the last words that ever blessed my  
 “ ears, spoken by Fitz Alwy! - - - - -  
 “ Six years afterwards—I saw him a pale—  
 “ a bleeding corpse—those eyes were  
 “ closed in death, which once beamed with  
 “ such fondness on me!—those graceful  
 “ limbs were cold and inanimate — pale

“ was

“ was that cheek which glowed with honest  
 “ feeling—still was that heart, which  
 “ beat with every terrestrial virtue - - - - -  
 “ silent that tongue, whose harmonious  
 “ accents were wont to cheer the sad, to  
 “ teach lessons of pity and wisdom—now  
 “ dumb, and immovable—no accents e’er  
 “ again could break ! Not even a last  
 “ farewell ! - - - - - not even a repetition  
 “ of—Farewell ! my Ethelbert ! !” - - - -

-----  
 Ethelburga wept over this portrait of  
 anguish, which her father had so faithfully  
 drawn ; the lines, quivering, hurried and  
 irregular, were too sincere testimonies of  
 that agony which to the hour of his death  
 wrung his affectionate bosom ;—She con-  
 tinued—

“ And I do, my Ethelburga, I do in the  
 “ hour of departing life impose the ratifi-  
 “ cation of this contract on you ; *your*  
 “ *hand, my child, I give to young Fitz*  
 “ *Alwy, the son of Osmond and his*  
 “ *Editha,*

“ *Editha, and now, alas! chieftain of Mont*  
 “ *Eagle. Your hand is betrothed to him*  
 “ *alone! - - - And oh my daughter! has-*  
 “ *ten to fulfill this engagement, lest some*  
 “ *untoward accident - - - some luckless*  
 “ *ill-starred prepossession should arise to*  
 “ *thwart and counteract my wishes—to*  
 “ *render my prayers abortive - - - to*  
 “ *plunge my departed spirit into sorrow,*  
 “ *regret, and misery !”*

Ethelburga laid down the manuscript.—  
 So awful, so solemn an injunction, which  
 at once settled the future fate of her life,  
 and fixed her destiny beyond the power of  
 fate to alter it, caused in her breast a  
 sudden, sickening emotion ; a cold tremor  
 seized her frame : she looked involuntarily  
 towards Mont Eagle——Its lord then  
 was to be her destined husband ! and there  
 was no appeal ! - - - It was the last re-  
 quest, nay more, the last command of her  
 parent ! - - -

‘ Thou shalt be obeyed, my father !’ ——— ‘  
 she

she faintly uttered ; she pressed the manuscript to her throbbing heart, and bowed in token of submission to her destiny - again her eyes ran o'er the lines—

*“ And I do in the hour of death impose  
the contract on you ; your hand, my  
child, I give to young Fitz Alwy !” - - -*

Emotions powerful and chilling overcame her—a flood of tears rolled down her cheeks---she sat for some moments unable to proceed. Reflection, however, stilled the rising tumult within her breast,--and she chid her heart for giving way to a childish and unfilial emotion.

‘ Is not Fitz Alwy,’ (she said) ‘ every  
‘ thing the most ambitious heart can wish  
‘ for ? Is he not the flower of our plains ?  
‘ Is he not valiant, sensible, and affectionate ? Is not his person unequalled in  
‘ beauty, majesty, and grace ? Does he not  
‘ seek to win my favour---Does not *he*,  
‘ who might aspire to any heart he chose,  
‘ does not *he* condescend to fear lest I  
‘ should



‘ should not approve him? ---- Senseless  
 ‘ girl!---above all, is he not the husband  
 ‘ chosen for me by my revered Father? and  
 ‘ am I not so fortunate as to be beloved by  
 ‘ him? Were there no such injunctions, is  
 ‘ he not the youth my heart would select  
 ‘ to pass my future days with?’

These reflections of the pious Ethelhurga brought peace to her soul; she smiled, and once more pressed the manuscript to her lips, and dashed the tear away that glistened in her eye; she read the remaining lines---

“ Oh Ethelhurga! my dear, my only  
 “ child, the sole representative of a great  
 “ and noble family! to thee I look for-  
 “ ward for the union of the two houses;  
 “ to thee I rely for the ratification of those  
 “ solemn promises which I made to Fitz  
 “ Alwy—but my strength wastes—  
 “ my trembling hand can scarce longer  
 “ guide my pen, I must conclude.

“ The two letters here inclosed; are from  
 “ my

“ my Osmond and his Editha, they are  
 “ further proofs of the wishes of my friend  
 “ to unite our houses,—and the medal  
 “ which is enclosed was sent me by him,  
 “ and which I flung around my neck, on  
 “ that fatal night I heard of his de-  
 “ cease - - - - this, my child, this will be  
 “ a gift for thee to present to thy youth-  
 “ ful lord ; that he may wear it constantly  
 “ upon his breast, as I have done ; and  
 “ when it presses on his heart, let him  
 “ recall to mind the friendship which ex-  
 “ isted between his departed father and me ;  
 “ let him remember the affectionate and  
 “ faithful regard my Osmond bore me, and  
 “ let him, when he reflects on those ties  
 “ which united our hearts, imitate him in  
 “ his conduct—to my Ethelburga.—

“ Farewell, my child, farewell ! - - - -

“ I feel, as I conclude these lines, that my  
 “ soul has taken leave of this world, for  
 “ ever ! And it is at this moment soaring to  
 “ superior regions ; where the spirit of thy

“ mother beckons with her shadowy hand ;  
 “ and the shade of my departed Osmond  
 “ sits upon its cloud of mist ! Farewell,  
 “ my Ethelburga !——the form of thy fa-  
 “ ther shall hover round thee as thou pe-  
 “ rusest these papers—it shall bless thee !  
 “ for it will hear thee say,—while thy  
 “ sweet eyes are begemmed with tears,——  
 “ ‘ Religiously will I obey thee, my fa-  
 “ ‘ ther ! the houses of Falconberg and  
 “ ‘ Mont Eagle shall be united !’ - - - - -  
 “ - - - - - Oh ! - - - - -  
 “ Angels guard thee, my child ! - - - - -  
 “ - - - Farewell !—Farewell, my Ethel-  
 “ burga ! - - - - -

“ Falconberg.”

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The youthful Baroness uttered a prayer  
 to the spirit of her father ; alternately did  
 she press the manuscript to her lips and  
 bedew

bedew it with tears ; and as soon as they would permit her to regain her sight, she unfolded and perused the following.

---

**Editha, Baroness of Mont Eagle,  
to Aluine, Baroness Falconberg  
of Wolfnoth.**

“ ALAS, my Aluine !---where’er I turn,  
“ his image still pursues me---sometimes I  
“ see him tossed on the bosom of the mer-  
“ ciless deep, which, inattentive to my pray-  
“ ers and tears, bears him far from these  
“ extended arms : oh ! that the wind that  
“ fills his unkindly sails, lulled by my  
“ sighs, would refuse to convey him from  
“ these shores !

“ Sometimes, I see him surrounded by a  
“ thousand dangers---that bosom which has  
“ so oft reposed in my arms, bleeding by  
“ the hand of some vile infidel---I hear his  
“ cries ! I see the cruel steel enter his dear  
“ breast !

" breast! while I, wretch that I am, am  
 " removed far from him---whose tears  
 " cannot bedew his adored form, wretched  
 " Editha! Better had death not withheld its  
 " uplifted dart---it would have been bliss  
 " to have expired in the arms of my Os-  
 " mond! But I am, alas! condemned to the  
 " most lingering and painful death--I am  
 " at once bereaved of all life holds dear to  
 " me, and I have the painful aggravation  
 " of knowing, that it is on my account he  
 " is banished from his native land.


" Oh my Osmond! why, to give me  
 " life, did you condemn me to a lingering  
 " death? why, by dooming yourself to be  
 " absent from me, deprive me at once of  
 " my existence? I call in vain for him---he  
 " hears me not!---the woods, the lonely re-  
 " cesses of the darkest caverns are alone  
 " the witnesses of my sighs and tears!

" Would to Heaven, dearest friend of  
 " my heart, that you were well enough to  
 " come to me: to you I would complain;  
 " we

“ we could converse upon all his virtues,  
 “ we could recount to each other some  
 “ little anecdote in which he shone most  
 “ conspicuous; but now, alas! my sighs  
 “ are answered by my sighs! I have no  
 “ one to whom I can pour out the amorous  
 “ effusions of my adoring heart.

“ In gazing on my little Ethelmorne, I  
 “ alone find a momentary cessation from  
 “ the pains that tear my soul, and I live  
 “ only to cherish the darling of my lord.  
 “ Oh my friend! I wish your dear little  
 “ Ethelburga was old enough to play  
 “ with my boy, that I might already en-  
 “ deavour to instil into their hearts that  
 “ fond affection which is to unite them.

“ How my absent Osmond doats upon  
 “ the accomplishment of his plan!---surely  
 “ never was friendship half so ardent as  
 “ that he feels for your Ethelbert---he hath,  
 “ in all the extacy of his delight, imprinted  
 “ an E upon the bosom of my little Ethel-  
 “ morne, which he says is to instil into  
 “ his



" his heart love for the little partner of his  
 " life. And the mark seems to be obe-  
 " dient to his wishes, for it is so indelibly  
 " fixed in the most beautiful hue of red;  
 " and I do not believe that any time will  
 " efface it: so tenacious was he however  
 " about it, that he has enjoined my strictest  
 " secrecy; not even doth Leofwin know  
 " of it, so fearful is he lest some officious  
 " hand should remove this dear impres-  
 " sion.

" My Ethelmorne grows more lovely  
 " every day; and yet I am sure he is so  
 " bathed with my tears, that I wonder his  
 " bloom doth not wither away.

" Poor Leofwin is kind and attentive;  
 " but I think his absence of mind, his me-  
 " lancholy, his despair, being constantly  
 " before me, serves but to increase my mi-  
 " sery: I wish, my Aluine, that you were  
 " with me; you would assuage the tor-  
 " tures which rack my heart for the de-  
 " parture of my Osmond.

" Oh

" Oh Osmond, Osmond ! six long years  
 " have you destined me to despair ! you will  
 " come, but you will not find me ! the  
 " tomb will be the only refuge for a wife  
 " who cannot, cannot survive your loss !  
 " Forgive me, my friend ; but ah, you  
 " can but half imagine the despair of the  
 " forlorn, lost

" Editha."

---

' Dear unfortunate !' (said Ethelburga  
 as she endeavoured to oppose a river of  
 woe which intercepted her sight) ' and  
 ' thou wast doomed never again to embrace  
 ' that Osmond, for whom thy heart so  
 ' tenderly beat ? what must not have been  
 ' thy cares, to break so pious a heart ? And  
 ' you, Fitz Alwy, your infant form was  
 ' bathed by the tears of this dear afflicted  
 ' angel ! Thy bosom bears the initial of my  
 ' name,



‘ name, imprinted by the hand of thy poor  
‘ father !’

The person of Fitz Alwy became more interesting to her as she perused these passages of his infancy ; she saw him an orphan deprived of the tenderest of parents—she reflected that these parents, conjointly with her father and mother, had set their dearest hopes upon her marriage with Fitz Alwy—she uttered a fervent prayer of thanks, that her destined husband appeared so all-perfect.

Another letter still remained unopened—she sat gazing for some time upon the light majestic towers of Mont Eagle, now fully blazoned by the sun, and having reflected for some time, prepared to peruse the following :

Osmond

**Osmond Fitz Alwy, Baron Mount Eagle, to Ethelbert, Lord Falconberg, Baron of Wolfmorth.**

“ Oh my Ethelbert ! what grief, what  
 “ corroding anguish have you inflicted  
 “ upon the bosom of your friend !—And is  
 “ my Editha, the beauteous partner of my  
 “ days, no more ?

“ Oh ! my friend, here is indeed a blank  
 “ in life, which never, never can be filled !  
 “ My first, my only love is gone, gone  
 “ to the bosom of the silent grave,—and  
 “ I am left alone.—

“ My sighs shall wither the laurels you  
 “ say I have won—or, no---they shall be  
 “ strewn upon the tomb of her who is no  
 “ more.—

“ Fame, no more shall I seek thee ! of  
 “ what was thy avail, but to have decked  
 “ the name of my Editha ? Or---no : I  
 “ will rush into the battle’s hottest fury, I  
 “ will there seek to lose a life that is be-

“ come hateful to me.—When I look  
 “ around, I can scarce believe my senses  
 “ are not indulging in some maddening  
 “ vision—you, my Ethelbert, who was  
 “ yesterday blest with an adored partner,—  
 “ I, who possessed the world’s best treasure,  
 “ a life of rapture ! in my Editha—we are  
 “ now both friendless, and alone ; like  
 “ some tall pine left standing lonely on  
 “ the mountain top, the sport of the re-  
 “ bellious tempest, we are left alone on  
 “ the hill ! our little cherubs, robbed of  
 “ their tender mothers’ care, will perish  
 “ in the blasts of the storm.

“ My poor Ethelmorne ! my tender  
 “ boy ! oh ! you will cherish him, you  
 “ will protect him ! and when I am gone  
 “ you will remember my last request, that  
 “ he and your Ethelburga should be  
 “ united. Oh ! thought I, that blessed  
 “ sight would still gladden this broken  
 “ heart ; I yet would live to see them  
 “ one ! and die.

“ Oh

" Oh Editha ! Editha ! and art thou  
 " gone ? is this not some unpleasant dream  
 " to fright my soul to madness ?——But  
 " alas ! no---another hand than thine has  
 " taught my heart the fatal secret. I have  
 " just received a youthful knight---Sir Bevis  
 " De Wilton is his name, who came the  
 " messenger of these dreadful tidings ;  
 " and my poor brother gives me an ac-  
 " count which assists to freeze my soul.—  
 " Alas ! Ethelbert, what your officious care  
 " hid from me, I am now too well aware  
 " of—it was the report of my decease that  
 " killed my Editha !——I wish you could  
 " have my poor infant from Mont Eagle ;  
 " I think you might instil into his youthful  
 " mind love for her, whose name is already  
 " imprinted on his breast.—My poor brother  
 " is so unused to nurse the cares of in-  
 " fancy, it will only the more distress  
 " him---but as I hear, (Heaven bless him !)  
 " that he doats upon my child equally  
 " with his own ; do not tear his wounded  
 " soul

“soul with any request that may cause  
him sorrow.

“Farewell, my friend! I am called  
away---the loud blast of the trumpet  
hurries me to the embattled field—if I  
fall, with my last words I pray, may  
Heaven and its holy Saints bless  
thee!——

“Osmond.”

Ethelburga now closed the packet, the melancholy contents of which had touched her soul with lively regret; she leant her head upon her hand, and sat some time in deep reflection. She pressed the medal to her breast, and religiously enwrapped it in her father's letter, until that time should arrive when she could prevail upon herself to obey his wishes, and give it to Fitz Alwy.

Some hours were passed by Ethelburga in pensive thought; a tear now and then wandered down her cheek, as she gazed  
upon

upon those lines which were penned by a parent's hand, long since mouldered in the tomb; they were tears of placid sorrow, of pleasing regret; and she indulged in them, until the hour tolled from Mont Eagle's tower, and reminded her of the length of her seclusion: she folded the packet in many a secure envelopment, and banishing, or rather imagining that she had banished the tear-trace from her cheek, she quitted the tower chamber.

At this end of the Castle, were all the private apartments of Ethelburga, which opened into one another, and likewise into a long magnificent gallery, where hung the portraits of her renowned ancestry: the tower chamber she had quitted, was her favourite resort, it commanded a most beautiful view of the Castle of Mont Eagle, whose wooded heights and aspiring towers were well contrasted to the flatness of the wold. This was a corner tower of the vast tournament court, and like-

likewise united the castle to the court : on this floor was a most beautiful octagon chamber lately furnished by Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey for the private use of Ethelburga ; its roof was arched and most richly worked of pale-coloured oak, and richly gilt—as likewise the pannelled walls and arched window cases and doors. The furniture was dark blue velvet, superbly enriched with gold.

Ethelburga passed through her bedroom, and from thence through her private suite of apartments, when she entered the gallery and proceeded to the first drawing-room, fitted up with oak and pale blue silk, called the *Blue Chamber*, in which being very private, and removed by some anti-rooms from the state apartments, she expected to find Augustine : she opened the door and advanced some steps, when she started back, as, instead of her friend, Fitz Alwy with his back towards her met her view---he sat with his cheek reclined

clined upon his hand, his hair hung in loose dishevelled curls around his fine countenance: his cheek was unusually pale, and his beautiful profile bore the stamp of sadness, while a slight contraction of his brows betrayed that his ruminations were not of the most pleasing cast. Ethelburga softly prepared to retreat, but the noise her light footsteps had made disturbed Fitz Alwy; he started from his seat, and flew to detain her.

Her situation was cruelly painful; the papers she had been perusing were yet fresh in her mind, and this sudden interview with her future husband had confused and distressed her.

‘ My Lord !’ (she said, in tones tremulous and faint) ‘ I did not expect to meet you here——I came, thinking that Augustine——’

‘ Alas, Ethelburga !’ (he exclaimed in a tone of disappointment) ‘ and you would have



‘ have shunned the spot, had you known I  
 ‘ were here !’---He cast on her a look of  
 tender reproach.

‘ I would not have intruded, my Lord,  
 ‘ upon your melancholy reflections ; let me  
 ‘ retire.’——

‘ Intruded, Ethelburga !---*you* were the  
 ‘ subject of my reflections at that moment !  
 ‘ you were conjoined with the image of  
 ‘ your father---and with mine !’——(his  
 voice faltered, he became agitated, and  
 endeavoured to lead her to a seat)---‘ a  
 ‘ few moments, Ethelburga, I conjure you !  
 ‘ do not add to my affliction !

She was moved by the distress pictured  
 in his countenance ; a letter lay open  
 on the table, it was the hand of the late  
 Lord Fitz Alwy---her heart was pained  
 for him ; she cast on him her eyes full of  
 tears, and permitted him to seat her, and  
 place himself by her side, he retained her  
 hand in his. For a few moments he  
 covered

covered his face in his hand, he leaned his elbow on the table, and appeared to weep.

‘Fitz Alwy,’ (said the affectionate maid)  
 ‘you are distressed! I too well know the  
 ‘sad cause of your affliction, an affliction  
 ‘in which I can unite with you: our  
 ‘fathers were friends---their hearts beat  
 ‘with fond affection for each other---we  
 ‘have lost them both——’ she wept.

Fitz Alwy lifted up his head, his countenance was agitated, he pressed her hand to his heart, she felt its palpitation.

‘Oh Ethelburga!’ (he cried sinking on his knee), ‘permit me to be a father, brother, husband to thee! Thy father has bequeathed to me this precious gift—and will not my dear, my adored Ethelburga confirm it?—’

Tears dimmed her bright eyes, and for a moment articulation was denied her---Fitz Alwy, the graceful Fitz Alwy, knelt at her feet; he held the hand he retained to his

his heart ; he gazed imploringly upon her face---the will of her father rushed forcibly upon her mind, she smiled through her tears,—oh ! 'twas the fair beam of a April morn, which breaks through a cool translucent shower !——she smiled through her tears—and said,

‘ Oh Fitz Alwy ! can you doubt my inclination to fulfill the requests of a departed parent ?---’

Fitz Alwy was now all delight ; he pressed her hand in rapture to his lips, nor did he attempt to draw from her that confession which some lovers would have been miserable without ; he did not urge that inquiry so necessary to the peace of a delicate mind ; he did not seek to discover whether her inclination was to fulfil alone her father's wishes, or whether it sprung from love to him ! She was to be his, he was certain she would be his wife !—and he was satisfied.

He arose from his knee, he placed himself

self by her side ; and Ethelburga felt greatly relieved that he did not further urge to her his inquiries : she was, however, somewhat astonished at the calm and serene cast of his features, the unagitated and easy deportment which so quickly succeeded to the unsettled manner, the picture of touching distress, which he had but a moment before manifested by each action, and which had so much won upon her soul. Her heart was touched by sadness, and the cord of tenderness yet vibrated with those soft sensations which had stole upon her mind ; she felt as if this succeeding serenity and placidity of Fitz Alwy in a manner violated these sweet but melancholy sensations.

The papers which lay on the table, and which he had evidently been perusing when she entered, she perceived were partly written in the hand of her father ; while a letter of his father and many of the Lady Editha's appeared to have been  
un-

unclosed: *his* eyes passed over these sad memorials with an easy indifference, which struck the tender heart of Ethelburga with concern: her eyes filled with tears whenever they encountered these afflicting objects.

‘It is not unmanly to be afflicted by such recollections as these relics cannot fail to produce, for I have seen Fitz Aubrey oft times afflicted by them; and if they should have this effect on the friend---what should not be the feelings the child?’

These were *her* reflections---while Fitz Alwy, with all the enchanting eloquence in the world was picturing in animated colours his love, and those scenes of happiness which were to open before their eyes: he, at last, remarked her absence, and the sadness which pervaded her, and as he commenced to reproach her with it, Sir Philip entered.

At sight of him, Ethelburga could not  
restrain

restrain her emotions; he approached her with tenderness; she threw herself on his breast, and wept.

‘Dearest child of my affection!’ (he said) ‘I seek not to banish these tears from your cheek, they are transports grateful to my heart! oh my love! if your dear father could look down from Heaven, he would approve his child.’

Sir Philip, as he pronounced these words, raised his eyes emphatically to Heaven; his glance had passed over Fitz Alwy, his countenance was sad.

‘Oh my Ethelburga! endeavour to moderate your affliction; I call Heaven to witness how dear your peace of mind is to my heart, how necessary you are to my happiness’—said Fitz Alwy as he fondly drew her to the seat she had quitted.

‘I see, my children, you have already participated in each other’s feelings,’ (said Sir Philip as he folded up the scattered papers

papers of Fitz Alwy which laid on the table, and gave them to him), 'it is unnecessary for me to intrude more of these painful subjects on you at present. You, my Lord Mont Eagle, I will venture to declare have committed to your charge Heaven's best earthly gift: I reflect on the virtues of your departed father with additional delight, when I consider them as pledges of my Ethelburga's happiness.'

Fitz Aubrey bowed to Fitz Alwy, who somewhat agitated strove, by every animating art, to banish from the Baroness that sadness which the late events had awakened in her mind.

## Chap. IX.

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"And is the son of Comhal fallen, chief of the gloomy tale ?  
The thunder rolls on the hill ! The lightning flies on wings  
of fire ! they frighten not Comala ; for Fingal is low. Say,  
chief of the mournful tale, fell the breaker of the shields ?"

*Ossian.*

---

**P**ACING the eastern rampart, with his arms folded in his cloak, and his black curled head uncovered, was Sir Morcar de Mowbray : his heart was keenly interested for the happiness of his fair cousin, whose destination Sir Philip that morning had made known to him : he listened with somewhat of pain to the positive commands of Lord Falconberg ; not because he disliked Fitz Alwy, for, on the contrary, he had the highest opinion of his valour and skill, and admired him for his beauty and his graceful



graceful manner ; but this determined destination agitated his noble soul—

‘ Ah !’ (he cried), ‘ and if my Ethel-  
 ‘ burga should, by any strange accident,  
 ‘ feel repugnance to this marriage, what  
 ‘ fate is hers !—who can judge the inclina-  
 ‘ nations of the heart ? was it not ill-advised  
 ‘ of my poor departed relative, to leave  
 ‘ her no appeal from this command ?’—

He cast his eyes towards the majestic towers of Mont Eagle ; a brilliant sun illumined them, it freshly tinted the emerald turf on which he trod, and dressed with a thousand beauties the infant budding forest ; the rippling and transparent waves of the moat sparkled in its bright rays. Its generous influence was acknowledged by the heart of Sir Morcar, he foreboded peaceful and happy events ; his open brow relaxed from the frown which had contracted it, he paced the rampart to and fro, and awaited impatiently the presence of the good Warden.

Sir

Sir Philip now appeared : his countenance was pale, a tear was in his eye ! he sighed, as he placed his arm within Sir Morcar's, but remained silent.

' Is Fitz Alwy much distressed by the disclosure you have made him ? are his papers, his letters, as peremptory as thine and Ethelburga's ?'

' *His papers I have not seen ;*' (replied Fitz Aubrey, his voice low and depressed) — when I entered his drawing-room, he was in conversation with the Lord of Ithona : the latter arose on my entrance, and departed ; Fitz Alwy asked me my commands, I drew the packet from my bosom, and presented it to him. " This, my Lord," (I said), " will best explain my commission ; I fear it is my task to pain you with sad recollections, which, had it not been for certain circumstances, I would willingly have waved. — This packet was delivered to me by the late Lord Falconberg, but a few hours

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“ hours previous to his death ; you perhaps  
 “ know, my Lord, your father, your  
 “ departed father, was his dearest friend.”

‘ Fitz Alwy manifested the utmost agitation, he unclosed the packet with  
 ‘ trembling hands ; I was unwilling farther  
 ‘ to distress him, by being witness of his  
 ‘ grief ; I retired to his anti-room, and  
 ‘ begged him to call me, when he had perused the packet.—I remained some time,  
 ‘ when he called me to him ; his countenance was pale and agitated, his voice  
 ‘ faint and tremulous ; he took my hand  
 ‘ when I entered, *his* was cold as death,  
 ‘ . . . I did not, however, see the trace  
 ‘ of a tear upon his cheek.’

‘ His heart was too full to weep !’ (interrupted the generous Mowbray, while *his* manly cheek glowed, a tear came in his eye).

Sir Philip replied not,—but continued—

‘ I sat down beside him, and opened my  
 ‘ business with that which was dearest to my  
 ‘ heart :

‘ heart: as I praised Ethelburga, he re-  
 ‘ gained his composure, delight was in his  
 ‘ countenance, when I mentioned a speedy  
 ‘ union, he pressed my hands with fer-  
 ‘ vency---

‘ “ Oh, my dear Sir Philip !” (he cried)  
 ‘ “ how grateful are you to my heart ! for  
 ‘ “ this blessed, this happy intelligence, of  
 ‘ “ which you are the bearer ; from the  
 ‘ “ first moment I saw the Baroness, my  
 ‘ “ peace of mind was destroyed ! love and  
 ‘ “ anxiety have preyed upon my heart ; I  
 ‘ “ feared lest her worthy friends---and  
 ‘ “ mostly you, Sir Philip, (whom it will  
 ‘ “ ever be my greatest boast to style my  
 ‘ “ dearest friend !) should frown upon my  
 ‘ “ suit : I do not hesitate to say, the  
 ‘ “ knowledge that you have this day given  
 ‘ “ me, with the flattering assurances of  
 ‘ “ your good wishes, have made me the  
 ‘ “ most blessed of human beings.”

‘ At this moment, I heard Lord Honter-  
 ‘ combe and Sir John conversing in his  
 N 2                    ‘ dressing-

‘ dressing-room ; I was vexed at this--  
 ‘ you know, De Mowbray, how tenacious  
 ‘ I am of any outrage done to the feelings ;  
 ‘ I rose, and begged of him to accompany  
 ‘ me to the Blue Chamber, where we should  
 ‘ be more private.

‘ Here, then, I opened to him the sub-  
 ‘ ject, painful as it was, of his father’s  
 ‘ dreadful end : I cannot imagine the rea-  
 ‘ son of his not having pressed upon me,  
 ‘ questions concerning this subject---I think  
 ‘ it next to impossible, that Lord Falcon-  
 ‘ berg, in his letter to him, had not men-  
 ‘ tioned it --- I therefore said, “ You  
 ‘ “ know, my Lord, no doubt, of the sus-  
 ‘ “ picions of the departed nobleman,  
 ‘ “ whose papers you have perused ; you,  
 ‘ “ no doubt, are aware of the dreadful  
 ‘ “ events which preceded and succeeded  
 ‘ “ your father’s death, . . . his murder,  
 ‘ “ alas ! I fear---”

‘ Fitz Alwy’s agitations were great, he  
 ‘ interrupted me---

‘ “ You

‘ “ You have no doubt, then, Sir Philip,  
 ‘ “ of my father’s murder ? May it not have  
 ‘ “ been an idea, produced by the sickened  
 ‘ “ and melancholy imagination of Lord  
 ‘ “ Falconberg ?---may it not have been  
 ‘ “ some dream ? some vision of the old  
 ‘ “ man ?---”

‘ I felt vexed at his incredulity, I am  
 ‘ sure I regarded him with a look of re-  
 ‘ proach---“ My Lord,” (said I), “ there  
 ‘ “ can be, alas, no doubt of this dreadful  
 ‘ “ fact . . . . I am but too well con-  
 ‘ “ vinced . . . .

‘ “ It grieves me, it cuts me to the soul,  
 ‘ “ Sir Philip, the idea is very dreadful !”  
 ‘ . . . . . he leaned his head upon his  
 ‘ hand.

‘ “ Alas ! my Lord,” (I said), “ take  
 ‘ “ comfort, the murderers---part at least---  
 ‘ “ may yet be punished---”

‘ “ Yet be punished !” he cried, and,  
 ‘ starting up, gazed earnestly upon me for  
 ‘ some time, then regaining his compo-  
 ‘ sure,

' sure, "Alas!" said he, "I would willingly  
 ' "forget this dreadful deed of Fitz Ar-  
 ' "nulf's, if so it was ; my young cousins  
 ' "already complain of my not doing  
 ' "enough for them ; more I could not do  
 ' " ---their conduct I wish not to name.  
 ' " But, however, I had determined, even  
 ' " still to protect them---yet how, Sir  
 ' " Philip, how am I to foster the children  
 ' " of my father's murderer ?---"

' " "You cannot, my Lord," (I replied),  
 ' " but there are *others* I could point out,  
 ' " far, far more culpable than your cou-  
 ' " sins, who were children, and too young  
 ' " to have participated in the crime :---  
 ' " there are now two men, whom I shud-  
 ' " der to repeat, are about your person,  
 ' " who most certainly were actors in this  
 ' " horrid transaction.---"

' " My God, Sir Philip ! who are  
 ' " they ? — " (he demanded with eager-  
 ' ness,) " Lord Gerard de Montecombe,  
 ' " and Sir Bevis de Wilton."

' " Heavens !"

‘ “Heavens!” (he exclaimed). ‘ I now  
 ‘ related to him, my reasons for feeling con-  
 ‘ vinced of this : he heard me, not without  
 ‘ agitation ;—but I cannot help remarking  
 ‘ to you, De Mowbray, that all Fitz  
 ‘ Alwy’s manner was more of curiosity  
 ‘ than interest ; particularly *that* interest  
 ‘ that one would imagine a son would feel on  
 ‘ the mention of the murder of his father  
 ‘ —and above all, he seemed still to doubt  
 ‘ this dreadful deed ; and frequently  
 ‘ asked me, if I was *perfectly* convinced  
 ‘ of the *murder* !

‘ When I had finished my relation, he  
 ‘ exclaimed — “ These men must be in-  
 ‘ “ stantly dismissed,---had I known of  
 ‘ “ these surmises, they never should have  
 ‘ “ remained---oh, Sir Philip ! how cruel  
 ‘ “ of you, so long to keep this secret !---  
 ‘ “ yet, had I not better try to get from  
 ‘ “ them the truth of this business ?---Ever  
 ‘ “ since I was a child I have known and  
 ‘ “ been used to them ; my uncle, whom  
 ‘ “ I



‘ “ I seldom saw, gave me up entirely to  
 ‘ “ these men : whatever they have done  
 ‘ “ to the father---certainly to the son they  
 ‘ “ have been faithful : I should not in my  
 ‘ “ passion, Sir Philip, forget this ; let me  
 ‘ “ endeavour, therefore, to convict them  
 ‘ “ of the crime, before I punish them for  
 ‘ “ it ; however, it is needless to say, that  
 ‘ “ their sight, from this moment, will be  
 ‘ “ hateful to me---I must banish them my  
 ‘ “ presence, and that shortly too.---”

‘ I now conversed with him concerning  
 ‘ his father’s death, and of his early life.--  
 ‘ of his cousins likewise, I asked some  
 ‘ questions ; on these points he evaded me,  
 ‘ frequently sighing, and laying his face  
 ‘ upon his hands : but from what I can  
 ‘ learn, I fancy the young Fitz Arnulfs  
 ‘ are as bad subjects as their father ; and  
 ‘ Fitz Alwy wishes to be spared the recital  
 ‘ of their vices.—He told me, he remem-  
 ‘ bered little of Fitz Arnulf, and in truth  
 ‘ he was very young when he died.—He

‘ now

‘ now thanked me in graceful and expres-  
 ‘ sive language, for the trouble I had  
 ‘ taken ; he pressed my hands, and once  
 ‘ more declared, that to be worthy of Ethel-  
 ‘ burga, was the fondest wish of his heart,  
 ‘ and that her happiness would be his whole  
 ‘ delight.—I embraced him, I bade him  
 ‘ farewell : as I gazed on him, and re-  
 ‘ called my dear long-lost friend’s image to  
 ‘ my view, I wept, and displayed involun-  
 ‘ tarily the devotion I felt for his father.  
 ‘ I took him in my arms---“ Oh, Fitz  
 ‘ “ Alwy!” (I cried) “ dear, dear art  
 ‘ “ thou to my heart, from the blood  
 ‘ “ which flows in thy veins ! thy father  
 ‘ “ was the light of my soul, and I love  
 ‘ “ thee as his child ! Hated Fitz Arnulf !  
 ‘ “ you robbed the world of its greatest  
 ‘ “ ornament---oh, Fitz Alwy ! Fitz Alwy !”  
 ‘ — I felt him tremble in my arms,  
 ‘ his cheek was pale as death---I left him in  
 ‘ agitation.’

‘ Was he not violent, my dear Fitz

‘Aubrey, when you unfolded the crimes of those monsters? was he not mad, frantic?---’

‘No,’ (replied Sir Philip), ‘*that* astonished and disappointed me; and I can in no way account for his calmness, save that he doubts the fact;---yet how can he doubt it?——’Tis true, his words expressed, in all the flow of language, that he is so well master of, the horror and dismay he felt---but these were words alone.---Regret, sorrow, tenderness, or filial love, shewed not their powers upon his manly countenance: it was at times agitated, but never tender; his tongue was too eloquent for his heart to have been deeply affected---alas! I know too well sorrow makes men dumb---there is no language so eloquent in mourning, as a tear.’

‘I am sorry for this,’---(replied the noble De Mowbray), --- ‘my cousin, my dear Ethelburga, would be happier with

‘ a man who possessed more feeling, and  
 ‘ less grace.’

‘ And yet,’ (said Sir Philip,) ‘ we can-  
 ‘ not expect every thing : in all my regrets,  
 ‘ I console myself by thinking, that Fitz  
 ‘ Alwy, notwithstanding his faults, is per-  
 ‘ haps one of the most perfect knights in  
 ‘ the world : but come, I left that dear  
 ‘ child in deep sorrow and affliction ; I  
 ‘ must return to her.’

---

Ethelburga sought Augustine : she  
 sought, and she found her in tears.

‘ Why art thou weeping, my dear friend ?’  
 (said the Baroness), ‘ what can have oc-  
 ‘ casioned this sorrow ?’

‘ Alas !’ (replied Augustine), ‘ Sir Eustace  
 ‘ is lost---he has not returned to Elfwold :  
 ‘ Edgar of Northwood, his esquire, has  
 ‘ sought him in vain ! that amiable youth,  
 ‘ who has won all our hearts, that un-  
 ‘ fortunate

‘fortunate but incomparable knight is gone!---’

‘And who is Sir Eustace?’ (said Ethelburga, in surprise), ‘Is it that stranger, who has so much awakened our curiosity?’

‘It is indeed,’ (replied Augustine), ‘and we have reason to fear, treachery has been the cause of his loss.---Sir Vortimer, whom I left in the saloon, brought us this sad intelligence; my brother is departing with him to make a further search.’

‘And *who* is this young unknown, who causes you all so much unhappiness? what is the mystery that envelops him.’

‘He is the brother of Agnes,’ (replied Augustine, sadly smiling), ‘he is the favourite of Lord de Warrenne---he is the chosen friend of Sir Vortimer, of De Lucy, and of my brother.’

‘But his name, Augustine, what mystery is there in his name, that it is so secret?’---

‘Alas!

‘ Alas ! *that* is sacred---and *you*, last of all, are to be informed of it.---Eustace ! poor Eustace, is away, and I am sure I will not disobey him in his earnest request.’

‘ You have interested me for this young stranger,’ (replied Ethelburga) ; ‘ I shall no more seek to know, what he so much wishes to conceal, --- but how was he lost?’---

Augustine explained to Ethelburga, the manner in which he had disappeared ; and having dwelt upon his virtues for some time, they were interrupted by Stanley’s voice, and knock at the door : Augustine coloured, they were sitting in her anti-room, Ethelburga bade him enter : Stanley was evidently surprised, the Baroness smiled, and said---

‘ I suppose you did not *wish* or expect to find me here?’---

‘ Pardon me, madam,’ (replied Stanley, confusedly), ‘ I have been requested by my brother,

‘imagined’—(tears swam in her eyes), ‘go,  
 ‘my Lord, bear to your cousin my earnest  
 ‘inquiries and prayers for his recovery.  
 ‘Heaven knows, I would not for the  
 ‘world that he were in danger.’

‘Tender-hearted Lady! your kindness  
 ‘to my unfortunate cousin has laid me  
 ‘under infinite obligations; but alarm  
 ‘yourself not, Madam, could we once pre-  
 ‘vail on Ardven to take the efficacious  
 ‘drug the Abbot would administer, I have  
 ‘no doubt he immediately would recover.’

The kind-hearted Edwin, who with sor-  
 row had found Dunthalmo much worse  
 this morning, and who in vain had endea-  
 voured to prevail on him to take the  
 medicine required, now addressed Ethel-  
 burga.

‘It would be the greatest cruelty in  
 ‘me, Lady, to withhold from you that we  
 ‘apprehend the most immediate danger,  
 ‘if Lord Ardven will not accept the  
 ‘draught of Father Bertrand—dare I,  
 ‘Lady,

‘ Lady, propose to you an act which I am  
 ‘ sure would obtain his immediate com-  
 ‘ pliance ? Alas, madam ! if you knew the  
 ‘ misery that rends the aching heart, the  
 ‘ sport of a cruel and merciless passion—  
 ‘ you would condescend perhaps to what  
 ‘ I have to propose—’ he pronounced  
 these words in the most affecting manner ;  
 a sigh accompanied them that could not  
 be misunderstood.—He, poor youth ! could  
 pity what he knew so well.

‘ Oh speak, Edwin ! Heaven knows I  
 ‘ will bless you for any proposition, which  
 ‘ may tend to the recovery of the gallant  
 ‘ young chieftain !’

‘ Would the Lady Ethelburga consent to  
 ‘ administer to Lord Dunthalmo this won-  
 ‘ der-working potion ?’—(said the gentle  
 Edwin.) ‘ Good God ! surely,’ (returned  
 Ethelburga), ‘ shall I hesitate in so afflict-  
 ‘ ing a circumstance to do all’——she  
 would have said more, but Edwin no  
 sooner had heard her affirmative, than the  
 affec-



affectionate youth flew to Sir Philip, and intreated him instantly to take the Baroness to Dunthalgo.

Fitz Aubrey approved Ethelburga's intentions with his eyes, and they soon proceeded to the chieftain's room. He lay in the last set of magnificent apartments which were on the western side of the Donjon court: Edwin proceeded first, Sir Philip and Ethelburga followed; Edwin drew nigh the high-canopied bed of purple tapestry, embroidered with violets—the room was dark—Ethelburga's soul was chill.

'Ardven! my dear Ardven!—let me  
' entreat you to accept this potion,—tis  
' cruel of you thus to persevere---'

A faint tremulous voice replied---

'Edwin, I thought you were my friend!  
'—leave me, leave me! if you are  
' determined to urge me thus---'

'Will you refuse to obey the commands  
' of Ethelburga?'---returned Edwin.

'Ethel-

‘ Ethelburga ! oh Ethelburga ! ’ replied Dunthalmo deeply sighing---

‘ Will you refuse her requests ?---oh Ardven ! ’

‘ Refuse her !---Edwin, Edwin, in any thing I would obey her, but in this---’

‘ Will you not comply ? ’---said Ethelburga advancing and presenting to him the potion : his pale and ghastly countenance terrified her beyond measure, tears streamed down her cheeks---Dunthalmo, when he saw her, uttered a cry of joy—he arose himself in his bed, but weakness overpowered him, and he sunk back in the arms of Edwin, who supported his head, while Ethelburga administered the draught---his large blue eyes were fixed upon her face, his lips quaffed the last drop, he kissed the cup, and sighed,

‘ This is too much !---’

‘ Compose yourself, my Lord, ’ (said Ethelburga), ‘ you say you would do any thing for me,---and yet by refusing these  
‘ medi-

‘ medicines, you distress me far more than any other person would do in the world.’

He breathed more freely, and feebly said---‘ Distress you, Ethelburga ! *I distress you ?---*’ his eyes were fixed upon her face, they were sunk and lustrless : she took his cold damp hand, she wept over it,---he felt her tears ; a sudden glow rushed through his frame, he raised his eyes to Heaven ! his heart was bursting--and he fainted on Edwin’s bosom.

Father Bertrand was in no way alarmed at this ; he gradually recovered him : Dunthalmo spoke no more, but Ethelburga had the satisfaction, ere she departed, to see him by the power of the draught lulled into a calm repose.

Soon after these events, Sir Morcar took Sir Philip aside.

‘ Lord Hontercombe is dismissed, I fancy,’ (said he), ‘ for he is now departing, and I saw Fitz Alwy frown on him as he quitted the saloon : besides Sir Durant Fitz

Osborne

‘ Osborne has informed me that when he  
 ‘ was in his apartment, he heard the Baron  
 ‘ in high words with Ithona---and that  
 ‘ particularly he overheard the latter say---  
 ‘ “ I will not support such conduct :”  
 ‘ And Fitz Alwy returned---“ You may de-  
 ‘ “ part, my Lord, as soon as you please.” ’

They now repaired to the private apartments of Sir Philip ; from whence they saw Lord Hontercombe, De Wilton, and some of the troops proceed to Mont Eagle. Sir Philip made known to him the strange circumstances witnessed the night before by Sir Aymer and Edwin---declaring likewise that the key of the private portal had not been out of his possession.

‘ And how came Edwin to be watching  
 ‘ at that time ?’ (said Sir Morcar) ‘ That  
 ‘ youth will kill himself by yielding to  
 ‘ despondency, but this affair should be  
 ‘ further regarded.’

‘ Surely’ (returned the good Warden) ‘ I  
 ‘ mean

‘mean to place centinels there for the future.’

‘No,’ (replied Sir Morcar) ‘do not that, for I wish to detect this secret---I will myself watch this night.---’

‘My dear Mowbray, it strikes me, some wandering ghost may have disturbed the quiet of the Castle, and the imagination of Sir Aymer and Edwin, heated by circumstances, may have given these disembodied spirits shape and likeness—Alas ! Lord Falconberg may perhaps at this solemn moment be haunting the habitation of his daughter—’

Sir Morcar smiled, he never credited the apparition of the late Lord Fitz Alwy; but knowing Sir Philip’s invariable opinion on this subject, he waved disputing it—

‘Ghost or not, it shall not escape me !—’ said he, and departed.

According to his promise, De Mowbray watched that night, beneath the ramparts; he kept pretty close to the wall on the outside,

outside, in order that those within might not be warned by the sight of him—he waited some time, but saw no person.

The night was calm and serene, scarce a breath of air disturbed its solemn quiet; the moon ever and anon was left unshaded by the light misty clouds, which at times obscured its radiance; and the meteors, (melancholy tokens!) were seen to flit across the moor. Sir Philip's opinion concerning the spirit of Lord Falconberg occurred to his mind; the scene was calculated to impose an awful belief into the heart even of the brave Morcar, and he sometimes fancied, as the wind drove the blue shapeless mists across the heath, that in the midnight fog, the spirit of his illustrious relative might sit, and that his voice low-toned and mournful was heard sometimes mingling with the passing gale!

As he watched, a light streamed from the Castle; he drew back, where the ground gently rose, to see from whence it came :

came : it was from Edwin's turret, presently the youth himself appeared ; he sat down as usual at his little casement, he lifted his lovely countenance to the moon, and gazed for some time ; at length he evidently wept !---De Mowbray's generous heart was moved.

‘ Poor youth ! ’ ( he cried ) ‘ too long I  
 ‘ have been an inattentive spectator of your  
 ‘ sorrows, which ought at least to have  
 ‘ had the solace of a friend ! but we  
 ‘ thoughtless and unfeeling, happy our-  
 ‘ selves, see not, or seeing, heed not, the  
 ‘ woes which rend the hearts of others.’

Edwin seemed now to look below ; the figure of Sir Morcar caught his eye, for he arose and removed his light into the inner chamber, then returning took his seat at the window. Sir Morcar knew not how to act ; if he told Edwin who he was, he might give the like information to those for whom he watched—if he did not, Edwin would certainly arouse Sir Aymer, perhaps

perhaps Sir Philip ; he now regretted that he had not mentioned to them his intention : while he was making these reflections Edwin was attentively observing him ; the moon now shot a bright ray aslant his figure, and revealed him to De Montague—he motioned to him silence, which Edwin understood. It now struck him that he could watch just as well from Edwin's chamber.

Thus determined, he gently entered the Castle ; he listened, and hesitated at every step, lest he should alarm the midnight rambles : the stairs which descended to this portal, were in a little tower, in a corner of Alfred's court, which rose opposite to Edwin's room ; as he crossed the narrow passage that divided the turret from his room door, he thought he heard voices in the apartment of Sir Durant Fitz Osburne ; he listened, but they were so low that he believed himself mistaken, and thought they were those of Fitz Alwy and his VOL. I. o esquires



## Chap. X.

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"The moon rests behind the hill. The beam is still on that lovely rock. Long are the shadows of the trees.——  
Shall I live in Tomathon, and the son of Menilow? My heart is not of rock; nor my soul careless at that sea, which lifts its blue waves to every wind, and rolls beneath the storm!"  
*Ossian.*

---

~~Edwin Montague's Story~~

'THE ruins of my family's greatness  
' still remain a venerable pile; which seems  
' to mourn our fallen honours.

' You, my Lord, as you passed the Castle  
' of Montaigne, (whose destruction it was  
' but yesterday you so feelingly lamented)  
' perhaps heaved a sigh for the luckless  
' possessor.

' My father, Lord Edwin Montague,  
' was the last representative of that ancient  
' family,

' family, which came over from Normandy  
 ' with Royal William: he had ever been  
 ' the staunchest supporter of the English  
 ' throne, and was so to the day of his  
 ' death, although a persecution the most  
 ' vile and treacherous that ever was carried  
 ' on against a man, brought him at last to  
 ' suffer an ignominious death.

' The Thane of Caithness had a magnifi-  
 ' cent castle on the borders, not many  
 ' leagues from the Castle of Montaigne ;  
 ' his attachment to our King Henry is  
 ' too well known to need repeating---and  
 ' no longer that Thane of Caithness, the  
 ' family is now represented under the il-  
 ' lustrious name of Fitz Mortimer, and  
 ' basks in the sunshine of the Southern  
 ' Court.——My father, although neces-  
 ' sitated, from his obedience to his King,  
 ' to pay the greatest deference to the  
 ' advice of the rebellious Thane, never  
 ' approved either his principles or his con-  
 ' duct ; and he had even been heard to say,  
 ' ---“ That

‘ ---“ That the man who would betray his  
 ‘ own country was never fit to be entrust-  
 ‘ ed in another.”

‘ It chanced however that Lord Edwin  
 ‘ repaired to the Thane of Caithness’ mag-  
 ‘ nificent castle---the form of my father, I  
 ‘ have heard, was matchless, tall and com-  
 ‘ manding, his features cast in nature’s  
 ‘ most perfect mould---sweet blue eyes ! light  
 ‘ auburn hair ! and teeth which shamed the  
 ‘ pearl’s most brilliant hue---his deportment  
 ‘ easy and inimitably graceful---his valour  
 ‘ acknowledged, and his manner soft, per-  
 ‘ suasive, and expressive !——Here he be-  
 ‘ came enamoured of my unfortunate and  
 ‘ lovely mother ;’——(Edwin’s voice was  
 inarticulate, he hesitated)---‘ nor was it  
 ‘ long before the soft Matilda had given  
 ‘ him the most tender testimonies of her  
 ‘ love.—She adored my father ! and, alas !  
 ‘ luckless girl, she placed the most un-  
 ‘ limited confidence in the bosom of her  
 ‘ cousin Bertha, the most detestable of  
 ‘ women,

‘ women, who, after having sated her full  
 ‘ revenge, became the wife of Sir Bevis de  
 ‘ Wilton.

‘ My father’s graces had awakened the  
 ‘ most ardent passion in the heart of Ber-  
 ‘ tha, and you may perhaps imagine in  
 ‘ what manner jealousy must have operated  
 ‘ in the blackest, and most violent of  
 ‘ hearts.—Our English Monarch, in order  
 ‘ to unite this powerful Thane more closely  
 ‘ to his interests, offered the Earl of Corn-  
 ‘ wall to Caithness for his daughter : this  
 ‘ match, which suited well to the ambitious  
 ‘ Thane, was proposed to the trembling  
 ‘ Matilda by him.—Imagine his rage  
 ‘ and astonishment, when his lovely child,  
 ‘ deluged in tears, and o’erwhelmed with  
 ‘ despair, declared the impossibility of her  
 ‘ fulfilling his commands, and acknow-  
 ‘ ledged that Lord Edwin Montague was  
 ‘ the sole possessor of her heart.

‘ Rage inflamed his breast—and the  
 ‘ first intimation my father had of his an-

ger, was his being cast into a dark impenetrable dungeon.

‘ Macwilliam (the chieftain of Yarrow, and my poor friend Donald’s father) was the greatest friend of Lord Edwin, although a bitter enemy to the English Crown, and the firmest supporter of his own. My father has oft been censured even by his friends for his intercourse with this chieftain; but he found him far more amiable than the Thane of Caithness, whom Macwilliam despised as a base traitor to his King and country — You, Sir, who have manifested the most liberal of hearts, will perhaps exempt my poor father from blame——’

‘ Surely,’ (returned the generous Mowbray); ‘ although enemies in the field, it does not follow that they should be so in the closet; and I feel the highest veneration for Lord Edwin Montague, who knew how to distinguish virtue, even in an enemy.’

‘ No

' No sooner did Macwilliam hear of the  
 ' confinement of my father, than he com-  
 ' menced hostilities, and determined to lay  
 ' siege to the Castle of Caithness. While  
 ' this was going on, my father lay loaded  
 ' with irons in his melancholy cell ; his  
 ' heart however bled more for Matilda  
 ' than himself, and his brain was fired to  
 ' madness, when he reflected that during  
 ' his confinement her cruel parent might  
 ' force her into a marriage with the Earl of  
 ' Cornwall.

' As he lay one day on his pallet of  
 ' straw, he was aroused by the opening of  
 ' his door, and a female entered—he started  
 ' as she approached, it was too dark to  
 ' distinguish, and his heart full of Matilda,  
 ' he imagined it was her. — She ad-  
 ' vanced and seated herself beside him,  
 ' when flinging off her veil, and being close  
 ' to him, he discovered the features of  
 ' Bertha !—

' Alas ! he knew not her intent ; and  
 ' imagining

‘imagining her to be the messenger of  
 ‘Matilda, his countenance glowed, and he  
 ‘expressed the joy of his heart.’

‘“De Montague!” (she said) “with  
 ‘“tears I see you waste the blooming  
 ‘“graces of your youth in solitary confine-  
 ‘“ment; do you imagine there are not  
 ‘“other hearts than Matilda’s sensible of  
 ‘“the power of your charms:—alas!  
 ‘“how mistaken—I have long loved  
 ‘“you!” (he shuddered) “with the ten-  
 ‘“derest passion, and I now come to offer  
 ‘“you my hand and your liberty—accept  
 ‘“it, and I possess a secret that will open  
 ‘“your prison gates, and give you once  
 ‘“more to your friends.—”’

‘She ceased; and my father could ill  
 ‘conceal his abhorrence and detestation:  
 ‘for some moments his tongue was chained  
 ‘with surprise and alarm, but the re-  
 ‘collection of his Matilda striking upon  
 ‘his heart, he veiled his feelings and  
 ‘pleaded for his love: obdurate was the  
 ‘heart

‘ heart of Bertha ! she quitted him deter-  
 ‘ mined upon his destruction.

‘ Macwilliam, who had laid siege to the  
 ‘ Thane in vain, for he was assisted as well  
 ‘ by the English borderers as the Scots,  
 ‘ now abandoned an open plan of attack,  
 ‘ and obtained by stratagem what he could  
 ‘ not by force : he enlisted with another  
 ‘ hardy chieftain in the service of the  
 ‘ Thane, and served some time ; but at  
 ‘ last was appointed to guard the prisoner,  
 ‘ whom I need not add he instantly released,  
 ‘ and departed with him.

‘ No sooner was he freed, than his ima-  
 ‘ gination was employed in contrivances to  
 ‘ see his adored Matilda ;—Macwilliam,  
 ‘ however, whose friendship was valuable as  
 ‘ well from the wisdom of his counsels as  
 ‘ the ardour of his heart, represented to  
 ‘ him the impossibility of obtaining his  
 ‘ desires whilst he was known to be in the  
 ‘ north ; he advised him to depart publicly,  
 ‘ and to return secretly, when they would  
 ‘ devise



' devise some plan to effect his wishes.  
 ' My father, with a breaking heart, com-  
 ' plied; nothing short of this cruel ne-  
 ' cessity would have induced my fond fa-  
 ' ther to forsake, for an hour, that spot  
 ' which inclosed his Matilda.

' In the mean time, my poor mother had  
 ' been closely confined, until the supposed  
 ' desertion of Lord Edwin, when the cruel  
 ' Thane, assuring her that the dear traitor  
 ' had forsaken her, opened her prison door,  
 ' as a proof of his veracity. At first, Ma-  
 ' tilda smiled at these aspersions on her  
 ' lover, but after some time, seeing him  
 ' not, and hearing of him in the South, her  
 ' health fell a victim to disappointed love.  
 ' The Earl of Cornwall was expected every  
 ' day to arrive in state, to claim the hand  
 ' of Matilda, when the Thane received a  
 ' letter from that nobleman, saying, that  
 ' he should arrive in two days, but begged  
 ' his arrival might be kept a secret from  
 ' all, for reasons which he should tell him,  
 ' but

' but which would not bear committing to pa-  
 ' per, and that he should come unattended.  
 ' Accordingly, at the appointed time, the  
 ' Earl arrived—he was of noble stature,  
 ' and had a haughty deportment; he was  
 ' unattended, save by two esquires, a moor,  
 ' and ten archers. Matilda implored in  
 ' vain, her inexorable parent dragged her  
 ' to his presence, and left her.—A loud sob  
 ' broke from her bosom; she started back  
 ' with loud screams of terror, on finding  
 ' herself inclosed in the arms of the  
 ' moor!—

' "Oh, my Matilda!" (cried a well-  
 ' known voice), "do I once more press  
 ' "you to this aching heart?"

' Joy succeeded grief; and the cousin  
 ' of Macwilliam, who personated the Earl,  
 ' advanced to congratulate them, and to  
 ' beg they would settle an immediate plan  
 ' of escape. She blushed; her gentle na-  
 ' ture shrunk from the idea of departing  
 ' from her father's castle with Lord Edwin  
 ' ---but

‘ —but his fond persuasions, his tears, his  
 ‘ prayers, and the wishes of her own  
 ‘ heart, overcame her scruples, and she  
 ‘ consented. Their escape was not at-  
 ‘ tended with difficulty ; for the ambitious  
 ‘ Thane permitted his daughter to go with  
 ‘ her supposed illustrious lover, either hunt-  
 ‘ ing, or to view his troops; in one of the  
 ‘ former excursions they fled, and were safe  
 ‘ in the security of Macwilliam’s Castle, ere  
 ‘ their flight was discovered.

‘ ’Tis impossible to describe the anger,  
 ‘ the despair, the desperation of the Thane,  
 ‘ on the discovery of his daughter’s depar-  
 ‘ ture ; and scarcely had it been discovered,  
 ‘ ere the real Earl of Cornwall arrived in  
 ‘ state ; he bore a letter, sealed by the  
 ‘ Royal Henry, demanding his bride.  
 ‘ Lord Cornwall, when he heard of her  
 ‘ elopement, stung with the indignity,  
 ‘ haughtily departed to England, and  
 ‘ Caithness was left to all the anguish of  
 ‘ rage and disappointed ambition.

‘ My

' My father quickly carried his lovely  
 ' bride to the South, since his own castle no  
 ' longer afforded him protection in quiet,  
 ' and he did not choose to subject his Ma-  
 ' tilda to a siege, so soon after their nup-  
 ' tials. Happy, happy passed these few  
 ' months of their lives, each hour added to  
 ' their bliss ! they remained in the Castle  
 ' of the good Baron de Montford, concealed  
 ' from the eyes of man. Bertha, however,  
 ' more active, even than her cruel uncle,  
 ' at devising schemes for the interruption  
 ' of their felicity, had now turned all her  
 ' former love to hatred. A Knight at this  
 ' time arrived, on an embassy to the Thane  
 ' of Caithness, from Lord Fitz Arnulf, of  
 ' the South—he was a mere boy, but be-  
 ' came enamoured of the Lady Bertha, and  
 ' at length revealed to her his passion.  
 ' Long had she been seeking in vain to dis-  
 ' cover the abode of my parents, on whom  
 ' she meditated a speedy and a deep re-  
 ' venge—this opportunity was seized with  
 ' avidity ;

‘ avidity; she promised De Wilton her  
 ‘ hand, provided he would discover their  
 ‘ abode.

‘ Alas! too faithful a servant did she  
 ‘ employ—and the industrious Wilton, in-  
 ‘ tercepting the letters of Macwilliam, and  
 ‘ murdering the helpless messenger, thus  
 ‘ discovered the abode of my luckless pa-  
 ‘ rents. Bertha, overjoyed beyond mea-  
 ‘ sure, flew to her uncle, and made known  
 ‘ to him her discovery.

‘ “And of what avail,” (cried the  
 ‘ haughty Thane), “is it to discover her,  
 ‘ “the wife of Lord Montague? is she not  
 ‘ “lost to me for ever?”

‘ “No, my Lord,” (replied the wary  
 ‘ Bertha), “I have still a plan, which will  
 ‘ “restore to you, your poor misguided  
 ‘ “child; why should you hesitate to de-  
 ‘ “liver up Lord Edwin to his offended  
 ‘ “Monarch; you know already, Henry is  
 ‘ “deeply incensed at his stealing Corn-  
 ‘ “wall’s bride—could you not easily mag-  
 ‘ “nify

“ nify this offence into treason?—does  
 “ not his intercourse with Macwilliam,  
 “ the hostile Thane of Yarrow, licence  
 “ this idea?—and at any rate, a little in-  
 “ dustry would bring forth proofs which  
 “ would lead him to the scaffold! . . . .  
 “ Your daughter once a widow—why  
 “ not the bride of Cornwall still?”—

“ Ah!” (exclaimed the transported  
 Thane, while he clasped the serpent in his  
 arms). “ dearest Bertha! you have re-  
 stored me to more than life! half my  
 fortune from this time is yours.”

‘ Alas! why must I say, this villany was  
 ‘ but too successful—oh! why must I re-  
 ‘ peat—(ungrateful story for a child to tell!)  
 ‘ —that, hurried from each other’s arms,  
 ‘ torn away in all the glowing charms of  
 ‘ love and youth, my father was dragged  
 ‘ to the relentless scaffold! . . . . Oh,  
 ‘ horror, horror!—in vain he pleaded his  
 ‘ innocence, in vain Macwilliam came to  
 ‘ the foot of England’s throne, and bowed  
 ‘ his

‘ his proud neck beneath the Monarch’s  
 ‘ rod, to serve his friend ! The snares of  
 ‘ Caithness were too wily---oaths, forgeries,  
 ‘ and lies, condemned my father---and dis-  
 ‘ grace, foul disgrace and ignominy, blasted  
 ‘ the fair name of Montague for ever!’---

Edwin buried his face in his cold hands  
 ---sighs burst from his indignant heart,  
 which swelled well nigh to breaking.

‘ Alas !’ (continued the youth, lifting  
 up his tearful eyes, to the spangled sphere  
 above his head), ‘ alas ! *I never was blest*  
 ‘ by a father’s presence ! *I never basked*  
 ‘ beneath the glances of his fond paternal  
 ‘ eye ! *I never knew a father’s care !—I*  
 ‘ was born in sorrow ; my mother, sense-  
 ‘ less, ushered me into the world---Fate  
 ‘ frowned upon my natal hour---for oh, the  
 ‘ day which gave light to my tearful eyes,  
 ‘ closed my poor father’s for ever ! . . .  
 ‘ My mother, from the moment of his being  
 ‘ torn from her arms, was lost to sense or  
 ‘ reason : scarcely was I born, when Lord  
 ‘ Mac-

‘ Macwilliam bore me from my raving mo-  
 ‘ ther’s arms---and the first dawning of my  
 ‘ infant mind disclosed him to me, hanging  
 ‘ over me in tears of bitter anguish, and  
 ‘ calling in piercing accents upon the name  
 ‘ of my departed father. My health was  
 ‘ never good, and I was shortly sent to the  
 ‘ Prince of Wales’s court, with Lord Mac-  
 ‘ william’s only child, poor Donald of  
 ‘ Yarrow. Here we remained some time,  
 ‘ till summoned to attend the death-bed of  
 ‘ the great chieftain, my protector : he now  
 ‘ disclosed to me what before he had indu-  
 ‘ triously concealed—the fate of my luck-  
 ‘ less parents.

‘ Ah ! Sir, could I describe to you the  
 ‘ effect, the deep indelible impression,  
 ‘ which sunk into my heart at that mo-  
 ‘ ment, you would no longer wonder that  
 ‘ my days were spent in sighs, my nights  
 ‘ in tears ! The form of my murdered father  
 ‘ was ever before me, it haunted my dreams ;  
 ‘ and the affectionate Donald in vain en-  
 ‘ deavoured



‘ friendship!---the fourth was destined to  
 ‘ revenge.---

‘ On the fourth, I armed for the combat;  
 ‘ and called the Lord of Lindisfern to an-  
 ‘ swer for the murder of my friend.---We  
 ‘ met, my arm prevailed, he fell beneath  
 ‘ the stroke of justice, and Donald, poor  
 ‘ Donald! was avenged.

‘ Sir Hubert, his brother, I was now pre-  
 ‘ pared to encounter; but he was a man in  
 ‘ whose breast treachery had no place: he  
 ‘ had heard the tale, and, instead of en-  
 ‘ countering me on the field, he opened his  
 ‘ gates to give me welcome, and owned that  
 ‘ his relation had been justly treated.

‘ I now returned to my mother: in a few  
 ‘ days, as I was sitting by her side, she  
 ‘ started up, and clasping her hands, gazed  
 ‘ on me wildly, and cried, “My Edwin!  
 ‘ “my dear Edwin!” I pressed her in my  
 ‘ arms, and begged her blessing on her son:  
 ‘ her eyes filled with tears, and were fixed  
 ‘ on

' length consented to be his bride, and that  
 ' he came to prepare for the nuptials. The  
 ' happiness of my friend was the sweet and  
 ' only consolation I had in all my sorrows :  
 ' ---But, alas ! need I repeat the tale too  
 ' well known ---perfidious Editha ! --- my  
 ' friend, alas ! fell by the arrow of trea-  
 ' chery, and with him was buried my last,  
 ' my only hope ! . . . Despair possessed  
 ' me ; I veiled my intentions from Father  
 ' Bertrand, but having his assurance that  
 ' no change of consequence would occur  
 ' in my mother before my return, I departed  
 ' for the Castle of the faithless Heiress of  
 ' Lorn. There, three nights I wept over  
 ' the corpse of my Donald : it had been his  
 ' last wish, that he should be buried on the  
 ' spot where he fell, in order to recall to his  
 ' Editha's mind his dreadful end, and the  
 ' result of her treachery and cruelty. Here  
 ' then I reposed for three days, three days  
 ' were given to the sorrows, the tears of  
 VOL. I. P ' friend-

‘piest event of my life,—you must consent  
 ‘to consider me in all those degrees of re-  
 ‘lationship that you have lost—make me  
 ‘your confidant, you shall never be disap-  
 ‘pointed in me.’

Edwin thanked him in the most lively expressions for his kindness, he promised to consider him henceforth his dearest friend, and thus continued—

‘After the loss of my mother and my  
 ‘friend, my heart, disgusted with the world,  
 ‘sought some calm retreat, and amongst  
 ‘the pious brothers of St. Cuthbert I found  
 ‘it—here I remained for some time, when  
 ‘growing attached to their calm seques-  
 ‘tered life, I earnestly prayed to become  
 ‘one of them. Father Bertrand, however,  
 ‘opposed my intention, he advised me not  
 ‘to bury myself from the world, and urged  
 ‘the calls of honour and glory to arouse  
 ‘me from my lethargy; he brought Sir  
 ‘Philip Fitz Aubrey to see me, and when

‘I

‘ I told them the heads of my story, and  
 ‘ the family from whence I sprung, I felt  
 ‘ myself pressed to the bosom of the good  
 ‘ Warden, who claimed to me near kin-  
 ‘ dred. He, with Father Bertrand, at  
 ‘ length tore me from my seclusion, and  
 ‘ placed me in the post I now occupy ;  
 ‘ their kindness has, in some measure,  
 ‘ healed my wounds—but they are too deep  
 ‘ ever to be obliterated.’

Sir Edwin ceased—when Sir Morcar  
 once more vowed to him eternal friendship,  
 and his generous soul became so interested  
 for the poor youth, that, from that moment,  
 he loved him more dearly than his own life.  
 They now separated, for the morning’s  
 grey dawn began to dispel the mists, and  
 the strangers had been forgotten in the in-  
 terest Edwin’s tale excited.

When Edwin turned from the door that  
 closed upon De Mowbray, he sighed as he  
 laid down his aching head—

‘ Alas,



## Chap. XI.

---

“ Her eyes were rolling stars ; her arms were white as the foam of streams. Her breast rose slowly to sight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her soul was a stream of light. Who among the maids was like the love of heroes ? ”

*Ossian.*

---

**T**HE tournament being ended, many of the guests departed, and Ethelburga enjoyed the society of Fitz Alwy, if possible with greater zest : the brother of Augustine d'Aubigny appeared to feel towards him much animosity, and could not conceal at all times his too apparent dislike ; the eye of the Baron sought not to meet his gaze, it sunk beneath it—for indeed the nature of the chieftain's temper seemed kindly and pacific, and his bravery and courage were too well substantiated to require the aid  
of

of violence ; he appeared to shun dispute, while he sought to mollify the young Knight, and avoided exasperating him, yielding up his whole attention to the Baroness.

Sir Morcar followed his cousin to her octagon room, and looking somewhat hurried and confused—

‘ My dear Ethelburga,’ (said he) ‘ have you any commands to Elfwold ?— Sir Philip has recommended to my notice, the Castle and its newly-erected court, as worthy of attention, and Edwin and myself purpose going there ; Stanley, who accompanies us, I see this moment has ordered round our horses.’

It did not pass unobserved by Ethelburga, that her cousin had evidently not neglected his appearance this day ; his manner was full of animation, and the colour flushed his cheek as he mentioned the name of Elfwold—she smiled.

‘ To Elfwold, Morcar !—I shall myself  
‘ be

‘ be going there soon ; but I fancy such  
 ‘ delay would ill agree with your impa-  
 ‘ tience—the Court in truth, I hear, is much  
 ‘ admired---but are there not other attrac-  
 ‘ tions ?---’

‘ You have as much penetration as beauty,  
 ‘ my fair cousin,’ (returned De Mowbray  
 smiling, and evidently in the utmost con-  
 fusion), ‘ but have you any commands ?’

‘ Oh ! patience, Morcar !’ (replied Ethel-  
 burga), ‘ I have my best wishes to Adela  
 ‘ ---Adela ! well - - - - - and to Agnes.  
 ‘ And Augustine, I know, has a thousand  
 ‘ messages---but there she is to speak for  
 ‘ herself.’

‘ Augustine has, I fear, already commit-  
 ‘ ted all her commands to Stanley Fitz  
 ‘ Aubrey---’ said Sir Morcar archly.

‘ All,’ replied she laughing---‘ excepting  
 ‘ those to Adela !—and those I reserved for  
 ‘ you.’---

Augustine now made known, that her  
 brother Sir Eliass prepared to accompany



them, and Sir Morcar kissing their hands, hastily withdrew.

‘There goes a truly enamoured Knight!’  
—(said Augustine smiling), ‘his heart is  
‘worth seeking, and Adela de Warreme  
‘will justly reward it. --- My brother is  
‘fled to avoid the presence of Lord Fitz  
‘Alwy; I do not think he will return, for  
‘he charged me with his best respects and  
‘apologies to you.’

‘I am sorry Sir Eliss has departed;  
‘what, Augustine, is the reason of their  
‘animosity?---’

‘The story’ (replied Augustine) ‘is a sad  
‘one, and a strange one too---my poor  
‘brother, I think, accuses Fitz Alwy rather  
‘unwarrantably as the destroyer of his  
‘happiness; but, poor fellow! you will pity  
‘him when you know the cause.—

‘Sigebert de Lucy, the Lord of Montalt,  
‘whose air and manner you weré so well  
‘pleased with, resides at his Castle, four  
‘leagues from Mont Eagle; he had a  
‘lovely

' lovely sister, the Lady Emma, of whom  
 ' my brother was excessively enamoured :  
 ' Lord de Lucy, who was his friend, rejoiced  
 ' in his love, and faithfully promised him her  
 ' hand.---The Baron of Mont Eagle, how-  
 ' ever, saw the young Emma when almost  
 ' a child, and became likewise enamoured  
 ' of her ; he offered her his hand, although  
 ' De Lucy and he had never been friends ;  
 ' my brother's pretensions were urged by  
 ' Sigebert as an excuse for refusing his  
 ' suit ; and as at this time De Lucy was  
 ' obliged to depart for a time into the South,  
 ' he left his young sister in the care of the  
 ' Earl of Wilton, a distant relation, and  
 ' uncle to Sir Bevis.

' Fitz Alwy, it seems, was favoured by the  
 ' Earl, and my brother treated with cold-  
 ' ness. Emma, however, who loved Eliss  
 ' tenderly, became miserable at the perse-  
 ' cutions of the Earl, who wished to force  
 ' her into a marriage with Fitz Alwy ;  
 ' my

‘ my brother was now denied all access to  
 ‘ her, and before he could take steps to  
 ‘ carry her away, alas ! she sickened and  
 ‘ died !——My poor brother never reco-  
 ‘ vered this shock ; he went to the South  
 ‘ and left me in the care of Lord Wul-  
 ‘ stan de Warrenne, my maternal uncle,  
 ‘ nor did he return till a few days before  
 ‘ I first had the happiness of seeing you.  
 ‘ ---But certainly Fitz Alwy, although  
 ‘ he was the indirect cause of Emma’s  
 ‘ death, did it very unintentionally : and I  
 ‘ think in *this* point the Baron is not to  
 ‘ blame.’

Ethelburga was grave ; and sincerely  
 pitied Sir Eliss d’Aubigny.

Sir Morcar and his party had pro-  
 ceeded to Elfwold : they passed to the  
 northward of the wold on their way  
 thither, and enjoyed a most beautiful  
 view of Mont Eagle, seated amidst its  
 luxuriant forest, its light gothic towers  
 topping

topping the upmost rock; they passed beneath its walls, and now rose gradually till they arrived at Elfwold.

This wold was a continuation of the moor on which Welfnorth was situated, but out of sight of the latter, being intercepted by the rocks of Mont Eagle.

The Castle stood on the most elevated part of this wold, which was a raised circle of about half a mile, and commanded a most extensive variegated prospect. On the eastern side the blue waves of the German Ocean were seen through a valley, with the little desolated fortress Fort Arnulf, which jutted into the rebellious surf. Around the Castle was a clump of forest-trees and blue pines, which much lessened the dreary appearance of the wold. The western side of the Castle first presented itself, which was composed of six round Saxon towers: towards the north projected the newly-constructed tournament court, which offered in this view the end of an oval surrounded by towers:  
it

it was built of a greyish stone, of huge and massy structure, and manifested in the greatest part venerable testimonies of antiquity.

Lord Wulstan de Warrenne received his noble guests with sincere and hearty welcome: the appearance of De Mowbray gave him the utmost pleasure, for the Baron's chief delight was the pursuit of arms, there was no virtue more commendable in his eyes than valour; De Mowbray's noble descent, his possessions, his connection with the Falconbergs, his form, his noble person, were such as Lord de Warrenne would be happy to see united to his daughter; and it was a match in every way suitable to his utmost wishes. But the Baron could ill conceal his vexation, the origin of which he soon exposed; for on Sir Morcar's inquiry if they had found the gallant young stranger, the Baron replied—

‘ No, Sir; it is with the greatest concern

‘ I

‘ I say, Sir Eustace has completely disappeared ; we have sent every where to seek him ; Edgar of Northwood, his esquire, is perfectly distracted, and my son with Lord de Lucy are not in a much better situation ; on this account I hope you will excuse their absence, for they are all fled in pursuit of Eustace, and I only remain because age has taken from me the power of being of use and making due exertions.’

He now led them up a magnificent flight of steps from one gallery into another, which Sir Morcar paused to admire.

‘ I have just finished a court, my Lord, (said Lord Wulstan with a smile which evidently showed his own delight of it,) which I believe will be the most perfect tournament court in Europe ; it is quite on a new plan of my own, and I shall be highly gratified, after you have paid your compliments to the ladies, to have your opinion,

‘opinion, and that of your friends——Oh!  
 ‘Sir Edwin Montague, I am delighted to  
 ‘see you at Elfwold—I see you are per-  
 ‘fectly restored to health.’

He opened a door near the end of the gallery opposite the hall, where sitting in a delightful apartment were Adela and Agnes, who appeared to be listening to the consolations of friendship. Adela, on the entrance of Sir Morcar, arose in the utmost confusion ; her lovely form was enclosed in white silk, a zone of dark-green velvet enriched her waist, clasped by an ornament of pearls which likewise entwined her hair. Sir Morcar gracefully paid his compliments to her ; Stanley smiled to see how the cheek of each was crimson-dyed on the moment their eyes encountered, and how industriously Adela’s modest glances avoided the enamoured ones of De Mowbray.

‘I see, my dearest Agnes,’ (said the good  
 Baron)

Baron) 'you are still weeping for Eustace ;  
 ' but, my dear child, there is one circum-  
 ' stance should solace you, if any fatal  
 ' accident had happened to your brother,  
 ' we should no doubt have found ere this  
 ' too convincing proofs of it, and I own I  
 ' have strongly in my mind, that Eustace  
 ' has set out on some plan of generous  
 ' friendship, and that his messenger to us  
 ' has either lost his packets, or met with  
 ' some dire accident on the way.'

The lovely girl smiled through her tears, her appearance was disordered, and a simple robe of white adorned her, her lovely tresses hung around her pale face, and her soft blue eyes beamed rays of lucid sweetness : Edwin, to whom distress was ever an allurements, drew nigh to her, and offered many sweet and soothing consolations ; the mildness of his manners, and his ingenuous arguments, were pleasing balm to her afflicted mind, and she gratefully regarded his tender attentions.

While



While these offers of friendship were passing, Sir Morcar was quickly gaining the affections of Adela; his passion was expressed in an open and manly manner, he won her esteem, and fixed his place in her heart, by the virtue of his sentiments his ingenuous manner of expressing them, and the sincerity and tenderness of his regards; the Baron saw with delight that Sir Morcar thus unequivocally displayed the intentions of his heart; he smiled upon his daughter, an approval of her conduct, and the heart of Adela beat with joy and prospects of future bliss.

Having passed some time in this manner so pleasing to all, Lord de Warrenne could no longer restrain his desire of shewing De Mowbray his late improvements. His castle had been originally erected by Harold; it had suffered some slight changes in the time of Rufus, but nothing material until the present Baron, annoyed by the inconvenience of the court, ill  
adapted

adapted for the tourney, had completely destroyed the old one and built a new one, which likewise led to the building of a hall, armoury, and some state apartments—all of which were so considerable, that he expended almost his whole income, and therefore the marriage of his daughters to men of property was now more than ever desirable. De Warrenne himself had been in his youth the most celebrated warrior of the north, his family was of Saxon origin, and he was revered and beloved by his vassals. His heart was generous and open, to his retainers he was indulgent beyond compare, always treating them in a princely style: it had ever been his custom to eat with his family in public, and after he had done, he retired to the gallery which crossed the hall of festival, when the clan were admitted to finish the repast that had been prepared for their Lord: and thus in his sight they crowded the festive board, drained the flowing bowl,

bow], and sang loud choruses in honour of his munificence.

Down the gallery they proceeded through the Norman arch into the new armory; which was fitted up simply with the arms for the use of his vassals—axes, bows, arrows, swords, dirks, pikes, helmets, breast-plates, shields, and other weapons were ranged on either side, and there were three handsome arches, through one of which was the entrance—it was of grey stone, paved in many figures.

‘ Here, my Lord,’ (said the Baron) ‘ are ready arms for two thousand men, all of the best workmanship, and fit for use; my vassals are all armed, but I choose to keep this always full in case of an emergency.’

He now led them through an arched doorway about twenty feet high, when they found themselves on a paved landing-place, two hundred feet long, and ninety wide.

‘ This,’ (said the Baron), ‘ is where I purpose erecting the tent from which the ladies are to bestow the prizes.’



They arrested their progress to take a view of the vast, convenient, and magnificent court which presented itself to their eyes. It was of an oval form, twelve hundred feet wide, and two thousand feet long: it was surrounded by a wall forty feet high, and by twenty towers, seventy feet high, and twenty-five in diameter: inside of this wall was a terrace ten feet from the ground, and this terrace was seventy feet wide, the battlements of the lower wall forming the wall of the terrace.

‘ This terrace,’ (said Lord de Warrenne) ‘ I purpose for the assembling-place of the knights, in order that the ring may only be surrounded by one row of horses, which will leave it in itself nine hundred feet wide—a noble ring!—the knights who are engaged will not by this means be incommoded by a concourse crowding upon the barrier, and the prancing of horses; while the spectators will  
‘ be

‘be much better placed than if they were  
 ‘below, and on a level with the com-  
 ‘batants.’

‘I highly approve your plan,’ (said Sir  
 Morcar) ‘it admits not of a divided opi-  
 ‘nion.’———The Baron continued—

‘They ascend this rampart on either side,  
 ‘as you perceive, by the gradual slope on  
 ‘each side of these steps, and there is a  
 ‘similar ascent on each side of the entrance  
 ‘opposite.’

The knights turned their attention to  
 that entrance, which had a superb effect—  
 It consisted of two towers sixty feet in  
 diameter, one hundred and twenty high,  
 and between them an extremely handsome  
 and highly ornamented arch, thirty feet  
 high and fifteen wide: the whole court  
 was of elegant design, and it was easy to  
 see that neither labour nor expence had been  
 spared in its completion. It was built of  
 the same grey stone as the castle; the bat-  
 tlements were beautifully finished with  
 open

open crosses, and sixty buttresses richly ornamented decorated the wall.

The Baron was evidently highly delighted at the admiration the knights displayed on examining his court: it was pronounced by all to be by far the most perfect court they had ever seen, both in point of beauty and convenience.

‘ I intended’ (said the well-pleased chieftain) ‘ to have opened this court immediately after the festivities of Wolfnorth, in compliment to the Baroness, when those nobles who came from the South on that occasion might be present, and carry home to their court no indifferent idea of our jousts in the North—but this accident to Eustace has prevented its taking place. It is impossible, while our minds are so unhappy about him, to give way to revelry, and our court in him has lost its hero—my son, although I say it with pride, is no dastard in arms! but he is not half so skilful as Sir Eustace—and De Lucy, who,

‘ who, I believe, needs not my tongue to  
 ‘ be his herald, is not a match for him---  
 ‘ in a word, I never saw him conquered---  
 ‘ but, however, I trust he will soon be re-  
 ‘ covered ; and it strikes me the delay is  
 ‘ perhaps fortunate, for I suspect shrewdly  
 ‘ that I shall be enabled to open my court  
 ‘ upon an occasion which will be the hap-  
 ‘ piest of my life——’

He smiled and looked at Sir Morcar and Adela, whose arm he had taken ; she cast down her lovely eyes, but Sir Morcar, who could not restrain his feelings, seized her hand, which he pressed to his lips—

‘ Ah, Sir !’ (he said) ‘ would to God your  
 ‘ kindness was seconded here——were I so  
 ‘ fortunate ! I call God to witness my gra-  
 ‘ titude would be endless as my happiness.’

‘ My dear Sir Morcar,’ (replied the well-pleased Baron) ‘ I will venture, with-  
 ‘ out I think doing violence to the feelings  
 ‘ of my child, to bestow upon you this  
 ‘ hand :—a little time, however, will ob-  
 ‘ tain

‘tain this confession from herself; and I  
 ‘can only say, that when it does arrive, the  
 ‘lips of a child never spoke more firmly and  
 ‘fervently the wishes of a parent.’

Sir Morcar bowed upon the Baron’s hand, Adela was o’erwhelmed with confusion—when the knights, who had been round the court, now approached, and the conversation became general. The Baron earnestly pressed their stay at Elfwold; Sir Morcar could not resist the temptation, but Edwin and Stanley declared themselves obliged to depart, and promised to bear De Mowbray’s excuses to his cousin. As Stanley, however, was mounting his horse, the Baron approached with an arch smile on his face, and seizing the bridle from the hand of his Esquire—

‘Pray, Sir Fitz Aubrey,’ (he said) ‘am I  
 ‘never again to see my niece? You seem to  
 ‘have taken possession of her at Wolf-  
 ‘north; and she, truant like, appears well  
 ‘pleased at the detention, which her bro-



‘ther assures me is not likely to end-----  
 ‘will you tell her, that we wish for her  
 ‘return?—’

‘Alas, Sir!’ (replied Fitz Aubrey) ‘you  
 ‘could not have given me a more un-  
 ‘welcome task! were I to have my will,  
 ‘Augustine *d’Aubigny* should return no  
 ‘more—

‘Ah ha!’ (returned the Baron enjoying  
 his emphasis)---‘Well, well, let me embrace  
 ‘my niece then as Augustine Fitz Aubrey,  
 ‘and believe me, my dear boy, she will be  
 ‘more dear to me by that title - - - - Fare-  
 ‘well, let me see you again to-morrow, if  
 ‘possible—and you, Sir Edwin Montague,  
 ‘would confer a great obligation on me,  
 ‘if you would consent to pass a few days at  
 ‘Elfwold. I wish, however, Eustace was  
 ‘returned; he would, I think, soon be in  
 ‘bonds of amity with you—farewell, my  
 ‘dear boys!’ - - - - - added the worthy  
 Baron: the knights bounded o’er the draw-  
 bridge, and he watched their course along  
 the

the moor until they turned the projecting rocks of Mont Eagle.

---

‘My dear child,’ said the good Warden to Ethelburga, who had been remonstrating with him against her immediate marriage with Fitz Alwy, ‘I am flattered by your affection for me, and the declaration that you will never be so happy as under my care; but, my Ethelburga must remember her father’s will; how urgent—how peremptory, and that each moment of delay is in direct disobedience to it. You say you feel no repugnance to Fitz Alwy, and I am sure he appears every thing your heart could wish:—I see with delight—delight which I cannot easily express, that you, my Ethelburga, are attached to him; why then not at once ac-

‘cept a husband who loves you so tenderly?’

‘Dear Sir Philip,’ (returned Ethelburga with a sigh) ‘all that you have said is most true; but I trust, I hope, it is not acting in opposition to my father’s will, if I wish not to be quite so hasty in these nuptials—a week scarcely have I known Fitz Alwy:—is a week, dear Sir Philip, a sufficient time to judge of a man, whom you are to call by so sacred a name as husband? My dear departed father, could he look down upon his child, would approve the wishes of my heart; Heaven knows!’ (and tears trembled in her eyes,) ‘Heaven knows how firmly I am determined to fulfil his commands, to the utmost limits: this heart, which you have taken such fond and anxious care to train to virtue, this heart shall never be rebellious to a father’s will.

‘No, Sir,’ (and she pressed the hand of Fitz Aubrey to her lips,) ‘had Fitz Alwy  
‘ been

‘ been ever so repugnant to my heart—the  
 ‘ will of a dying father should have given  
 ‘ him to my arms——I ask only a few  
 ‘ short weeks to remain single—then, Sir  
 ‘ Philip, do with me as you will.’

‘ Bless you, my darling ! I will not urge  
 ‘ this ratification until your own time,’ (he  
 pressed her to his heart) ‘ Oh Ethelburga !  
 ‘ your happiness is the first hope of my soul,  
 ‘ if I see you not so, my child, I shall ex-  
 ‘ crate the hour that gave me birth——  
 ‘ no, my Ethelburga, I am too well assured  
 ‘ of the firmness of your heart, ever to per-  
 ‘ secute you, or constrain your will ; the  
 ‘ time you desire is your own ; and the Ba-  
 ‘ ron shall be acquainted with your deter-  
 ‘ mination——’

‘ Oh Fitz Aubrey ! you have relieved my  
 ‘ heart from an oppressive weight — and  
 ‘ you, dear Father !’ (she said, turning to the  
 Abbot, who was with them) ‘ I trust you do  
 ‘ not condemn my request ?——’

‘ No, my child—I know the goodness,  
 ‘ the

‘ the purity of your mind ; three months, I  
 ‘ think, my child, you may claim as your  
 ‘ own.’

‘ Three months!’ (said Sir Philip with  
 an expressive look) ‘ is not that too long to  
 ‘ defer the ratification of the will ?’

‘ No, methinks her age is a sufficient ex-  
 ‘ cuse——Depart, my child, in peace, your  
 ‘ wish is granted.—’

Ethelburga thanked the holy man with  
 her expressive eyes, and departed light of  
 heart to her apartment.

‘ Ah me, Father !’ said Sir Philip Fitz  
 Aubrey, when Ethelburga was seen no more,  
 and raising his dark expressive eyes, while  
 his cheek was still reclined in thoughtful  
 attitude upon one hand, with the other  
 he mournfully beat time with a roll of  
 parchments he had been perusing—‘ I  
 ‘ dread lest this desired indulgence should  
 ‘ be the cause of future pain.—My anxiety,  
 ‘ my eagerness to wed her to Fitz Alwy is,  
 ‘ that no unforeseen accident may occur, to  
 ‘ render

' render this marriage painful : I have  
 ' watched, tenderly watched, each emotion  
 ' of the darling child ; I see she admires  
 ' the noble young chieftain, and feels for  
 ' him an innocent and artless affection  
 ' —but I do not think there is in any  
 ' of these emotions, one symptom of  
 ' love :——There is no sorrow when he is  
 ' away---no interest---no jealousy ; and I do  
 ' believe the feelings of Ethelburga are  
 ' more strenuous than we imagine ; happy  
 ' should I be, if I were sure her heart  
 ' would never be more keenly animated  
 ' than it is at present ; but as her fate is  
 ' fixed—as there is no appeal—would it not  
 ' be better to see her wedded at once, than  
 ' to await a period when her heart may not  
 ' only be cold, but repugnant ?

' Once his wife, I know the principles of  
 ' my darling's heart too well to fear for  
 ' her ; love in her breast will be nursed in  
 ' the cradle of duty, and the recollection  
 ' that he is her husband, will veil his foible  
 ' from

‘ from her sight, and add a fancied imagery  
 ‘ to all his virtues !——’

‘ But,’ (said the holy Bertrand,) ‘ I  
 ‘ grieve, when I see, notwithstanding the  
 ‘ praises you bestow upon Fitz Alwy, a  
 ‘ hesitation which you seem anxious to  
 ‘ conceal even from yourself,---a hesitation  
 ‘ which seems to say, that you are doubtful  
 ‘ of our dear child’s happiness : I grieve to  
 ‘ see it, I know too well how ready your  
 ‘ heart is to view with eyes of affection  
 ‘ the son of your departed friend, not  
 ‘ to feel that imaginary disadvantages, or  
 ‘ those indeed which are not too glaring,  
 ‘ would never occur to you - - - if such is  
 ‘ the case, what is the prospect of our  
 ‘ child ? Now, from my own observations  
 ‘ upon Fitz Alwy, I see inconsistencies of  
 ‘ character which I can in no way account  
 ‘ for ; one moment I gaze upon his coun-  
 ‘ tenance placid and serene, I hear the sen-  
 ‘ timents of his heart which convince me of  
 ‘ his goodness and virtue,---in the next, he  
 ‘ seems

\* seems buried within himself, and there is  
 ' an uneasy wandering in his eye, a start, a  
 ' sudden emotion of his mind, which is in  
 ' direct contradiction to his usual cha-  
 ' racter---he seems suspicious to a great  
 ' degree, his countenance is always beau-  
 ' tiful, but never open. You, who have  
 ' other, and more numerous opportunities  
 ' of observing his character, have no doubt  
 ' formed a judgment less liable to error.'

' I have no reason to doubt the principles  
 ' of either Fitz Alwy's heart or head'---  
 (returned the musing Warden,) ' God forbid  
 ' I had! - - - I have no reason to doubt  
 ' his sincerity, or the happiness of Ethel-  
 ' burga.'

' What then is it you do doubt, my dear  
 ' friend?---' returned the Abbot as he  
 fixed his mild but penetrating eyes upon  
 Fitz Aubrey.

' My doubts are inexplicable, even to  
 ' myself,'---(replied the Warden,)---' but I  
 ' frankly own, I believe my anxiety for her



‘happiness is the birth of various doubts  
 ‘and alarming surmises which have no real  
 ‘foundation---I certainly expect too much ;  
 ‘if the chieftain of Mont Eagle possessed all  
 ‘that warmth of heart which I had hoped,  
 ‘his temper probably would not have been so  
 ‘sweetly harmonized as it is, nor his passions  
 ‘so calm, so unruffled, so undisturbed.’

The objects of their discussion now appeared arm in arm, by the side of the moat. Sir Philip was sitting with the Abbot in his library ; beneath, the terrace was beautifully planted with perfumed shrubs, where Fitz Alwy and Ethelburga watched the finny tribe, as their golden scales glittered in the brilliant sun. The Baron pointed to the beautiful Castle of Mont Eagle, which appeared full in view ; and then seemed to address to Ethelburga some love-teeming story ; he hung tenderly over her, and no one could deny that his form was a perfect portrait of grace and dignified beauty.

His head was divested of its casque ; his  
 hair

hair was gently disordered by the amorous breeze, which softly cooled a hot and brilliant sun : these dark curls were blown aside from his forehead, and their contrast added a luxuriance of colouring to his face, which was truly inimitable---his dark eyes were softly shaded by their long lashes ; his ruby lips uttered the softest language, in the most fascinating voice imaginable ; his figure, negligently attired, proved how little he needed the studied art of dress, the ornament of decoration ! Harmony seemed to reign between them, and Sir Philip saw with delight the face of Ethelburga adorned with pleasing smiles.

Fitz Alwy, in truth, became each day more amiable, and he began to win the confidence of her young heart : she took him round the Castle, pointing out each beauty, and telling the legendary tales of her ancestors ; while he regarded her as she spoke, admired each graceful

graceful movement of her lovely form, and listening to the sweet soft tones of her interesting voice—anticipated with delight, the coming day which should give her to his arms, to reign over his heart and and his domain.

She one day took him into the Hall of Festival, and told him many a storied legend, while he asked her questions concerning the different coats of mail ; one, however, she had passed over, and strove to withdraw his attention from it — it was too conspicuously placed, however, and his eye was riveted on a buckler of beautiful form, and a sword, whose handle glittered sumptuously with a jewelled cross.

‘ Whose, my Ethelburga, are those magnificent arms? the blood which has stained the shield, prevents my distinguishing them :’ he drew nearer them, the Baroness strove to keep him back, he turned towards her

her—her face was pale, a tear was in her eye, and she regarded him with melancholy interest.

‘ My Ethelburga, why so much affected ?  
‘ is there some sad tale connected with those  
‘ arms ? ’

‘ There is, my Lord---a sad, sad tale in-  
‘ deed ! ’

‘ If it does not distress you, my love, re-  
‘ peat the tale---I am anxious to know---  
‘ nay, tell me, Ethelburga, whose are those  
‘ arms ? ’

‘ Alas ! they are *your* father’s ! ’---

‘ My father’s !——my father’s ! Ethel-  
‘ burga, impossible ! ’---

Fitz Alwy started back with a look of horror.

‘ Compose yourself,’ (she said), ‘ fain  
‘ would I have passed over the sad tale---  
‘ they are, indeed, Lord Fitz Alwy’s, and  
‘ that blood, spilt by a brother’s hand---  
‘ that is your father’s blood---oh, cruel !  
‘ monstrous Fitz Arnulf ! ’---

Fitz

Fitz Alwy, at this emphatic exclamation, started back, and gazed on Ethelburga in dismay---cold drops stood on his forehead---his eyes wandered to the armour, not with feelings of tender, filial anguish, but with horror and disgust. Ethelburga, alarmed at his extreme agitation, sought every soothing argument to compose his mind: not for some time did he recall his wandering senses to composure; but at length he seemed to recollect himself, he gazed for a few moments upon those dreadful tokens---he gazed--and wept. He yielded to her urgent desire of quitting the Hall, but the tender-hearted Baroness never ceased to regret having revealed to him the arms of his father---for his eyes eternally wandered to the sad memorials, whose sight never failed to freeze his soul.

At length Ethelburga told the incident to Fitz Aubrey, who removed them out of sight

sight of her table in the Hall: Fitz Alwy, with his eyes, thanked her for this tender attention, and once more regained his composure.

## Chap. VIII.

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"He lifted high his shadowy spear! He bent forward his dreadful height. Fingal, advancing, drew his sword, the blade of dark brown Luno. The gleaming path of the steel winds through the gloomy ghost. The form fell shapeless into air, like a column of smoke, which the staff of the boy disturbs, as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace."

*Ossian.*

---

Thus the days passed on in calm and placid delight. Duntharmo daily grew better, and Father Bertrand hoped, in a little time, that he might leave his bed. Fitz Alwy had departed for a day to Mont Eagle, when the party received an addition, from the arrival of Sir Morcar from Elf-wold, who likewise brought the pleasing intelligence that Sir Eustace was found.

'And, indeed, my fair cousin,' (said Sir Morcar), 'I am happy to find, that my  
' opinion

' opinion concerning that young stranger  
 ' was just ; for I hear, that a peasant ar-  
 ' rived this morning at Elfwold, who de-  
 ' clared that he was sent by a Knight, (who  
 ' was just restored to reason after a fever  
 ' of three weeks, occasioned by the most  
 ' dreadful wounds) to Lord de Warrenne's  
 ' son : he said, that he had found the  
 ' Knight at some distance from the Forest  
 ' of Mont Eagle, bereaved of clothes,  
 ' and bathed in gore, stabbed apparently  
 ' in the back and other places ; at first he  
 ' thought him dead, but feeling some slight  
 ' beating of the heart, he had him taken  
 ' to his cottage, where he had lain sense-  
 ' less ever since.---Poor Sir Eustace, I fear,  
 ' has suffered much, as the peasant was  
 ' so low and ignorant, it was impossible  
 ' to make him understand anything that  
 ' was said---however, his friends are now  
 ' gone to him, and every hope is enter-  
 ' tained of his speedy recovery.'

Augustine d'Aubigny was highly de-  
 lighted



lighted at this information ; and Fitz Alwy expressed the utmost satisfaction, at which, however, Sir Morcar cast upon him a scrutinizing look. It appeared evident, from Sir Eustace being despoiled of his clothes, and his horse taken away, that he had been beset by a band of robbers who infested the country to a dreadful degree, and whom the chieftains took it into serious consideration to expel.

Sir Morcar made known to his cousin, his intended marriage with Adela de Warrenne ; Ethelburga expressed the most lively happiness at his choice, and begged him to be the bearer of her invitation to his future bride, to spend some time at Wolf-north.

Fitz Alwy now proclaimed, that the courts of Mont Eagle would be open for the tourney, in a fortnight from that time ; and earnestly requested the presence of Ethelburga, and all her guests---he sent a similar invitation to Lord de Warrenne  
and

and his family : and the knights immediately dispatched their esquires to their different friends in the South, to give them timely notice to be present at the feast of valour.

When they were going to the banquet, Sir Edwin Montague drew near Sir Morcar, and whispered him *to come that night to his apartment* ; Sir Morcar was going to question him, when Edwin significantly placed his finger on his lip, and casting a glance around him to see if he was noticed, departed to another part of the table.

Fitz Alwy's spirits were this night evidently oppressed : he endeavoured to shake off the gloom that overpowered him, and by enlivening tales, to dress his face in smiles ; but Ethelburga perceived that her amiable lover was in reality unhappy, and she sought, by a thousand nameless attentions, to banish from his brow the contraction of sorrow.

As they withdrew to their apartments,  
Edwin

Edwin made a signal to Sir Morcar, who immediately followed; the caution exhibited by Edwin, surprised him, and rendered him more cautious; when they arrived at Edwin's room, the blue-eyed youth carefully locked the door, and putting the lamp far back in his room, told Sir Morcar to speak low, and led him to his little turret chamber.

‘ You are surprised, my dear Sir,’ (said he) ‘ to see all this caution on my part; but, strange as it may appear, I have such reasons to suspect our very near neighbours of being the authors of our alarm—that I think it best, at any rate, to act as I have done.

‘ Last night I was sitting here by my window, having my lamp in my bedroom, when about one o’clock I thought I saw a figure approach the rampart wall on the outside, close to this southern side of Alfred’s tower: from experience I find the recesses of these windows are so deep,  
‘ that

' that unless I hang forward it is impossible  
 ' for me to be observed near to the wall.  
 ' The figure stood stationary ; when the  
 ' centinel had departed far from the side of  
 ' the tower, he advanced and hit three  
 ' smart strokes against the rampart wall—  
 ' Now I could not be mistaken, but I saw  
 ' a light stream on three windows of  
 ' Alfred's tower : it must have been reflected  
 ' from Lord Fitz Alwy's bed-room, or Sir  
 ' Durant Fitz Osborne's apartments, which  
 ' are next to mine :—presently two figures  
 ' stole from the Castle—but I do not think  
 ' they came from the little portal below,  
 ' neither therefore can I be certain that  
 ' they went from the Castle ; but they were  
 ' within the ramparts, and how else could  
 ' they get there ? They opened the rampart  
 ' door, and joined the strangers on the other  
 ' side of the wall - - - But,' (said Edwin,  
 arresting his narrative, and drawing Sir  
 Morcar softly back), ' if I am not much  
 ' mistaken, the same figures appear again—

‘see; they approach the rampart wall,  
‘although there is no figure to meet  
‘them—’

Sir Morcar plainly saw two figures approach Alfred’s tower; they opened the door in the rampart, and remained outside the wall; for some time, no person however approached them, Edwin went to his bedroom, and opened the door—

‘Now,’ (said he to Sir Morcar), ‘if they  
‘are mortal, they cannot escape us, for  
‘they must pass this door.’

The stranger, after some time returned, Sir Morcar and Edwin placed themselves at the door—they awaited them for some time, no person however passed, all was still and quiet as the grave.

‘This is incredible!’ (said Edwin as he softly closed the door, and returned with the astonished De Mowbray, into his turret chamber).

‘This, De Mowbray, is with a small variation a repetition of last night’s scenes.’

—They

—They looked from the window, all was quiet and still ; Edwin continued his narrative—‘ After they had remained nearly  
 ‘ an hour together, only separating and  
 ‘ hiding when the centinel passed—they  
 ‘ parted, the stranger crossed the wold  
 ‘ towards Mont Eagle—these two men  
 ‘ apparently entered the Castle—I ad-  
 ‘ vanced to my door, as I have done this  
 ‘ night, determined to arrest them and  
 ‘ know who they were ; after waiting a  
 ‘ few moments, I returned to my window,  
 ‘ leaving however my door open, which I  
 ‘ kept my eye on ; now, as I leaned out, I  
 ‘ distinctly heard a horse neigh three times,  
 ‘ and each neigh was more distant than the  
 ‘ last, and I thought I heard once or twice  
 ‘ the faint echoes of its flying hoofs—how-  
 ‘ ever, no person passed my door, and I was  
 ‘ then left, and am left again to-night, in a  
 ‘ total state of wonder and uncertainty.’

‘ This is a strange business, my dear  
 ‘ Edwin,’ (said Sir Morcar) ‘ and I really  
 ‘ think

‘ think should be further investigated immediately : to-morrow night I will certainly keep watch myself without the Castle ; but you appear either to suspect Sir Durant or Fitz Alwy of being concerned in this transaction—whence do those suspicions arise?—’

‘ Merely from my having seen the light glare on the windows of Alfred’s tower,— I have no other reason ; and upon reflection, this is both improbable and impossible : but however, although their having a light at that time is by no means an incident of suspicion, yet the light moving so exactly at that period—at the very moment of the signal being given---is somewhat strange.—’

‘ It is, (said Sir Morcar) ; but what is still more strange, is the manner in which they go to and from the Castle !——in short, it is incomprehensible.’—

‘ Totally so, —said Edwin, and they remained for some time in deep thought.

‘ How-

‘ However,’ (continued De Montague), ‘ I will no longer detain you, Sir,—but upon recollection I would be careful how I returned to my room ; you cannot depart without passing the rooms both of Fitz Alwy and Sir Durant—the least noise may awaken their surmises, and, if they are concerned, would give them the alarm.’

‘ Have you not a sofa in your dressing-room, Edwin ? —yes, I see you have— I shall here make my bed to-night—’

‘ Oh no, Sir,’ (said Sir Edwin), ‘ accept of my bed—I have not the least inclination to sleep, and if I have, that sofa can rest me !’

‘ Ah, my dear Montague !’ (said De Mowbray taking him by the arm,) ‘ you, I fear, seldom have an inclination to rest : but, however, you know me not, if you suppose I can repose my stout and healthy limbs upon your bed, while you, poor youth ! a very spectre, would be watching your constant companion, the melancholy



‘moon: No, no, Edwin, I believe were  
 ‘there no danger, that I should not quit  
 ‘you to-night; for your altered looks alarm  
 ‘me, and I insist upon your going in-  
 ‘stantly to bed, and I shall watch till you  
 ‘are asleep, for your restless nights are  
 ‘now grown too serious to be allowed.’

Sir Morcar really looked grave; he had spoken in that firm determined tone which commanded obedience, and Edwin, forced to comply, retired to his bed, and enjoyed from the conduct of the chieftain a refreshing slumber, to which he had long been a stranger. As soon as the admirable De Mowbray saw his young friend locked in the arms of sleep, he retired to his hard couch, and soon in loud tones proclaimed how soundly and undisturbedly he reposed.

The following day, Edwin was complimented on account of his improved looks, and Ethelburga approaching him with as collected an air as she could obtain, said—

‘You cannot conceive, Edwin, with  
 ‘what

‘ what delight your better health inspires  
 ‘ me—how happy should I be to see your  
 ‘ mind at ease !’

She said this with so friendly an air, that Edwin keenly felt her attention, and he would have at that moment yielded up his life, rather than have cherished for her a passion which she evidently disapproved.

Why did she disapprove it? the heart of Ethelburga was not adamant, her bosom swelled not with pride, which disdained the love of Montague; oh no! it was the tenderness of her nature which wished to spare the youth the keen destructive effects of *hopeless love*! She knew the destination of her hand, and that the passion of Edwin must prove the most dreadful destroyer of his peace; and she felt it was her duty, if he longer continued to feed so useless a flame, to remove him from the sight of his destroyer. Edwin’s softness, his interesting manner, his story so well known to her, had created in her

R 2

hear

heart the warmest interest, and she could not bear the thoughts of banishing the poor youth. Happy then was Ethelburga when a gleam of hope appeared, that Edwin might yet overcome this corroding affection; and she wished to encourage it, by that line of conduct, which would induce him to struggle against its dire effects—she marked the tremulous changes of his voice, as he respectfully thanked her for the interest she took in his health; she marked his heaving breast, struggling to suppress the bursting sigh, she saw all this—her tender heart was wounded, she retired from the crowd, and wept.

Lady Fitz William had long dived into the cause of Edwin's illness, and had informed her Theodore, and Augustine d'Aubigny, of her suspicions; she felt the fondest solicitude for Edwin, and she had often—how often!—regretted that the disgrace unjustly attached to his name, should place so insurmountable a bar to  
their

their union. Eva Fitz William was the niece of the good Baron de Montford, who had protected Lord Edwin Montague and his Matilda after their flight from Caithness : from him she had oft heard the tale, and with her lord sighed over their sad fate. She had even engaged Augustine to plead Edwin's passion to Ethelburga, and her lord, in case of its being returned, purposed going to the court of England, in order to procure for him Stephen's pardon. But, lo ! the fatal will became known, and the Baroness's hand was discovered to be destined to Fitz Alwy.—From that moment Lord Fitz William declared that Edwin would never survive his passion, and this amiable pair, with Augustine, became his warmest friends.

Eva now called Edwin to her side, and they sought by every tender art to withdraw his mind from the object of his thoughts :—the lovely Eva, freed from the presence of her detested and persecuting

cuting lover Earl Percy, shone in the most bewitching colours, and rendered the chains of her enamoured Theodore more firm, more riveted, than ever.

‘ You have not been at Elfwold, since Eustace has resided there,’ (said Augustine); ‘ or rather, Edwin, you have only been introduced there since he was lost ?’

‘ Three months only have I had that pleasure.’ (he replied.)

‘ You have not then ever seen my dearest Rosalie ?’

‘ No, Augustine,’ (returned Edwin with a smile)—‘ who is your dearest Rosalie ?’

‘ Is it possible, Edwin, that you have never seen Lord de Warrenne’s youngest daughter ?—but I now recollect that she has not been at Elfwold since you have been here ; she is at the Palace of Mont Real with the Countess Ermengarda and her cousins ; *you*, Edwin, are the exact image of beauty her young fancy has portrayed for every hero, that graceful stature

‘ —nay,

‘—nay, laugh not!—those sweet blue eyes  
 ‘—that auburn head—those features, and  
 ‘their inimitable expression!—and if she  
 ‘has not already fallen into the hands of  
 ‘the gallant Sir Guiscard de Mont Rose,  
 ‘why, I think you bid fair to be a favoured  
 ‘champion.’

Edwin sighed—he cast his lovely eyes  
 to the earth: Lady Fitz William inter-  
 changed looks of pity with her Theodore—  
 Augustine continued—

‘Nay, fascinating Montague, scorn not  
 ‘the smiles of Rosalie; she is not the least  
 ‘lovely creature in the world—nor is  
 ‘her heart worthy to be scorned—’

‘Pardon me, my dear Augustine,’ (re-  
 turned Montague sadly smiling) ‘I was  
 ‘only reflecting on the impossibility of  
 ‘my being so distinguished, I was—I  
 ‘was—’

‘Is that my little playfellow of whom  
 ‘you are conversing? when will she  
 ‘return?’

‘return?’—(interrupted Stanley as he hung over Augustine).

‘She is to accompany the Countess to Elfwold, to be present at the tournament,—the Countess, I understand, is a lovely woman, she is the heiress of one of the largest domains in England; if she does come here, I suspect she runs a chance of being carried away by some of our northern knights.’

Ethelburga returned to the saloon: she made known to Sir Philip that the Baron de Warrenne, with his daughter Adela, was expected that day, and then seating herself, Fitz Alwy joined her, and she listened to the soft instructive language that flowed from his tongue. Sir Morcar had gone to Elfwold, to escort the De Warrennes, and Edwin had no opportunity of conversing with him that day; but Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose approaching him took his arm, and proposed a walk on the

the ramparts; they quitted the saloon together.

This young man had been sent by his uncle, the Baron of Mont Rose, to the school of chivalry, under the command of Fitz Alwy, who was indeed one of the most celebrated chieftains at that time in England. Sir Ethelred was an excellent young knight, but his pride was sometimes offended by the manner in which Fitz Alwy treated his esquires: he dared not, however, disobey the commands of his parent, or would long ere this have quitted Fitz Alwy. In person he was extremely handsome, his manners and deportment were lively and agreeable. They were now on the ramparts.

‘ I am extremely happy to find,’ (said he,) ‘ Sir Edwin, that we shall have your company at Mont Eagle: this tournament, which Fitz Alwy gives to the world, will oblige your attendance, in spite of your dislike to Sir Bevis, who in my  
R 5 ‘ heart



'heart I believe boasts not either the valour  
'or the virtues that a man ought to  
'posses.'

'He is my hereditary enemy,' (said Edwin,) 'and therefore 'tis hardly fair to  
'have his character from me; but thus far,  
'however, I think it right to say—beware  
'how you admit him to your confidence,  
'for he is mercenary and deceitful: but,  
'however, we need neither dread him  
'much, for he will not long remain about  
'Fitz Alwy.'

'Do you think not?' (returned Sir Ethelred with a smile of incredulity)—  
'believe me, De Montague, he will never  
'be dispensed with—he is too necessary—  
'Fitz Alwy is too much assured that his  
'secrets are no longer safe when Sir Bevis  
'de Wilton is his enemy.'

'Good God!' (returned Montague in surprise), 'can Lord Fitz Alwy have  
'secrets that he fears to meet the light?'—  
—Sir Ethelred was conscious that he  
had

had been guilty of a thoughtless breach of fidelity to his chieftain—he blushed—the delicate feelings of Edwin in a moment perceived what was passing in his mind—he asked no further questions, but continued—‘ I have great reason to believe, that both Sir Bevis and Hontercombe of Ithona will not much longer remain about Fitz Alwy; are they still at Mont Eagle?’

‘ The Baron was closeted with them for three hours yesterday, when he went to give orders concerning the tournament, and when he came away he shook hands heartily with both.’

Edwin, who had been informed by Stanley Fitz Aubrey of what had passed between Sir Philip and the Baron, was horror-struck, and astonished; he became sad and silent; Sir Ethelred continued—

‘ But there is one thing I wish to say to you, Sir Edwin Montague, which I have desired in vain for some days past.

' past. My good opinion of you, and my  
 ' admiration of your valour and disposi-  
 ' tion, induce me to wish to remove from  
 ' your mind any prejudices you may have  
 ' conceived against the stranger knight  
 ' who overcame Fitz Alwy.—Although  
 ' his name is by command of all a secret,  
 ' I assure you there is not in the world so  
 ' amiable or so admirable a youth as Sir  
 ' Eustace ; Fitz Alwy and his friends  
 ' naturally enough wish to cast a cloud  
 ' over his fame, because he is the only  
 ' rival to the Baron ; but I assure you, had  
 ' not that unfortunate accident prevented  
 ' his making his appearance, Fitz Alwy  
 ' could no more have opposed him, than I  
 ' could Fitz Alwy. I have the honour to  
 ' be known to Sir Eustace, and although  
 ' my situation with the Baron precludes  
 ' all possibility of my being publicly in-  
 ' timate with him, his friendship, which I  
 ' believe I possess, I shall at some future  
 ' day boast of with pride. His valour, I  
 ' can

‘ can personally answer for ; I was so unfortunate as to be opposed to him, in what I call a very disgraceful affray—for our party of six hundred men were sent to storm him, who had barely one hundred ; he kept us at bay for three days, and then, with the assistance of De Lucy, gave us a most complete dressing—’

The animosity between the De Warrenne family and Fitz Alwy was now, in Edwin’s mind, explained,—and he was going to ask the particulars, when, just as they turned a huge buttress at the east side of the Castle, they met suddenly, arm in arm, Sir Durant Fitz Osborne and Sir John de St. John : they were mutually surprised, but could not avoid now walking together, by which all further conversation was prevented.

On their return into the Castle, they found Sir Morcar, joy and happiness painted in his handsome features, seated by the beauteous Adela, and the honest and well-pleased

pleased Baron de Warrenne in good health and spirits, recounting to the company the discovery of Sir Eustace, who however was still too ill to explain the particulars of his disaster. When the party withdrew, Edwin begged Sir Morcar to permit him to accompany him on the night watch ; for he feared for the generous chieftain : Sir Morcar, however, said that it would, be necessary to watch the passage leading to the stairs of the little portal : Edwin instantly proposed that Sir Aymer de Valance should perform that office, while he accompanied Sir Morcar ; to this the gallant Knight consented, and with uncovered heads and sword in hand they drew (as the hour approached) near to Alfred's tower. They kept withinside the rampart wall, concealed in a dark nook beside a small projecting tower, which commanded a view of the secret portal ; they kept their eye upon the door ; no one appeared at it—— But what was their astonishment, to see advancing

vancing two Knights from beyond, who carefully approached and opened the little portal in the rampart wall where the stranger appeared——!

Sir Morcar, anxious to learn more, held back Sir Edwin Montague, who was impetuously rushing forward, and they listened in silence. As the figures drew nigh, he thought he could perceive the voice of Fitz Alwy! Anxiety held him motionless and dumb. — Again, the voice of Lord Hontercombe sounded in his ear——could it be fancy?——Fitz Alwy's voice once more was heard by both, and his graceful stature they now thought they could distinguish: De Mowbray trembled with agitations caused by various emotions,—surprise seemed to have unnerved him.

The conference, however, lasted not long, they parted. Sir Morcar was now determined to oppose their entrance into the Castle, for which purpose he rushed to the  
secret

secret portal ; Edwin likewise bounded forward.—

They were heard by the Knights, who looked round and hastened their pace ; they passed by the secret portal, and Sir Morcar and Edwin once more started forward, thinking they were trying to make their escape by the terrace—but what was their astonishment, to see the Knights approach the dead wall of the Castle, and there stop,—one of them lifted up its arm ! and cried in hollow tones—

‘ Forbear, impious chieftain ! ’—then vanished into air !—Edwin, however, made a stroke at the shadow---his sword cut the air in twain, nothing opposed its keen edge—he dropped the point to the ground.

‘ Gracious powers ! ’ (he exclaimed)  
‘ these are surely the spirits of the dead !—’

Sir Morcar spoke not—in astonishment he advanced and closely examined the wall ; all was, however, solid and silent

as

as the grave : at last taking Edwin's arm, he said—

‘ Come, Montague, we will retire ; the  
 ‘ effect of this night's adventures is different  
 ‘ on my mind, from what I see it is on  
 ‘ yours, or I fear will be on Sir Philip's,  
 ‘ when he hears the tale ;---it will be long,  
 ‘ my dear Edwin, before I give credit to  
 ‘ this being any thing but substantial  
 ‘ treachery, notwithstanding the momentary  
 ‘ awe it has occasioned me : farewell, Mon-  
 ‘ tague ! I command you to retire to repose ;  
 ‘ your health, my good youth, is the anxi-  
 ‘ ous wish of my heart.’——Edwin pressed  
 his hand in silence, and they parted.

Sir Morcar retired to his apartment, with the most melancholy impressions on his mind, for the happiness of his cousin was dear to his soul. He hesitated not for a moment to determine that it was Fitz Alwy whom he had seen, notwithstanding the strange circumstances of his disappearance ; and his interview with Lord Hon-  
 tercombe,



tercombe, even setting aside the strangeness of the hour, was a horrible trait in his character, considering that he must regard him as his father's murderer ; or otherwise it proved that he did not give the smallest credit to what Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey had so solemnly disclosed to him. And this he was determined in his own mind was the case ; and unable to rest, at the opening of dawn he arose and related all that he had seen to Sir Philip—surprise locked the Warden's faculties. Long they conversed upon this subject, but at length Sir Philip determined that Sir Morcar should endeavour to discover more correctly who the knights were, before he addressed Fitz Alwy on the subject.

When they repaired to the morning repast, Sir Philip remarked to Sir Morcar, the depression of Fitz Alwy's looks ; his countenance was pale and languid, and he did not appear to endeavour to conceal the melancholy which o'erpowered him—The  
Warden

Warden expressed his regret to see him so ill, although in his own mind it confirmed the suspicions of Sir Morcar, and he said to him in a pointed manner—

‘ You appear, my Lord, not to have enjoyed a calm repose.’

‘ That is too true !’ returned Fitz Alwy with an awful look at the Warden, and he sighed deeply. This confession astonished both him and De Mowbray ; but they were more surprised when the Baron requested to see Sir Philip in his private apartments ; the Warden complied, and retired with him to his drawing-room : when he was seated, Fitz Alwy leaned his face upon his hand for a few moments, he sighed deeply, his beautiful countenance was pale, his hair hung around it : Fitz Aubrey’s heart was moved with pity.

‘ Alas ! my dear Baron, what causes you so much grief ?’

Fitz Alwy lifted up his head, and solemnly said—‘ Sir Philip, did you not once  
‘ say

‘say that you had seen the spirit of my father?—’

This question plunged the good Warden into an excess of woe, he gazed with sorrow on the Baron—

‘Alas! my Lord, that question proves your mind hath been reflecting on sad subjects— is indeed too true!’

Fitz Alwy, fixing his eyes upon him, resumed—‘Did not my father, when he lived, inhabit these rooms, when he came to Welfnorth?’

‘Ah, my Lord!’ (said Sir Philip, tears trembling in his eyes,) ‘there, there then are your sad reflections!—ah! my dear Ethelmorne, how have I wronged you by believing that the fate of your father dwelt not on your mind!—’

‘The fate of Osmond can never be forgotten,’ (said the Baron mournfully)—‘but oh—Sir Philip! last night, in these apartments—I saw, I saw the spirit of my father!——’

‘Good

‘ Good God ! ’ (cried the good Warden, every nerve bound by horror---and the idea that Sir Morcar and Sir Edwin had seen *it* likewise, and mistaken it for an earthly being, forcibly possessed his mind---) ‘ ’Tis all explained ! ’ (he exclaimed.)

‘ What ? Sir Philip, ’ (said Fitz Alwy).

‘ Oh, my Lord, question me not ! your mind is already too much agitated -----  
‘ alas ! poor Osmond ! ’ ----- (tears flowed down the Warden’s cheeks.)

‘ *I am* too much agitated to renew the subject now ! —— ’ said Fitz Alwy with trembling accents ; he pressed Sir Philip’s hand as he retired to his inner apartments.

**End of the First Volume.**

